KATSUHIRO OTOMO'S

DOMU™

童夢

A CHILD'S DREAM

FROM THE CREATOR OF *AKIRA*

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Many readers are familiar with Otomo's work through his highly acclaimed comics epic, Akira. *This is the first time ever that the collected, translated version of* Domu *has been published in the United States. The excellent storytelling and exquisite artwork make this a must-have for manga fans as well as anyone who truly appreciates great comics.*

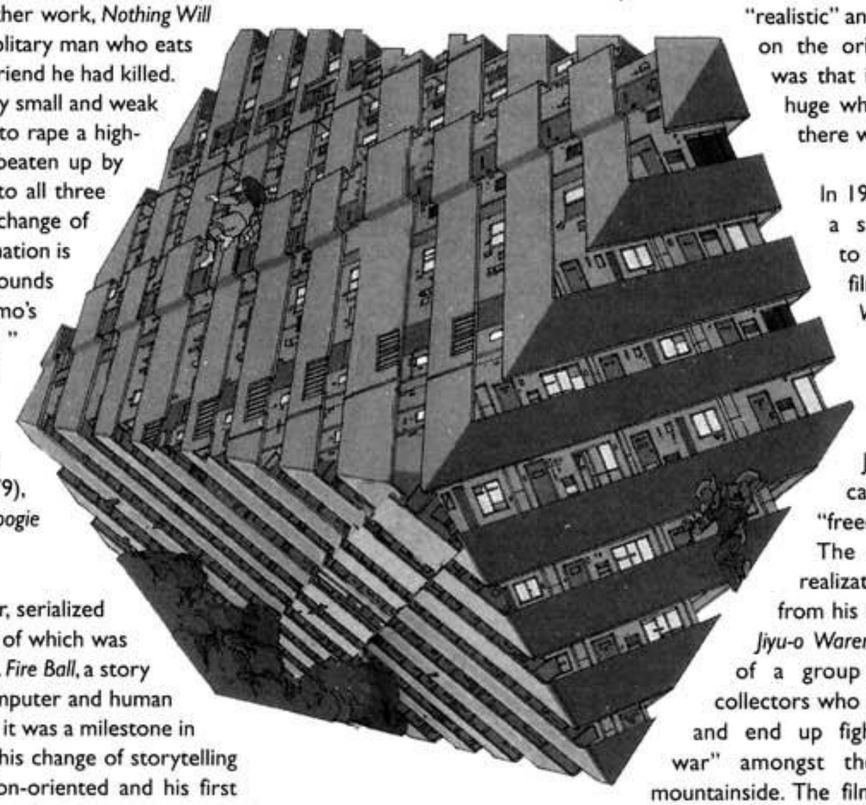
While Katsuhiro Otomo is a prolific and highly esteemed artist, not much has been published about this creative genius. The following information and illustrations were assembled with the help and permission of Toren Smith of Studio Proteus and Sam Yoshiba of Kodansha, Ltd., with excerpts taken from Kaba, *published by Kodansha, Ltd.*

Katsuhiro Otomo was born in Miyagi Prefecture in April, 1954. He grew up in Tome-gun, a northern county in Miyagi Prefecture. He says of his childhood in Tome-gun: "When I was in high school I was so crazy about movies, I'd often take a three-hour train ride during school holidays all the way to Sendai, just to see movies. Movie-going was my main hobby in those days."

Otomo left Miyagi soon after graduating from high school and went to Tokyo to become a comics artist. His first published work was *Jyu-sei* (*A Gun Report*), actually a comics adaptation of Prosper Mérimée's short novel *Mateo Falcone*. It was published on October 4, 1973, in a special edition of the well-known weekly comics magazine *Action*.

Otomo remembers his early years in Tokyo in a *Yomiuri* newspaper interview:
"At that time I lived in a newly developed area just outside of central Tokyo. The people I met were the type one only finds in a big city. For example, a carpenter I used to drink with at a nearby bar went into a total moral decline soon after I met him. On the other hand, the bartender at that same bar was a former criminal trying to become a decent citizen. He had had his underworld tattoos erased but was unable to control his alcoholism. While I was living in the area, a huge new public housing project was completed and soon filled with low-income couples with newborn babies. They never seemed to adapt to this sort of crowded urban living, but they found themselves trapped in that world. Nevertheless, I enjoyed being around those people." These early experiences would later form the foundation for his masterwork, *Domu*.

The comics Otomo created during this period were short stories, ranging in length from 20 to 30 pages, and were serialized mainly in *Action* magazine. The *Asahi* newspaper reviewed a number of his short stories in 1980 and had this to say: "Just as the 'New Cinema' movement had demolished the old Hollywood style of filmmaking to usher in a fresh style of movie production in America, Katsuhiro Otomo from provincial Tohoku, came to Tokyo to create a new comics style and shattered the conventions existing in manga. Otomo's unique style is claiming the attention of the general public. One example is his recent work, *Round About Midnight*. The whole story is a mahjong game played all night by four college students, and that's all. There is no other action in the story. Another work, *Nothing Will be as it Was*, is the story of a solitary man who eats the dismembered corpse of a friend he had killed. *Okasu* (*Rape*) tells of a physically small and weak factory worker who attempts to rape a high-school girl and is thoroughly beaten up by her. A characteristic common to all three works is the lack of dramatic change of pace or climax. No clear explanation is given of the actions or backgrounds to the stories. Regardless, Otomo's vivid works intrigue . . . " These stories were later collected in book form. Otomo's collections during this early period include *Short Peace* (1979), *Highway Star* (1979), *Good Weather* (1981), and *Boogie Woogie Waltz* (1982).



In 1979 Otomo began a longer, serialized work entitled *Fire Ball*, the title of which was inspired by a Deep Purple song. *Fire Ball*, a story of conflict between a mega computer and human beings, remains incomplete, but it was a milestone in Otomo's career, marking both his change of storytelling technique into one more action-oriented and his first exploration of the theme of battles involving supernatural powers — one later carried over into *Domu* and the epic *Akira*. Avid admirers of Otomo's work regard *Fire Ball*, *Domu*, and *Akira* to be his three science-fiction masterpieces to date.

Soon after the serialization of *Fire Ball*, Otomo started another comics series entitled *Sayonara Nippon* (*Goodbye Japan*), which was a tragi-comedy about a Japanese karate expert who goes to New York and attempts to become a hero but fails miserably. Otomo's realistic portrayal of New York street scenes attracted great attention from readers. He and his wife Yoko had first visited New York during their honeymoon. While there, they were able to attend a concert by Bob Marley, a musical experience he will never forget.

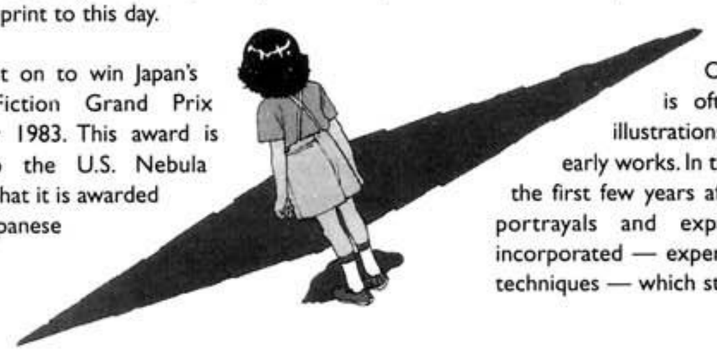
Otomo's characteristic cynicism toward the gap that exists between his own "realistic" observations and his "conventional" art style is an important creative motif threaded throughout his work. In fact, Otomo isolates and displays for us an enormous variety of tragic and comic senses from that gap.

In 1981, Otomo's collection *Hansel and Gretel* was released, containing 20 short, comic parodies of stories from *Grimm's Fairy Tales* and other sources. In one of the stories, *Hakugei* (*White Whale*), a parody inspired by Melville's *Moby Dick*, the mates and offspring of the white whale gather and attack the *Pequod*, throwing the obsessed Captain Ahab into total confusion. Otomo's "realistic" and humorous take on the original *Moby Dick* was that if there was one huge white whale, surely there were others.

In 1982, Otomo took a six-month break to make a 16mm film entitled *Jiyu-o Warerani* (*Give Me a Gun/Give Me Freedom*. This title is a play on words — in Japanese, "jiyu" can mean both "freedom" and "gun"). The film was a realization of a dream from his high-school days. *Jiyu-o Warerani* is the story of a group of young gun collectors who have a falling out and end up fighting a "pocket war" amongst themselves on a mountainside. The film was shown in Tokyo and attracted a fair-sized audience. In 1982, Otomo became involved in the animation business by doing the character designs for an animated feature film called *Genma Taisen* (*Harmageddon*).

In January 1980, *Domu* began magazine serialization and ran intermittently for two years until completion. In 1983 Otomo revised the story (adding pages, etc.) and *Domu* was published in book form. The graphic novel was a tremendous success. Japanese high-school and university students, who had long felt frustration at the poor quality of most Japanese films, music, novels, and other forms of art in comparison with American and European standards, were thrilled with the first-class artwork and superb story of *Domu*. It was an instant best-seller, reaching over 500,000 copies in sales, and remains in print to this day.

Domu went on to win Japan's Science Fiction Grand Prix Award for 1983. This award is similar to the U.S. Nebula Award, in that it is awarded by the Japanese Science Fiction Writer's Association. However, a key difference is that only one award is given out each year, not several in different categories. The first and only time the award has been given to a comic book, this caused quite a stir in literary circles. Some people blamed a lack of good science-fiction novels that year. But Sakyo Komatsu, considered by many to be the dean of Japanese science-fiction writers, said that the ". . . fresh and vivid qualities of the work were fully deserving of the prize."



The media latched on to the news, and Otomo became one of the best-known comics authors in Japan. "The weirdness that lurks in the seemingly peaceful living environment of a huge housing complex symbolizes the precariousness hidden at the bottom of today's urban living conditions in Japan," said the *Yomiuri* newspaper. This is a persistent theme in critical appraisals of *Domu*.

Otomo later said of *Domu*, "I had the idea for the basic plot, but I had difficulty in deciding where to set the story. One day I read a newspaper and a small article caught my eye. It said that at the Takashima-daira Estates (a huge public housing project complex on the outskirts of Tokyo) dozens of people killed themselves each year by jumping from the buildings. I suddenly realized that there was the setting for *Domu* . . . "

Upon completion of *Domu*, Otomo began work on the mega-epic, *Akira*. Eventually reaching a length of over 2,000 pages, *Akira* consumed him for the next ten years. His involvement as director, writer, designer, and senior illustrator in the 1988 animated film of *Akira* brought him international renown. Other animation films he has worked on include one part of *Meikyu Monogatari* (*Labyrinth Stories*, *Manie-Manie*) in 1986 and the "Koji Chushu Meirei" ("The Order to Suspend Construction") story in the omnibus film *Robot Carnival* in 1987. Otomo also directed a 1991 live-action movie, *World Apartment Horror* and several television commercials for such companies as Honda, Suntory, and Canon. His work on the three-part animation series based on his *Memories* stories is almost completed.

Otomo is currently writing the comics series *The Legend of Mother Sarah* (the first eight issues of which will be available in collected format from Dark Horse in March 1996) and illustrating *Mega-Max War*, written by Alexandro Jodorowsky.

Otomo's partiality for illustration is often apparent in the title-page illustrations and panels of his relatively early works. In the short works published during the first few years after his debut, unique character portrayals and expansive use of space were incorporated — experiments with various illustration techniques — which struck readers as quite novel.

After that, Otomo turned to medium-length and long works. He carefully eliminated unrealistic aspects from his comics and shifted to easily readable designs, attaching great importance to the story itself. Consequently, his interest in illustration became more independent of comics and spread to include work in other genres.

In any case, both a full-length comic and a single illustration are the result of an artist's creativity applied to each aspect of the work. Today when media inundates us with sound, movement, and stories, it is interesting to consider how much a single illustration can express.

Otomo shares some of his thoughts on illustration:

"Illustrating a comic strip like *Akira* is pretty much a matter of doing what I want. But when other people ask me to do a drawing, I have to stretch myself, and that's when the real fun begins. Of course, sometimes they actually want me to draw things like *Akira* . . .

Illustrations for the cover and title page take a long time, even for comics, and something like the cover of *Good Weather* took about two and a half months from the initial stages to the finished product. And I had to pull an all-nighter for the title page of *Akira*. Illustrating seems more like fun than work to me, so I guess that's why I'm happy . . .

Let's say there's some sort of transformer gadget at the top of a telephone pole, right? This gadget has become what it is today out of necessity — it needs to be light weight, durable, portable — for many reasons, it's acquired today's shape. By thinking like this to myself, I am able to convey the form and spirit and bring to life this thing called a 'transformer' . . .

It's the same way with nature, even with a small stone somewhere. Originally, sand accumulates at the bottom of the sea and is piled into a mountain. With erosion and changes in temperature, it collapses into a valley and may be swept away by the current and made smaller, into our small stone. This means that even a small stone finds its way into becoming what it is . . .

It's the same way with clouds. Even storm clouds are warmed and rise into vapor. Others are swept into the upper atmosphere by strong winds. Clouds that float lightly on a sunny day may become round and evaporate. If I think like this I can actually enter into the world of objects. With this in mind, I do my illustrations . . .

In my early twenties, I often took the train from Urawa City in Saitama Prefecture, where I lived, to Ginza Station to catch a movie. But I almost had more fun observing the person seated opposite me on the train than I did watching the movie. 'His shoes are worn out, so maybe he's a traveling salesman' or 'he's a bit pale, so he's probably worn himself out' — carrying on like this to myself I could envision anyone's working life. And watching kids in the park, perhaps I'd think, 'kids are cute because they're clumsy.' This is how a story emerges, how a comic strip evolves, or how an illustration takes shape. I think it's the same way a musician 'connects' with his music . . .

My interest in illustrating is a matter of seeing the people and things around me and not a matter of longing to see beautiful scenery. More than the picturesque, I love those places alive and sweltering with humanity . . .

Some time ago I tried very hard to arrange three rocks as naturally as possible, but no matter where I placed them, I couldn't succeed. Only when I tossed them over my back was I successful. Maybe it's my fascination with that which lacks artificiality. At any rate, nature doesn't aim at pleasing an audience, and that fascinates me . . .

Come to think of it, I suppose I enjoy places sweltering with humanity precisely because they lack artificiality. When I was working on the location of *Akira*, I often went to a Tokyo Bay warehouse. Its walls were badly cracked and there were old, rusty pipes sticking out all over the place — it was great! And Tokyo itself looks like a mess: inharmonious, completely devoid of artificiality. Next to traditional Japanese architecture, you might suddenly find a Spanish-style villa. Some people say it's ugly, but I'm fascinated by such places . . .

Even in Japan there are things that no one has the slightest idea of why they've assumed their present form, like the *fukusuke* (a kind of doll), or the *mokugyo* (a wooden gong), or the *kumade* (a bamboo rake sold at the *Otorisama* festival). I love letting my imagination run wild while gazing at objects hinting of indigenous cults . . .

Some years ago on television, there was a successful show from Mzima Springs in Kenya which broadcast to the world for the first time the pictures of hippopotamuses under water. I was astonished by what I saw and decided rather impulsively on the name for this book [*Kaba*]. That clumsy-looking hippopotamus with his immense body moved so nimbly in the water — he seemed almost foolishly pleased with himself! He looked so wonderful, like he was moon walking on the bottom of the water, bouncing lightly in slow motion up and down, up and down . . .

The unexpected pops up in so many places and in so many ways, doesn't it?"

TAKESHI'S HAT IS REALLY NEAT. IT'S GOT, YOU KNOW, THESE WINGS ON IT?

AND THOSE WINGS, THEY'RE ALL SILVER! LIKE THIS, TWO OF THEM.

BUT TAKESHI'S SUCH A DUMMY, HE WENT AND STUCK A STUPID **GIANTS** PATCH ON IT.

TAKESHI'S REALLY A KLUTZ. HE FALLS DOWN WHEN HE ROLLER SKATES, HE'S SO DUMB. EVERYTHING HE DOES...

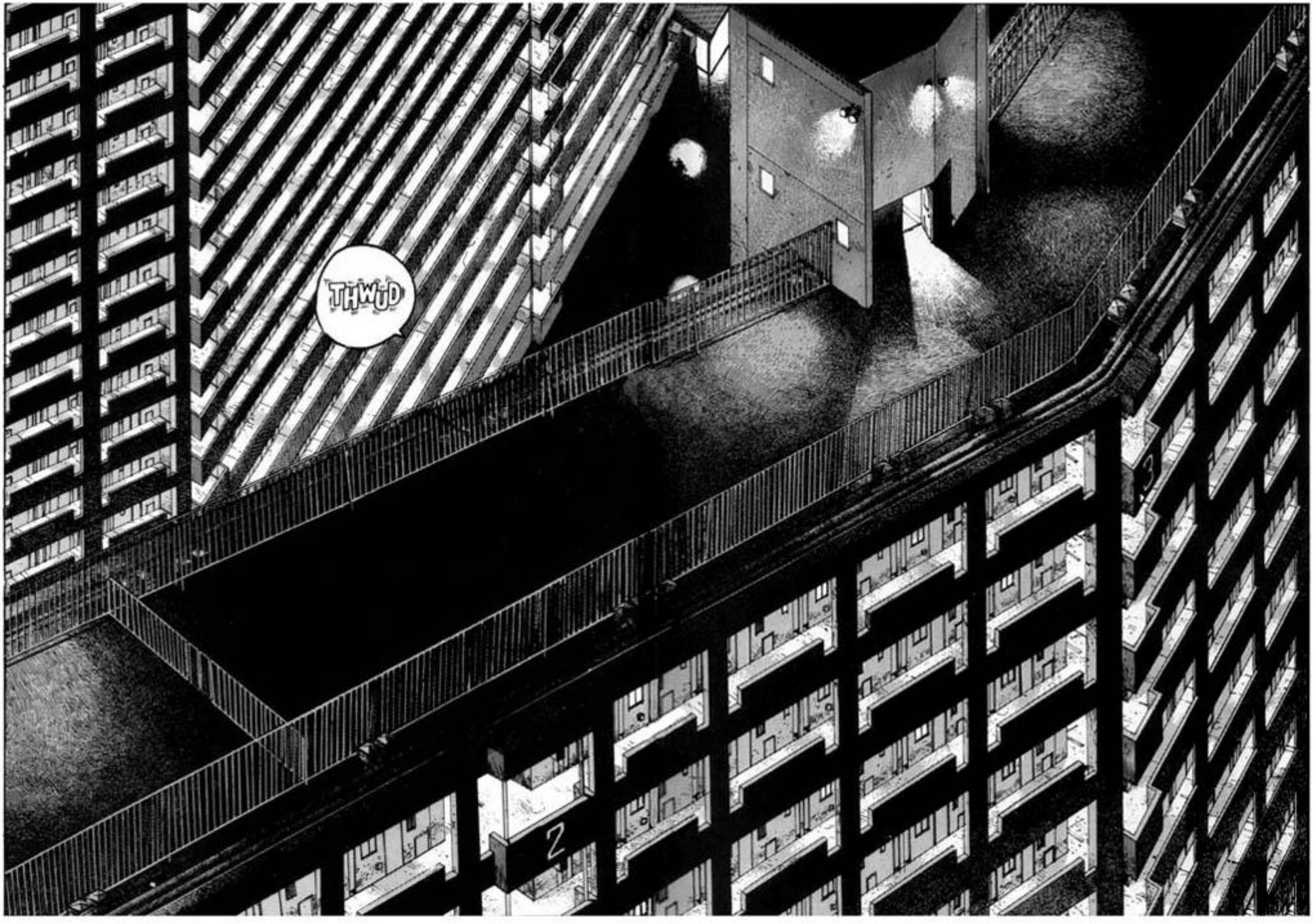
AND THAT'S WHY.

EXIT

ROOF ACCESS RULES

Please apply to the building manager for permission to access the roof. Management will not be held responsible for accident or injury.

KCHAK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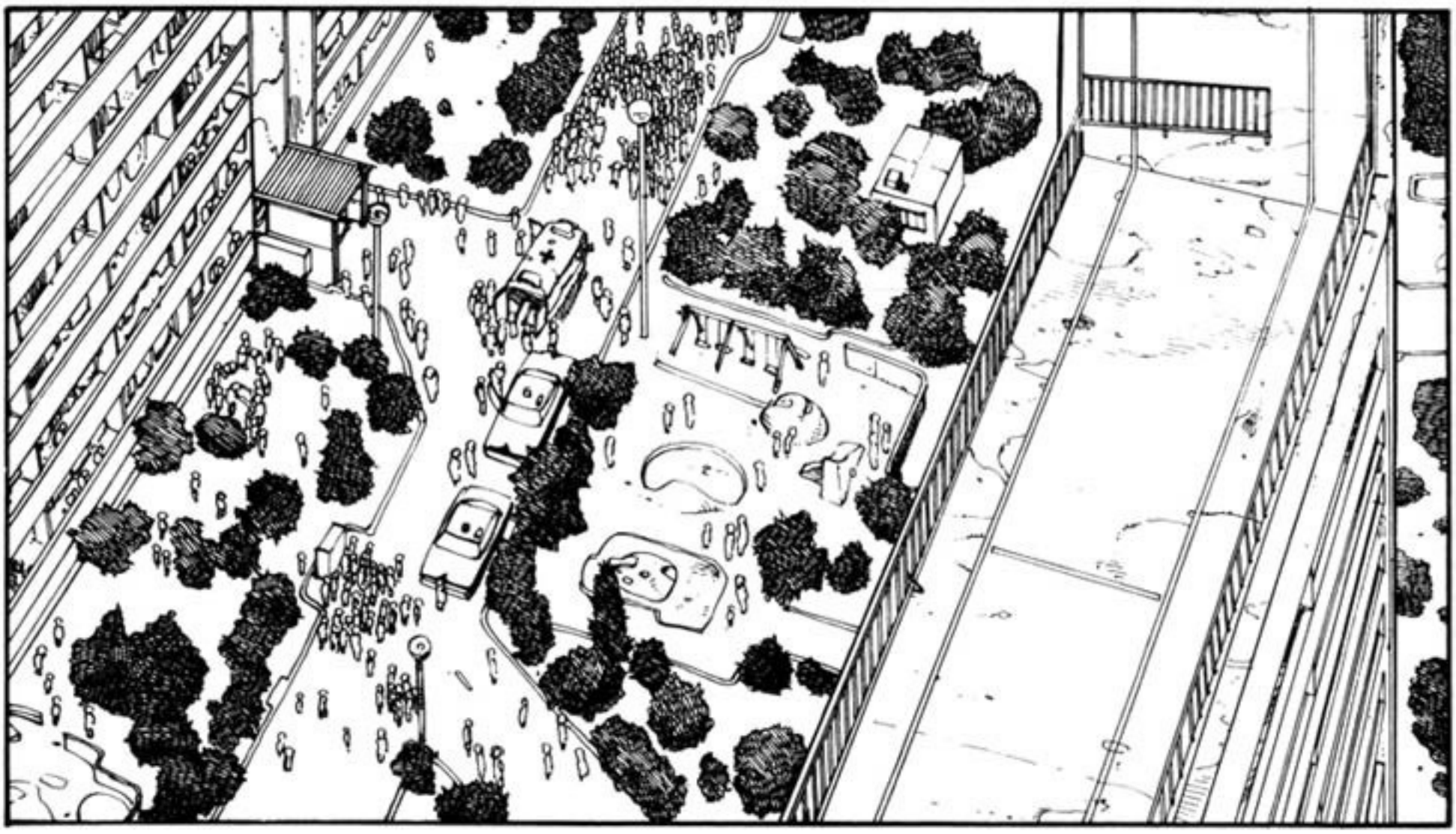
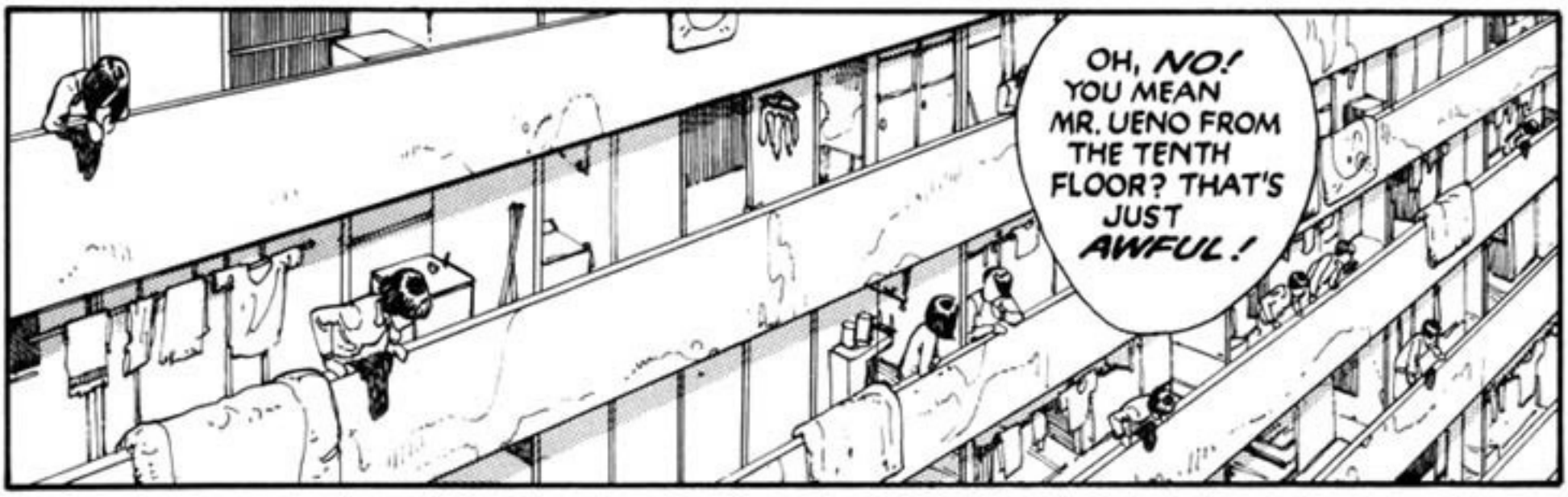



OH, NO! YOU MEAN MR. UENO FROM THE TENTH FLOOR? THAT'S JUST AWFUL!

C'MON, FOLKS, STAND BACK! AMBULANCE COMING THROUGH!
Y76-001

MAN, OH, *MAN*... I WON'T BE ABLE TO EAT FREAKIN' SPAGHETTI FOR A FREAKIN' *MONTH*.

.....

OFFICER... I'D PREFER IT IF YOU DIDN'T SAY THINGS LIKE THAT IN FRONT OF THE FAMILY.

AH, INSPECTOR YAMAGAWA!

SORRY ABOUT THAT, SIR! I WON'T DO IT AGAIN, SIR!

SO HOW ARE OUR INVESTI-GATORS DOING. Eh? ANYTHING INTERESTING?

NOTHING, SIR. NOTHING THAT STANDS OUT.

I HOPE FORENSICS COMES UP WITH SOMETHING ON THE ROOF...

YOU AND ME BOTH, LIEUTENANT. TWENTY-FIVE DEATHS IN A SINGLE HOUSING COMPLEX IN LESS THAN THREE YEARS... WE CAN'T KEEP DISMISSING THEM AS MYSTERIES *FOREVER*.

I HEAR THE TAKENAKAS IN BUILDING THREE ARE MOVING OUT, AT LAST.

THEIR SON'S GOT HIS HIGH SCHOOL ENTRANCE EXAMS NEXT YEAR, HUH?

I'D TAKE THE EXAMS *MYSELF* IF WE COULD MOVE. FIND OURSELVES A NICE CONDO...

HEY...

...STILL, WHEN YOUR HUSBAND'S ONLY A MIDDLE-AGED CIVIL SERVANT, I GUESS YOU'RE LUCKY JUST GETTING INTO PUBLIC HOUSING--

...HEY, YOU SEE THAT BOY?

YOU KNOW SASAKI? THE GUY FROM OUR BLOCK ASSOCIATION?

THAT'S HIS SON...

I HEAR HE'S BEEN TRYING TO GET INTO COLLEGE FOR *THREE YEARS* NOW!

WOW...

IF WE DON'T GET OUR OWN BOY SOME TUTORING NEXT YEAR, WHO KNOWS...

AHH...
.....

LOOK, I SAID NO. AND I MEAN NO!
JUST FOR A SEC! AW, COME ON! PLEEESE?!
YEAH, MISTER POLICE-MAN!

PLEASE, PRETTY PLEASE?
WE WANNA SEE THE GUN!

NO!
ABSOLUTELY NOT, YOU DUMB KIDS! IT ISN'T A TOY, YOU KNOW!
I KNOW THAT. I GOT LOTSA TOY GUNS!

LOOK, I'M ON DUTY, SO JUST BUZZ OFF, WILLYA?!

AWW, WHAT A BIG OL' MEANIE...

GUN...

WHAT A MESS.

NO SUICIDE NOTE, NO APPARENT MOTIVE, NO SIGNS OF MENTAL PROBLEMS...

GENJI UENO, AGE FORTY. GENERAL MANAGER IN A SUPERMARKET PURCHASING DIVISION.

YOU FIGURE IT REALLY IS SOME KIND OF WACKO?

FIRST VICTIM SHOWS UP TWO YEARS, THREE MONTHS AGO. SINCE THEN, FIVE APPARENT SUICIDES... SEVEN APPARENT ACCIDENTAL DEATHS... THREE APPARENT MURDERS... NINE UNCLASSIFIED.

THIS SURE AS HELL ISN'T *NORMAL!*

.....
.....

SORRY I'M LATE!

HOW DID IT GO? DID YOU FIND ANYTHING?

NOT A DAMN THING.

THE BUILDING MANAGER SAYS HE CHECKED THE DOOR TO THE ROOF JUST THE DAY BEFORE THE INCIDENT. SWEARS IT WAS LOCKED.

SAYS HE KEEPS THE ONLY KEY IN A LOCKED KEY CABINET IN HIS OFFICE. NO SIGN WHATSOEVER OF TAMPERING. BESIDES, THE KEY'S STILL THERE.

THE ONLY PRINTS ON THE DOORKNOB ARE THE VICTIM'S AND THE MANAGER'S. THE KEYHOLE IS RUSTED SOLID, SIR. SEEMS NO ONE'S BEEN ON THE ROOF FOR AGES.

HOW ABOUT THE DOOR ITSELF?

IT'S LIKE SOME DAMN-FOOL MURDER MYSTERY.

I DON'T KNOW, INSPECTOR... DO YOU FIGURE THERE'S, Y'KNOW, *SOMETHING* OUT THERE?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "SOME-THING"...?

HEY, LIKE, PEOPLE SAY, YOU KNOW? EVIL SPIRITS, POLTERGEISTS...

HELL, WE'D PROBABLY HAVE TO PAY THEM OUT OF OUR OWN POCKETS.

HEY, WHAT ELSE ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO? WE'RE THE NOBLE DEFENDERS OF THE PEACE, RIGHT?

SO ALL WE GOT TO DO IS CALL IN THE ***GHOST-BUSTERS*** AND CASE CLOSED, *huh?!*

Hmm... YOU KNOW, HE MAY BE ON TO SOME-THING...

Huh...?

LET'S CAST OUR NET A LITTLE WIDER.

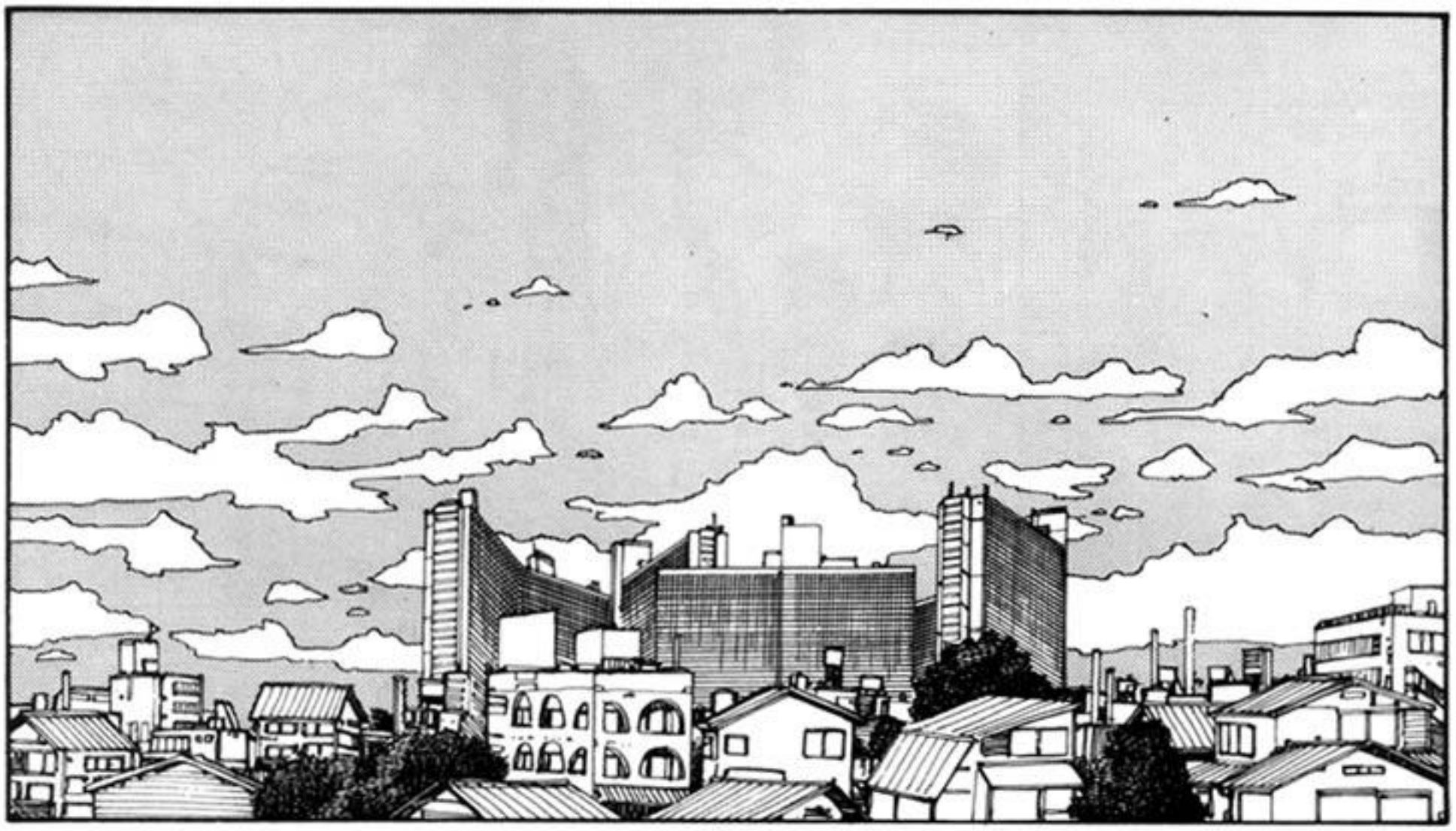
MEANING...?

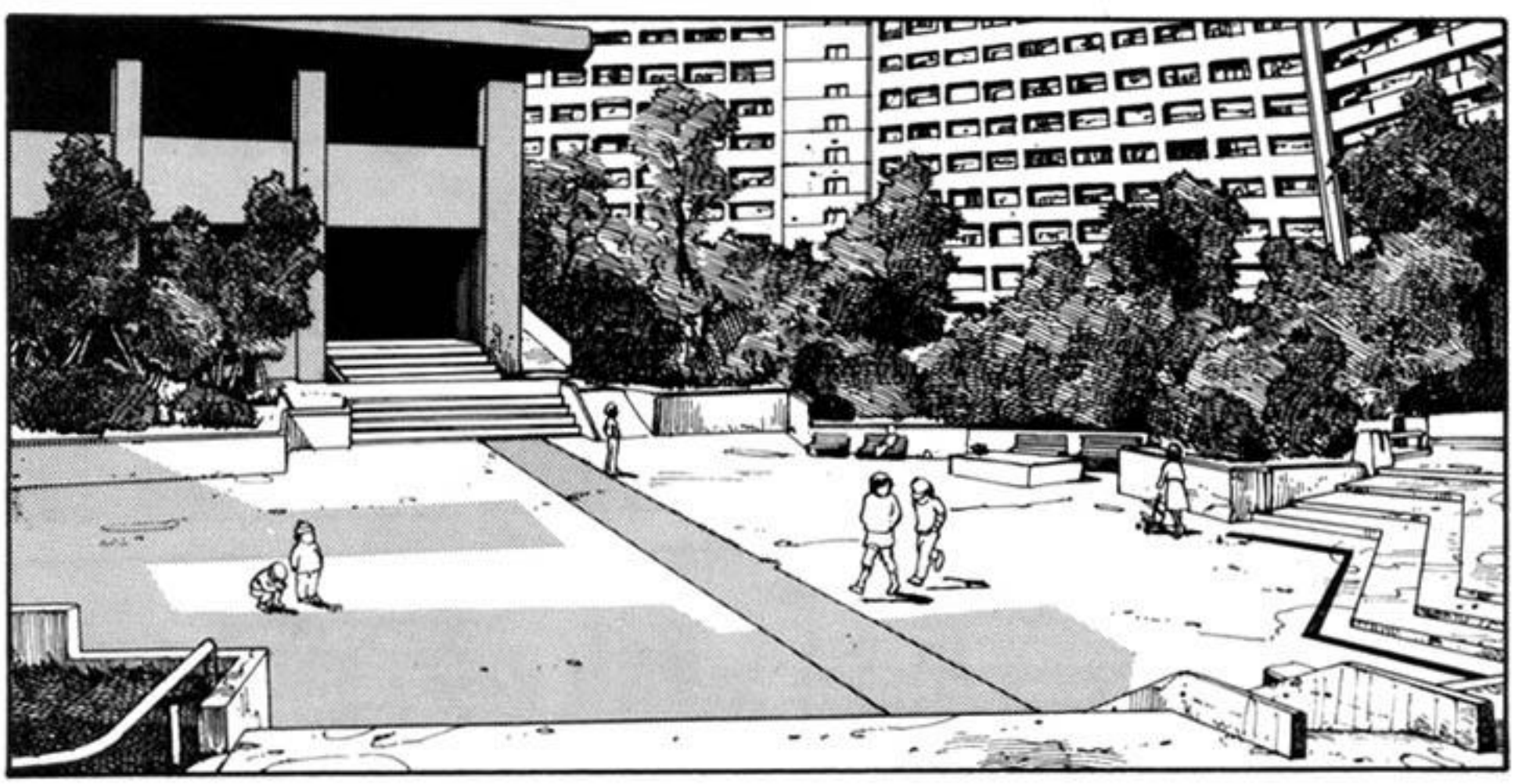
SO FAR WE'VE FOCUSED ON THE VICTIMS AND THEIR CIRCUM-STANCES; ON ANY POSSIBLE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN THE VICTIMS.

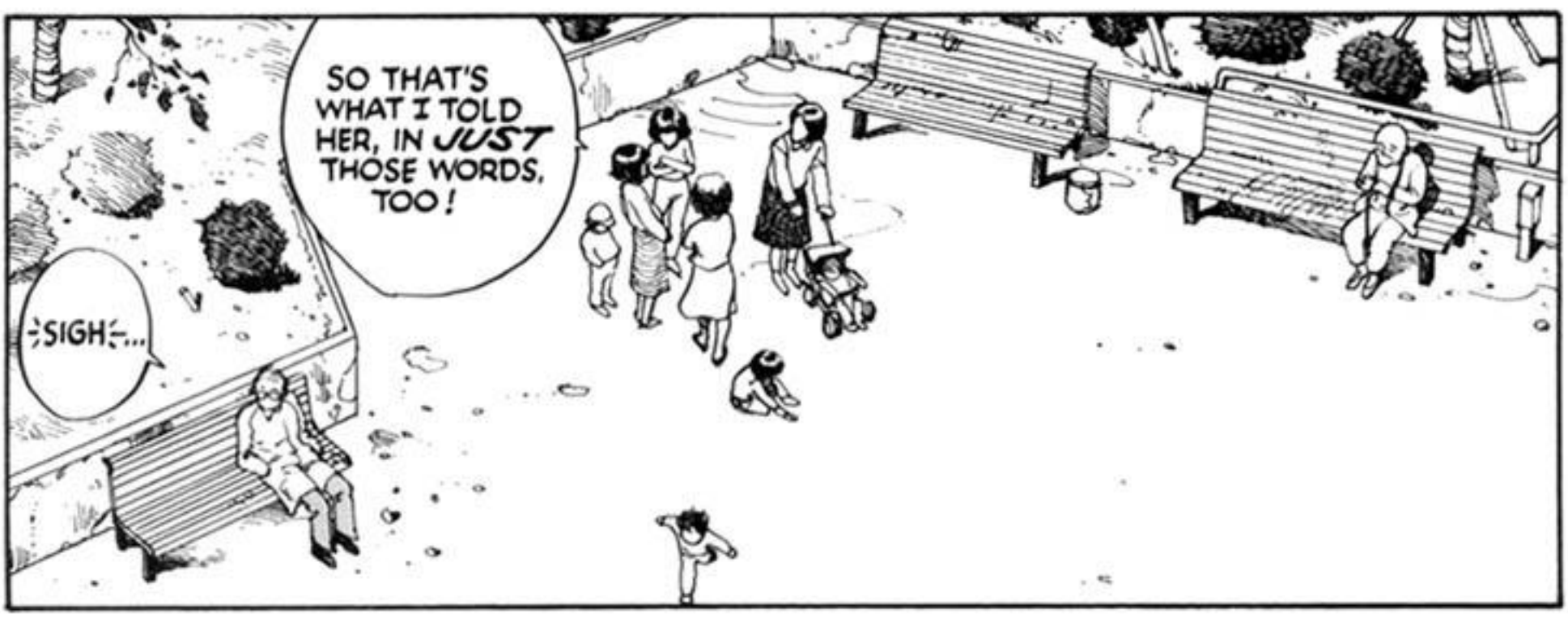
BUT WHAT IF WE LOOKED AT THE TSUTSUMI PUBLIC HOUSING COMPLEX ITSELF? LET'S PUT TOGETHER A LIST OF ANYONE WITH A GRIEVANCE AGAINST THE TSUTSUMI PROJECT.

I WANT TO HEAR ABOUT ANYONE WHO KICKED UP A FUSS WHEN THEY WERE ANNEXING PROPERTY FOR THAT PLACE. DID THEY PICK THE CONTRACTORS THROUGH OPEN BIDDING, OR WAS IT ALL FIXED? DID ANY OF THEM COMPLAIN, OR FOR THAT MATTER, ANY OF THE WORKERS? AND HOW ABOUT THE LOCALS? DID ANY NEIGHBORHOOD ASSOCIATIONS TRY TO BLOCK THE PROJECT, AND, IF SO, WHO WERE THEY?

KUBO AND TAMURA, YOU DROP BY THE PUBLIC HOUSING OFFICE. THEN GO DOOR TO DOOR IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD AND THE COMPLEX ITSELF. I WANT ANSWERS... DATA... THAT'S ALL FOR TODAY.






SO THAT'S WHAT I TOLD HER, IN JUST THOSE WORDS, TOO!
SIGH...

AH!

HEY, SORRY I'M LATE.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. I'M SORRY TO BOTHER YOU WHEN YOU'RE SO BUSY.

UH, SO... WHAT CAN I DO FOR YA?

WELL... I SUPPOSE WE SHOULD BE DOING THIS OURSELVES, ACTUALLY...

EEK!

WAIT!

HUP!

"SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS"...?

YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING.

NOT AT ALL.

WELL, SIR, JUST LOOK FOR YOURSELF. IT'S A DAMN BIG PLACE, *Eh?*

NO, NO. ANYTHING HELPS...

DON'T RIGHTLY KNOW IF I CAN BE OF MUCH HELP.

"WELL, LEMME SEE... TWO, THREE YEARS AGO, I GUESS, A BUNCH OF WOMEN FROM BUILDING EIGHT, SEVENTH FLOOR, THEY SHOWED UP AT MY OFFICE...

"JUST HOUSEWIVES, YOU KNOW, ANYWAY, THEY SAID SOMETHING ABOUT THE LADY IN NUMBER SEVEN-EIGHTY-THREE GIVING THEM THE CREEPS. SOMETHING LIKE THAT."

"THE CREEPS"...? WHAT DID THEY MEAN BY THAT?

"WELL, SIR, THAT'S ***MRS. TEZUKA*** THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT. JUST A RUMOR, YOU KNOW. BUT THEY SAY SHE LOST HER BABY. LATE-TERM MISCARRIAGE.

"DEMANDED THAT THE DOCTOR LET HER SEE. *INSISTED* ON IT. AND THE KID, IT WAS A CYSTIFORMIC MONSTER OR SOME SUCH HORRIBLE THING..."

Hmmm.

REALLY...

SHE SAW IT. SHE DIDN'T SEE IT, THAT'S ALL RUMOR, HEY? BUT IT'S TRUE THEY PUT HER IN THE LOONY BIN, TOTAL BREAKDOWN. THAT MUCH I KNOW FOR SURE.

THAT'S NUMBER 7-8-3... T-E-Z-U-K-A.

"THEN THERE'S *YOSHIO FUJIYAMA.* LIVES WITH HIS MOTHER IN BUILDING TWO, FIFTH FLOOR. EVERYONE CALLS HIM 'LITTLE YO.'"

"THEY BROUGHT HIM INTO MY OFFICE ONCE. SAID HE'D TRIED TO MOLEST A LITTLE GIRL. WELL, MAYBE YEAH, MAYBE NO."

HE'S GOT THE BRAIN OF A FIVE-YEAR-OLD KID, BUT THAT'S A MAN'S BODY HE'S GOT.

A *BIG* MAN, TOO. SO WE TRY TO KEEP AN EYE ON HIM, RIGHT?

I SEE...

OH, YEAH...

?

SEE OVER THERE ?

THAT GUY WHO JUST SAT DOWN?

LIVES IN BUILDING THREE, APARTMENT FOUR-ELEVEN. *YOSHIKAWA*'S THE NAME.

HE'S ONE *MEAN* S.O.B. ALCOHOLIC. USED TO BE A TRUCK DRIVER, BUT HE SMASHED UP HIS LEG IN AN ACCIDENT.

AND THE OLD MAN NEXT TO HIM...?

YOU MEAN *OLD CHO*?

CHO, HE LIVES ALL ALONE, BUT HE'S *GONE*. I MEAN, TOTALLY SENILE. MIND LIKE A KID.

NOW, THAT DAMN YOSHIKAWA, LEMME TELL YA, WHEN HE'S ON THE BOTTLE, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL HE MIGHT DO. HAD THESE SLAM-BANG FIGHTS WITH HIS WIFE, WE HAD TO CALL IN THE COPS A COUPLE'A' TIMES. SHE WENT AND LIT OUT ON HIM, GOD KNOWS WHERE *SHE'S* GOT TO.

WHAT'S A BIG DEAL ABOUT A LITTLE FIGHT WITH YOUR WIFE, YOU FIGURE? YEAH, BUT HIM CHASING HER AROUND WITH A KNIFE? HE'S TOO MUCH FOR ME TO HANDLE. I'M JUST THE MANAGER, RIGHT?

OF COURSE...

BEEP BEEP BEEP!

IS THERE A PHONE BOOTH AROUND HERE?

HUH...?

SHIT...

FRIGGIN' COPS...

?

BEE-

CLIK

HEY, INSPECTOR!

全国交通安全週間

YOU FOUND AN EYE-WITNESS?!

YES, SIR!

SHE'S A HOUSEWIFE, SIR. SAME BUILDING AS THE JUMPER.

INSPEC-TOR!

SORRY I TOOK SO LONG.

SIR!

THIS IS MRS. TAKASHIMA, SIR. SHE LIVES IN TEN-EIGHTEEN.

NOBUKO TAKASHIMA, SIR.

SO, ANYWAY, LIKE I SAID BEFORE...

IT WAS THAT NIGHT. YOU KNOW, THE NIGHT BEFORE THEY FOUND POOR MR. UENO. IT WAS ABOUT 11 OR SO...

"I WAS PUTTING OUT THE GARBAGE."

KACHAK

AT FIRST I DIDN'T REALIZE WHO IT WAS.

OH, IT'S *YOU*, MR. UENO! YOU GAVE ME A BIT OF A START!

I SAID, "GOOD EVENING, ISN'T IT COLD TONIGHT?"... YOU KNOW?

THAT SORT OF THING.

DID YOU NOTICE ANYTHING UNUSUAL, ANYTHING OUT OF THE ORDI-NARY?

WELL, I CERTAINLY DID! WHEN I SPOKE TO HIM, HE DIDN'T SAY A WORD. JUST WALKED RIGHT ON BY!

HE WAS... *STRANGE.*

"STRANGE." MEANING...?

HE SEEMED LIKE... LIKE HE WASN'T REALLY THERE, YOU KNOW? LIKE HE WAS LOOKING AT SOMETHING FAR AWAY OR SOME-THING?

YES, LIKE *THAT.*

DID HE SEEM DRUNK? WOBBLE AS HE WALKED?

OH, NO! HE HAD A VERY CAREFUL, DELIBERATE WALK. *TOO* DELIBERATE, IF YOU ASK ME.

YOU SAID YOU DIDN'T RECOGNIZE HIM AT FIRST. WHY WAS THAT?

"KIND OF A STRANGE HAT. IT HAD *WINGS.*"

WELL, IT WAS DARK... AND BESIDES, HE WAS WEARING A HAT.

YOU'RE SURE HE'S NOT THERE ANYMORE?

YEAH. THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO BE STAYING WITH RELATIVES IN KAMEIDO.

SILVER WINGS! LIKE *THIS.*

FWOOP!

A BLUE BASEBALL CAP, WITH SILVER WINGS, RIGHT?

AH!

WAIT A SEC! THAT HAT! I *KNEW* I'D SEEN IT BEFORE.

"TAKESHI, THE UENOS' BOY, *HE* WAS WEARING IT."

HEY, TAKESHI, COOL HAT!

MY HAT...?

I DUNNO... IT GOT LOST OR SOME-THING.

DO YOU REMEMBER WHERE YOU USUALLY KEPT IT?

BY THE FRONT DOOR... JEEZ, WHO *CARES*?

NOW, TAKESHI!

ABOUT THAT NIGHT... DO YOU REMEMBER ANYTHING ELSE, MA'AM?

THAT NIGHT... I DON'T REALLY...

WELL, NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT...

"SOMETIME AFTER TEN O'CLOCK I THOUGHT I HEARD THE DOOR OPEN. I THOUGHT IT WAS MY HUSBAND COMING HOME..."

"BUT I GUESS I WAS JUST HEARING THINGS."

SOMETIME AFTER TEN...

BUT... YOU KNOW, I'VE BEEN LIVING IN THAT PLACE A WHILE...

AND IT'S *REALLY* CREEPY, SIR. IT REALLY IS!

IT WAS MY TURN IN THE LAST ROUND LAST NIGHT. YOU KNOW, AT MAHJONG...?

SO I THREW AWAY A "CHUN" PIECE, SEE, AND DON'T IT FIGURE...

...THAT WAS *JUST* THE PIECE HE NEEDED TO WIN.

HOW MUCH DID YOU LOSE?

TWO HUNDRED FIFTY-THREE STINKIN' BUCKS.

HAW! INSPECTOR YAMAGAWA'S HUSTLED EVERYONE IN THE STATION, MAN... HE'S SEMI-PRO.

HAHHHH—
CHOO!

HEY, IF YOU GOT A COLD, DON'T GIVE IT TO ME!

WHAT'S UP?

I GOTTA TAKE A LEAK.

MAN, YOU GAMBLE AT MAHJONG, YOU PISS IN THE BUSHES...YOU'RE A REAL LAW-ABIDING COP, AREN'T YA? HAW HAW!

GUN...

DAMN, IT'S COLDER'N HELL TONIGHT...

HUH?

PRETTY PLEASE...

GUN...

I WANNA SEE THE GUN...

AH, SHIT. I PISSED ON MY DAMN SHOES.

YOU GOT ANY KLEENEX...?

HEY...?

MAYBE HE HAD TO PISS, TOO?

THWUD

WELL, DETECTIVE? HAVE THEY FOUND HIS GUN?
NO, SIR! MAYBE WHEN THE SUN COMES UP...

THIS IS A BAD ONE, SIR. ISN'T IT?

.....
Mmm...

I SWEAR IT, SIR! I WAS ONLY GONE A COUPLE A' MINUTES! I WAS... uh... I WAS TAKING A WHIZ IN THE BUSHES! HE WAS RIGHT WITH ME UNTIL THEN! PLEASE, SIR, YOU GOTTA BELIEVE ME!

EXCUSE ME!

NOK NOK

THE REPORT'S READY, SIR.

YES, AND...? ANYTHING INTEREST-ING?

OFFICER TAKAGI, THE BEAT COP WHO FOUND THE BODY, WAS SLIGHTLY AGITATED, BUT HIS PSYCHOLOGICAL STATE WAS NORMAL FOR THE SITUATION. BLOOD TEST WAS CLEAN--NO ALCOHOL, NO DRUGS.

AND THE GUN?

DAMN, THIS IS A MIND BENDER.

NOTHING SO FAR.

SO--WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BELIEVE THAT THE DEAD OFFICER HAD HIS GUN SNATCHED OFF HIM, THEN RUSHED TO THE ROOF OF A BUILDING A HUNDRED YARDS AWAY AND FLUNG HIMSELF OFF IN A FIT OF CIVIC REMORSE...ALL WITHIN *THREE MINUTES*? AND HE DID IT WITHOUT UNLOCKING THE DAMN DOOR TO THE DAMN ROOF?

SORT OF A "LOCKED ROOF" MYSTERY, HUH...?

WILL YOU GENTLEMEN PLEASE CHECK OUT THE BELONGINGS OF THE VICTIMS? ALL OF THEM.

YOU'RE KIDDING...? *ALL* OF THEM?

UH, JUST WHAT ARE WE LOOKING FOR, SIR?

ANYTHING THAT DISAPPEARED AFTER THEY DIED, NO MATTER HOW SMALL, NO MATTER HOW CHEAP OR FRIVOLOUS.

FOR INSTANCE...

I HATE TO ASK, SINCE YOU WERE BOTH UP LATE LAST NIGHT...

WE'RE ON IT, SIR!

SLAM

HATS, SIR?!

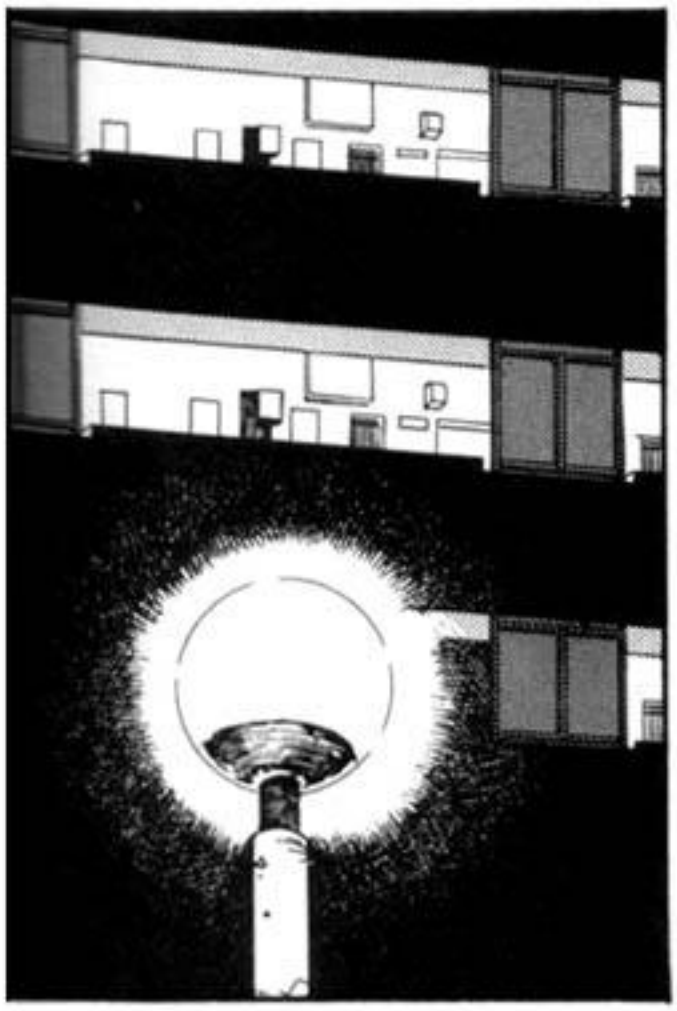
OR TOYS?!

OH, FOR *THAT* THE VEGETABLE STAND DOWN THE STREET IS *MUCH* CHEAPER!

BUT THAT'S TOO FAR TO WALK!

TETSUYA, DEAR! TIME FOR DINNER!

OKAY, MA!



"ALMOST ALL THE VICTIMS' FAMILIES HAVE MOVED OUT, INSPECTOR."

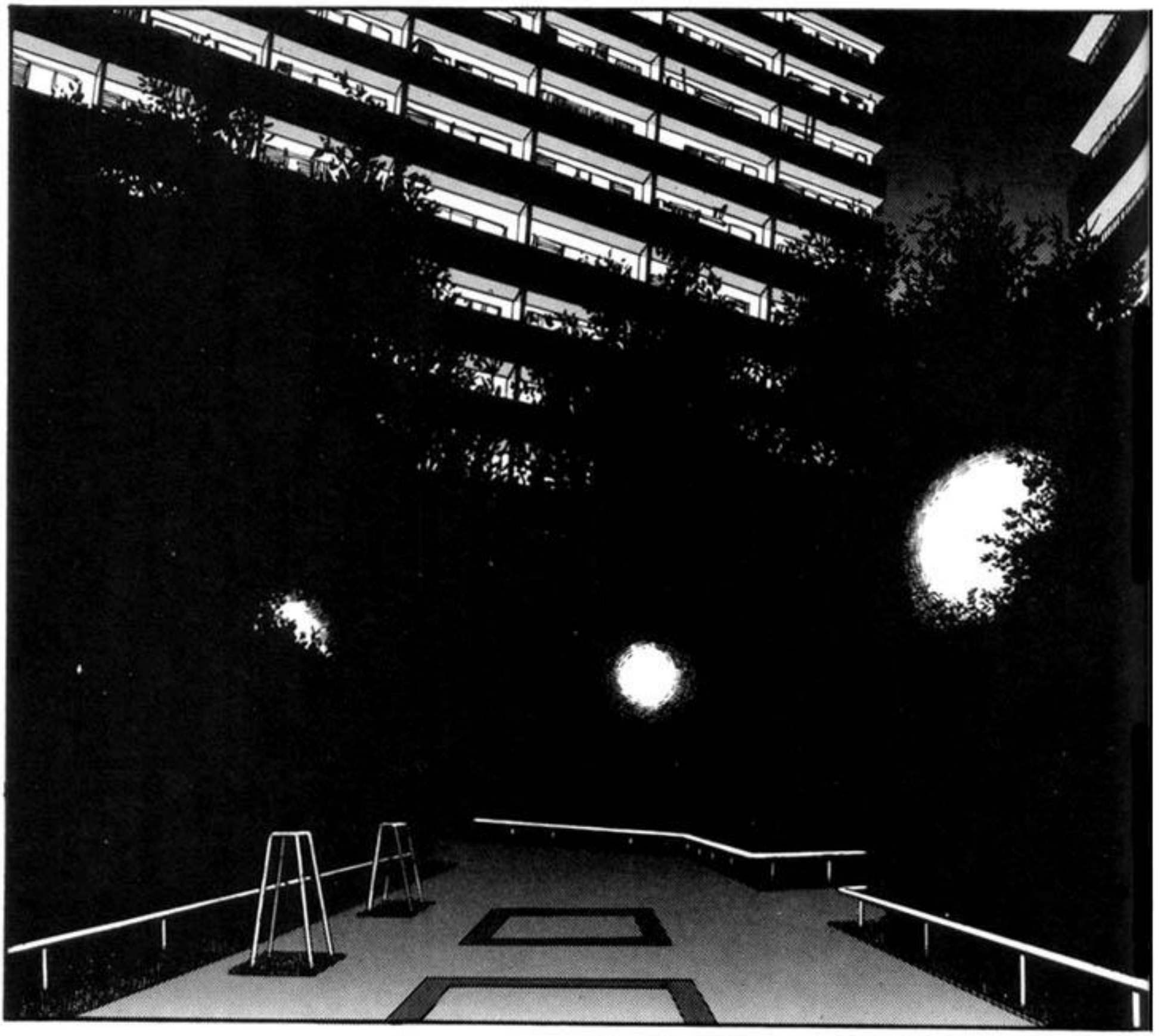
AND SINCE THEY PACKED UP EVERY-THING WHEN THEY LEFT, THEY ALL SAY THEY CAN'T RE-MEMBER.
YOU KNOW HOW IT IS. LITTLE STUFF LIKE THAT...

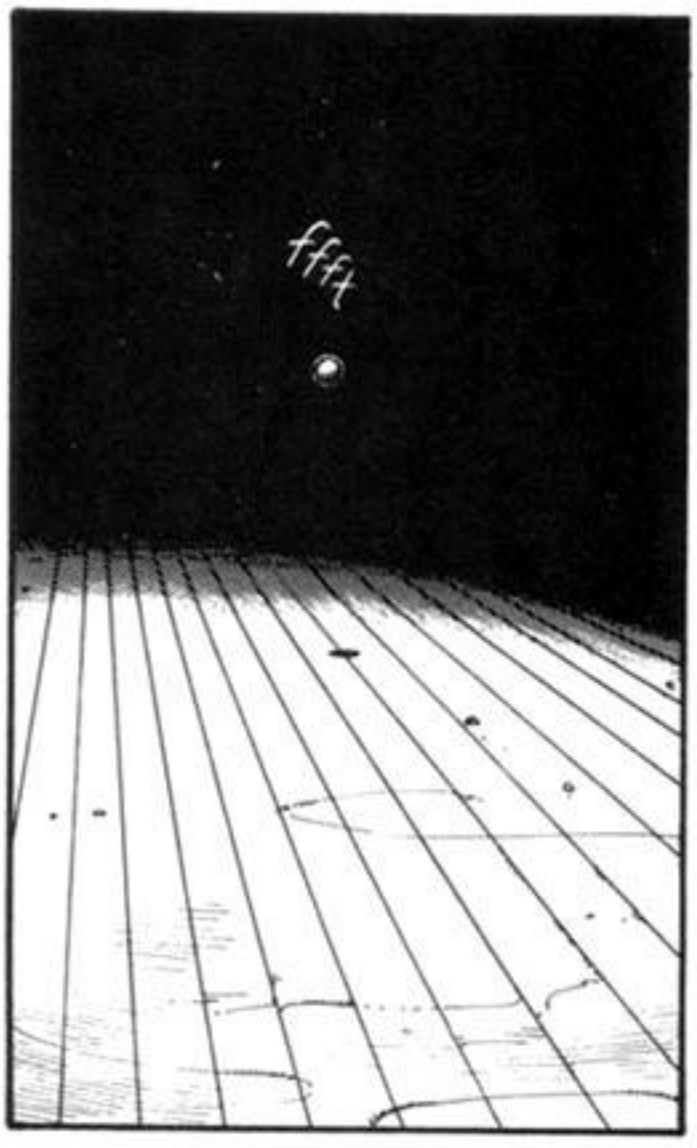
I GOT SOMETHING ON YURIKO SATAKE, THE EIGHTEENTH VICTIM... A RING.

HER SISTER FILED A COMPLAINT, SAYS IT WASN'T ON THE BODY.
APPARENTLY, IT WASN'T ANYTHING EXPENSIVE, BUT IT BELONGED TO THEIR MOTHER, SENTIMENTAL VALUE.

AFTER THAT, I FOUND PRETTY MUCH THE SAME AS DETECTIVE ITO HERE.
ANOTHER DEAD END, SIR.

-SIGHH-

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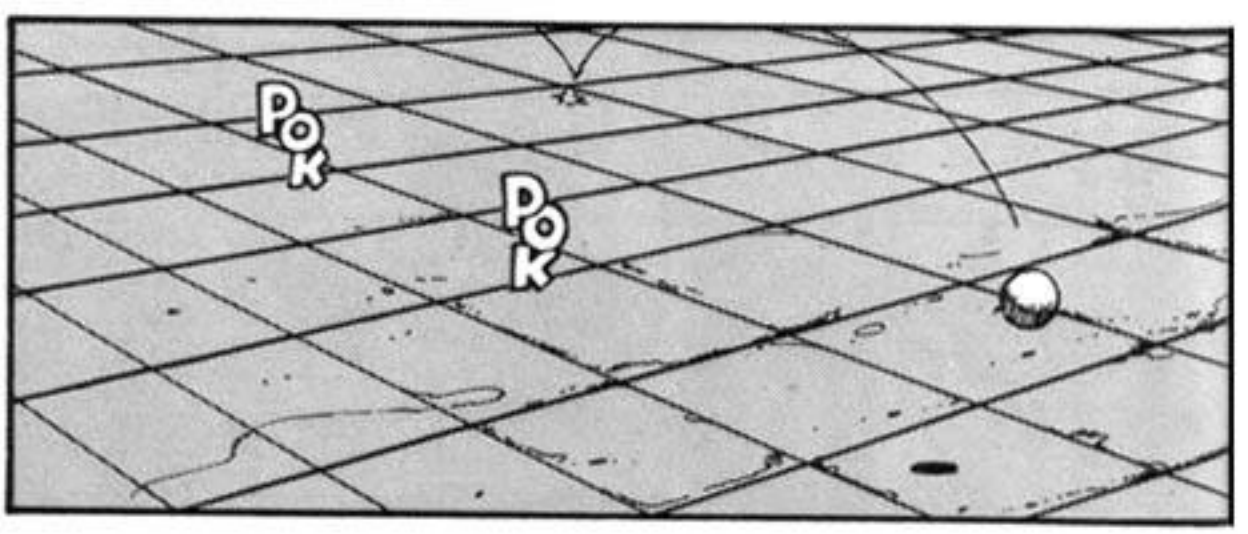
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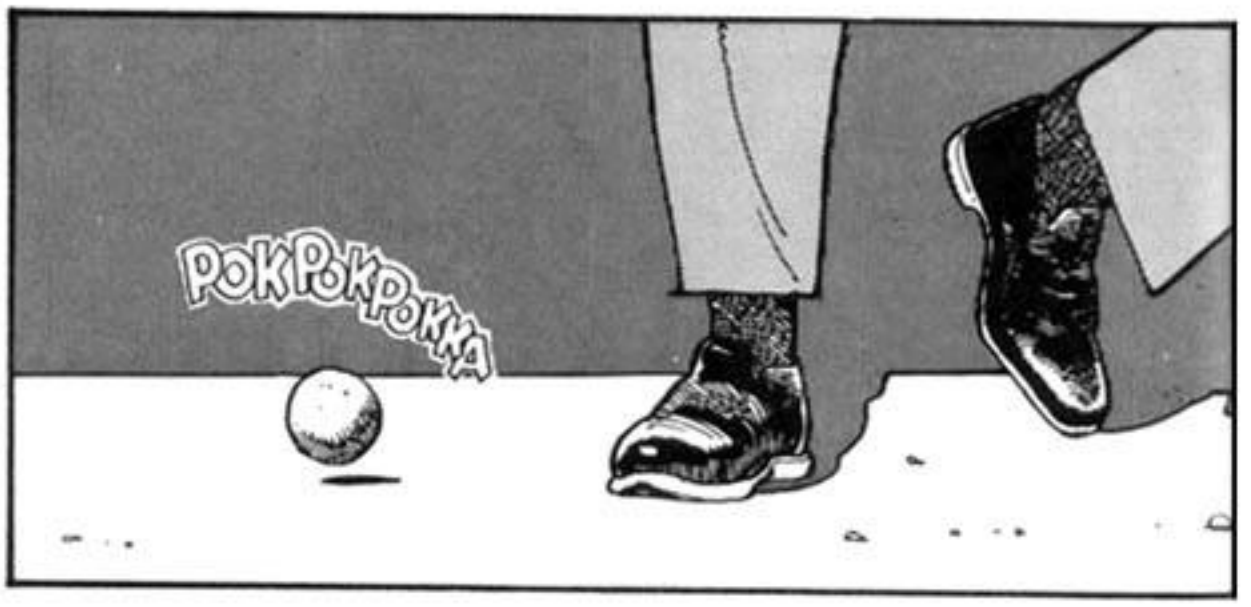

POKPOKPOKKA

?

BEEP
BEEP
BEEP

BEE*

HELLO,
YAMAGAWA
HERE...

WHAT?
YOU
DIDN'T?
BUT--

NO...IT'S
NOTHING.
MUST BE
SOMETHING
ON MY END.
SORRY.

KCHINGG

KTAK

I SEE. YOU WANT THIS.

AAA!

SPRAK

DON'T WANT IT NO MORE!

.....

WAI--

WAIT!!

YEE HEE HEE!

DAMN IT!

GEE...IF YOU DON'T CATCH ME NOW, MAYBE THEY'LL TAKE YOU OFF THE CASE, HUH?

WHA--!!

NYA HA-HA! HEE-HEE HA!

HFF

HAH

HFF

HAA

YOUR RHEUMATISM HURTS, eh? NYEE HEE HEE!

Uh-huh! THAT'S RIGHT! IT AIN'T **YOUR** FAULT. THEY'RE GIVING YOU THE SHOVE, OLD MAN.

IT'S **THEM!** THAT'S RIGHT. **THEY'RE** THE BAD GUYS.

THAT WHITE-COLLAR YES-MAN AND THE LONG HAIR... HE REALLY **IS** A HIPPY PUNK, ISN'T HE? NYA HA-HA!

STOP IT! THAT'S RIDICULOUS! I NEVER THOUGHT THAT!!

I **TRUST** MY MEN! THEY'RE GOOD MEN! **ALL** OF THEM!!

NYEH HEH HEH...

DID YOUR DAUGHTER COME HOME LATE LAST NIGHT? AGAIN?

YOU BASTARD!!

YAHH...TOO BAD ABOUT WHAT YOU DID TO YOUR MOTHER...

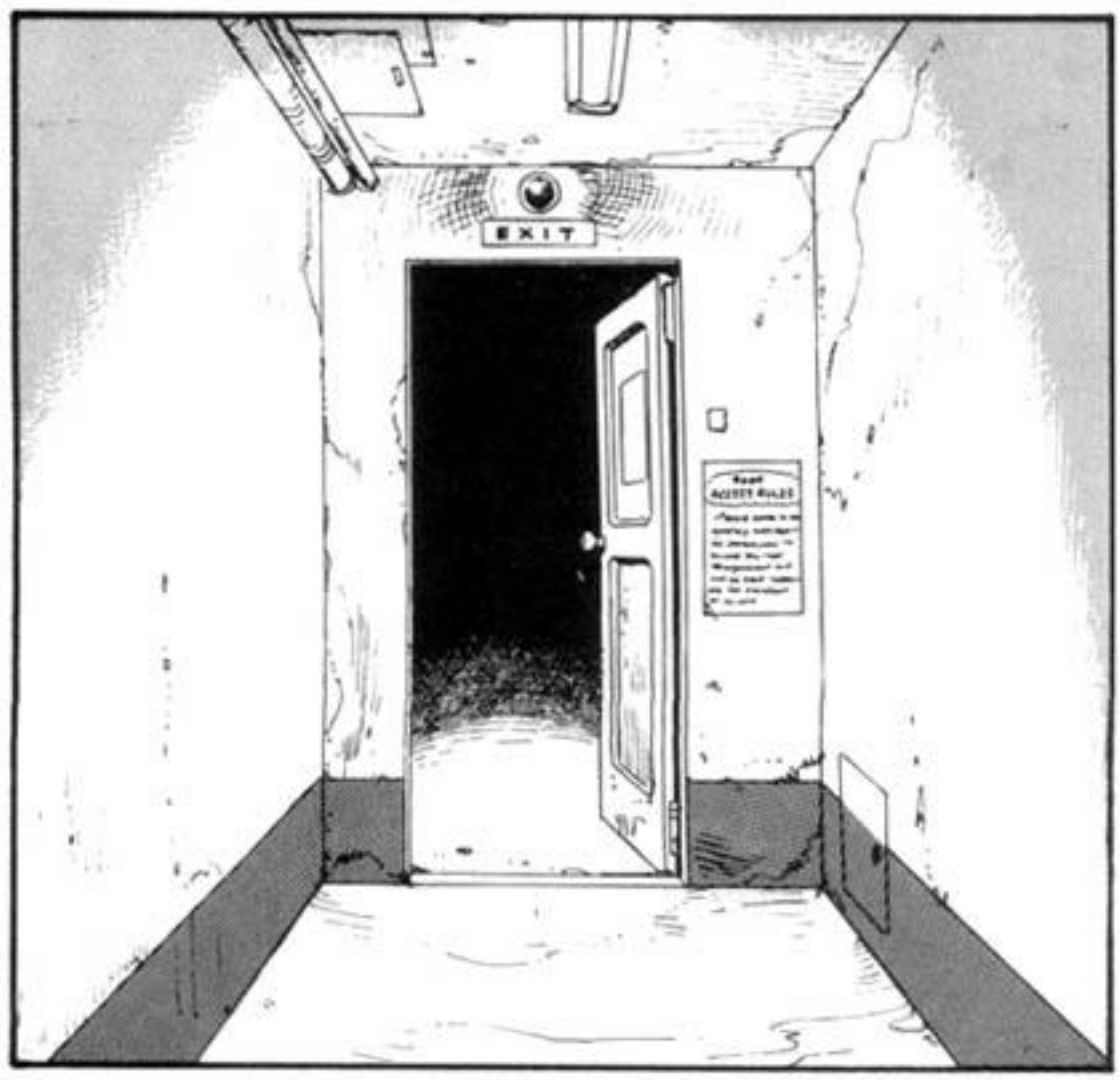
THAT'S NOT FAIR!!

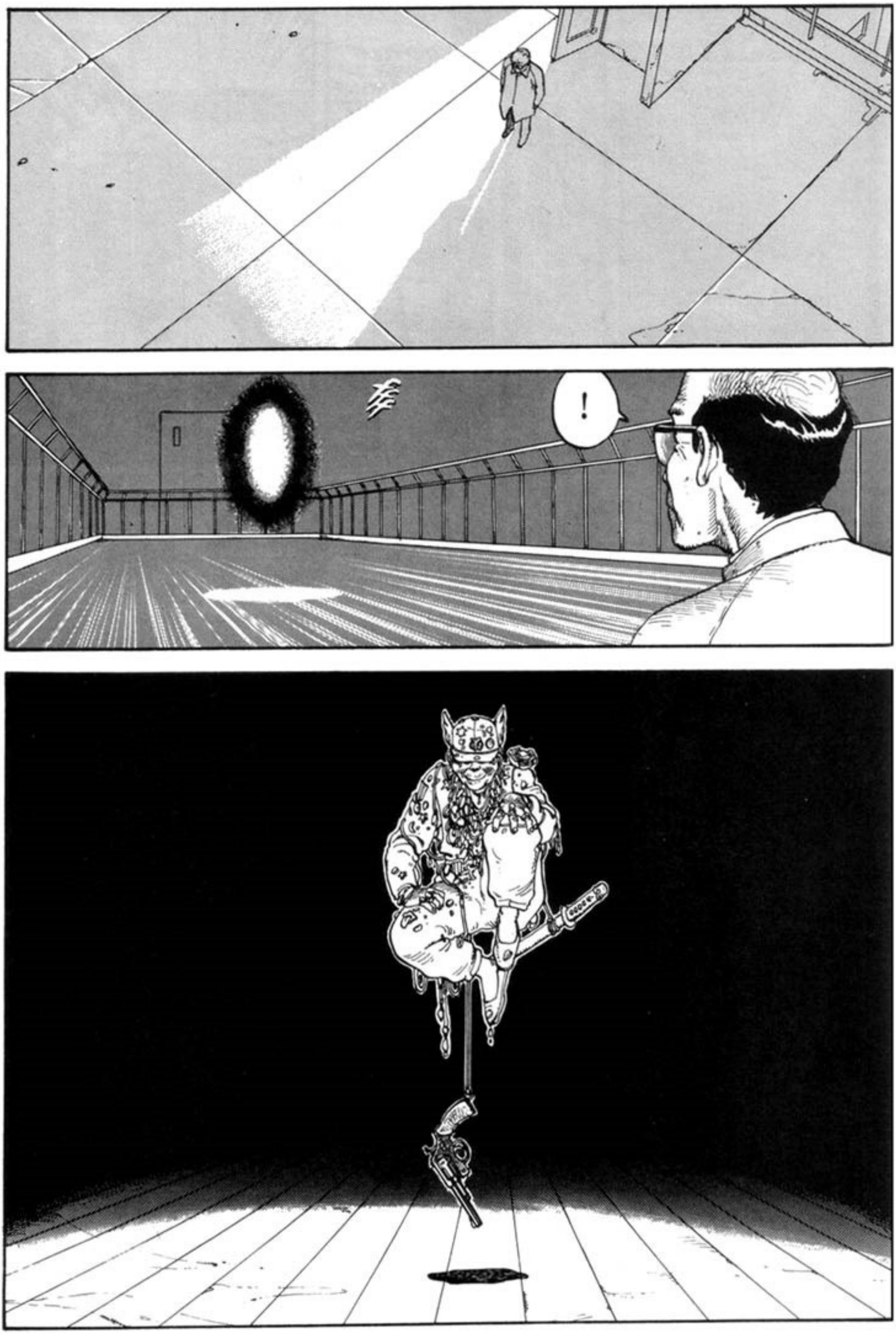
I WAS JUST A YOUNG COP! THE PAY WAS LOUSY!

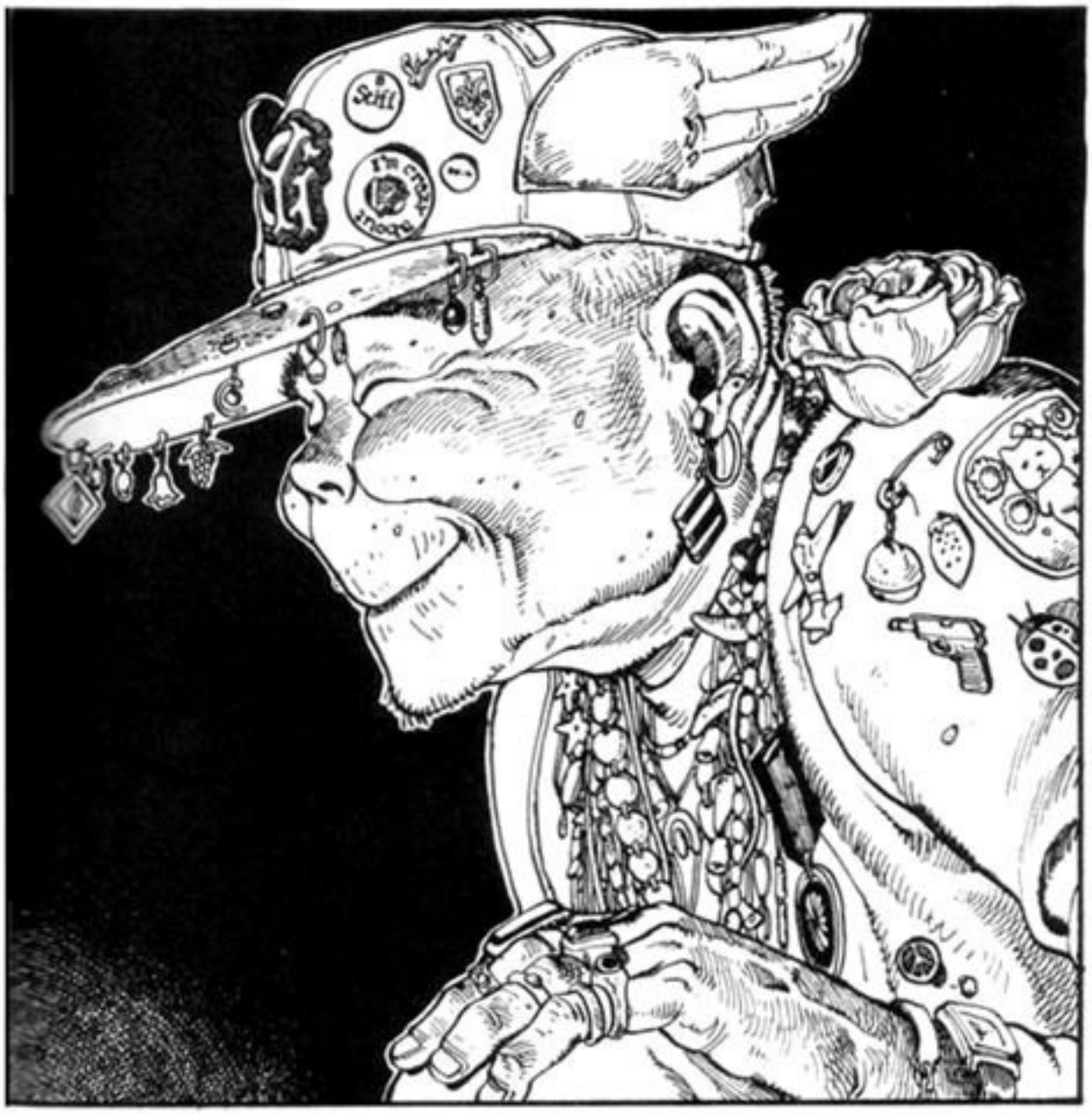
WE DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH MONEY FOR THE DOCTOR!

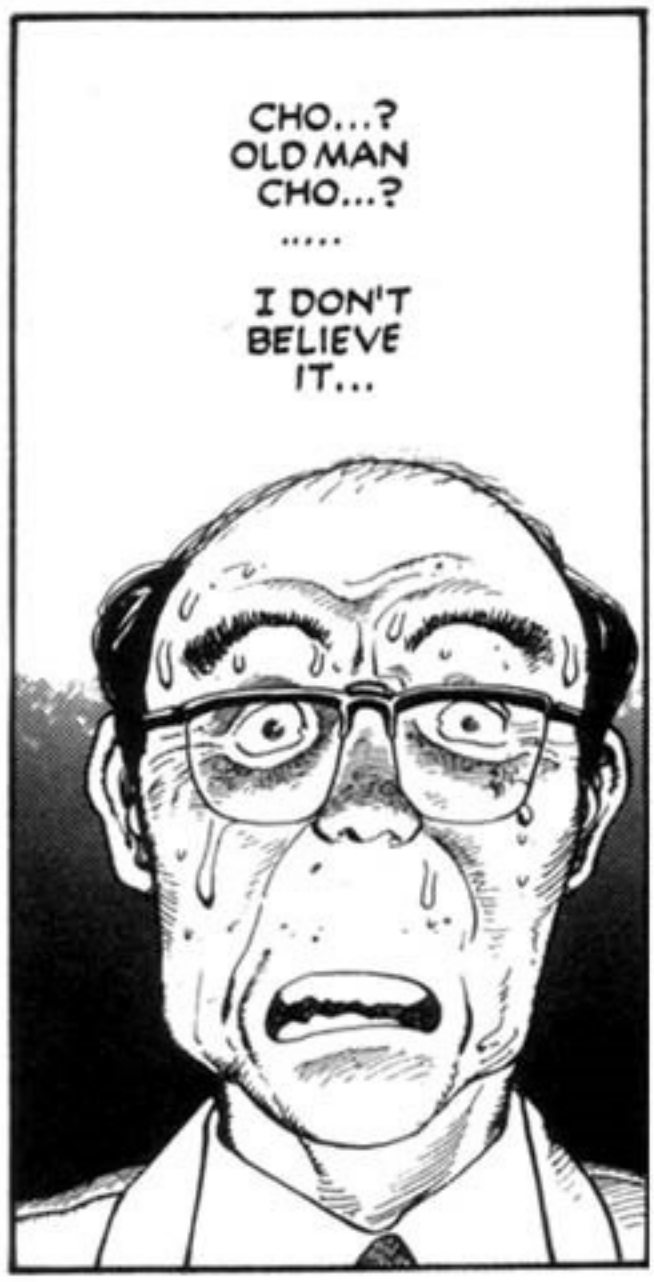
IF MY BROTHER HAD HELPED, WE COULD HAVE PAID. IF ONLY HE--

AAH...

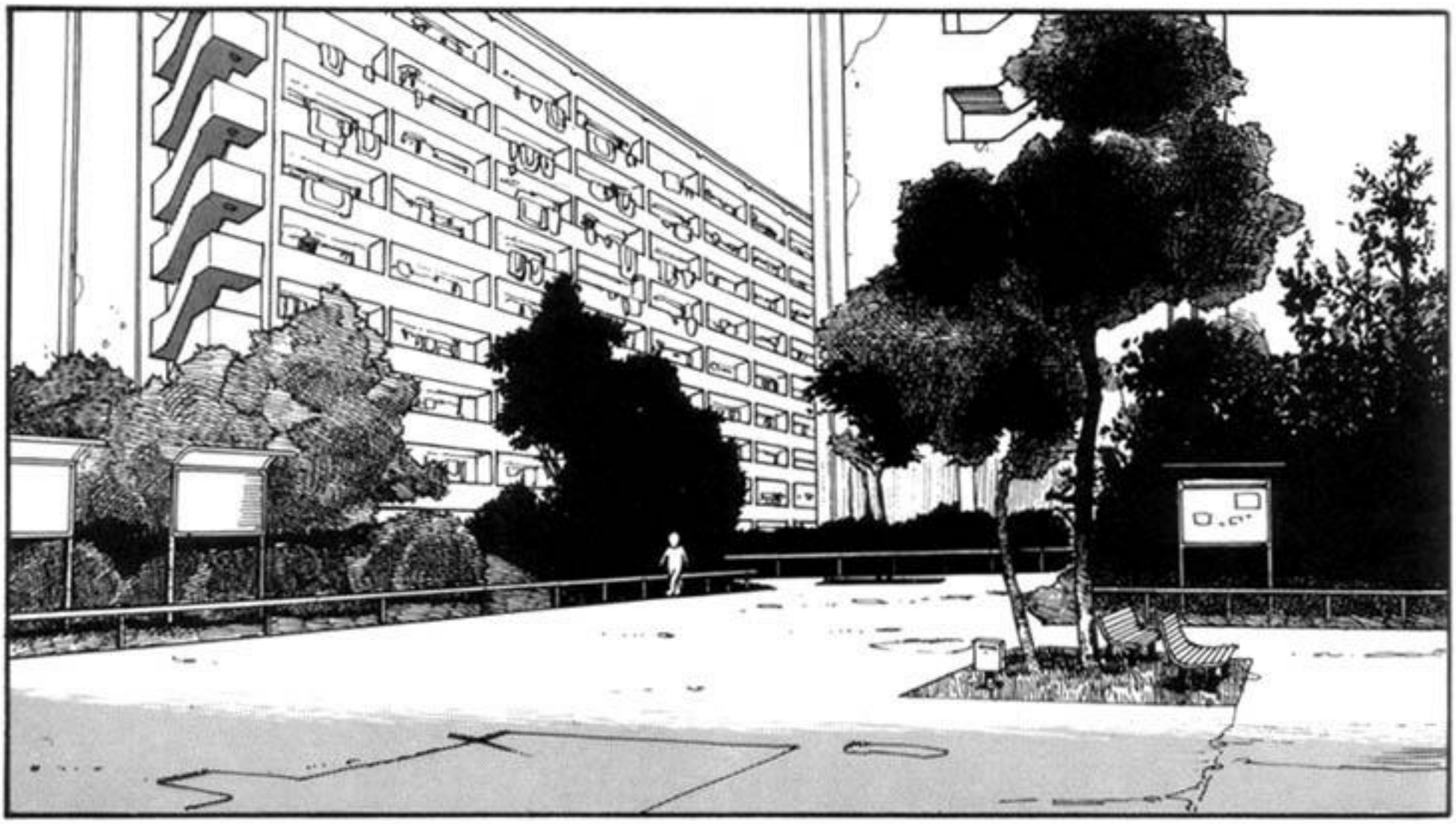


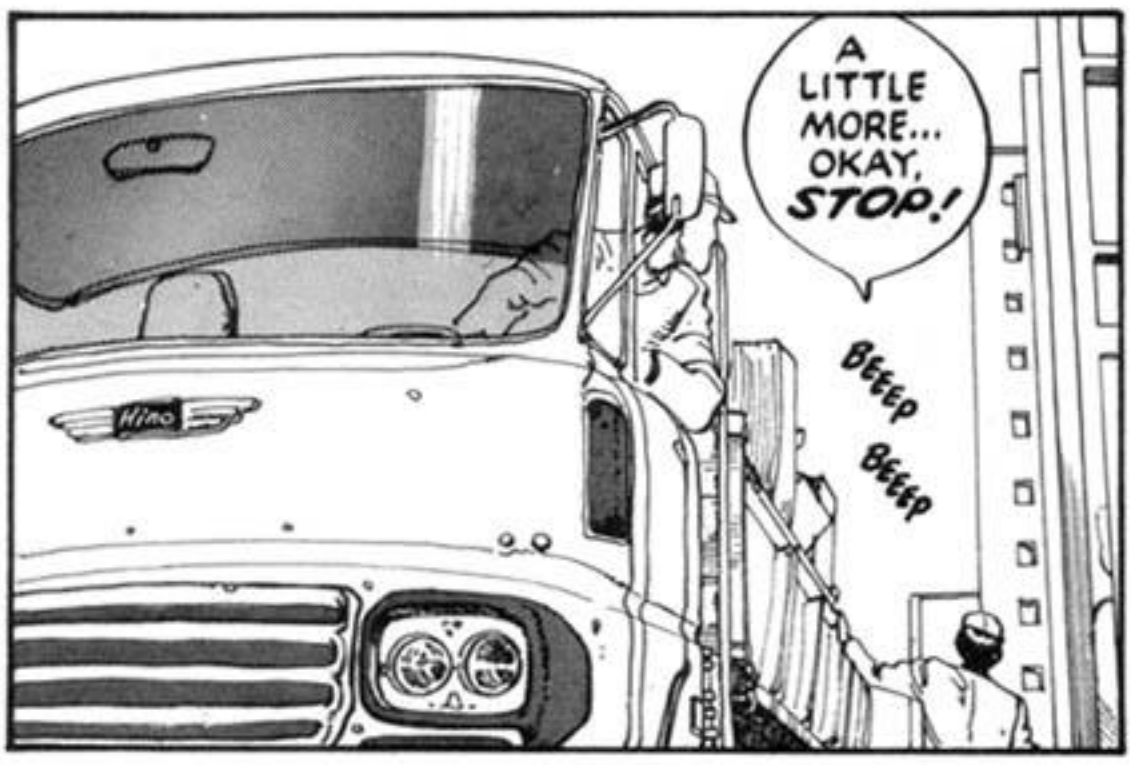


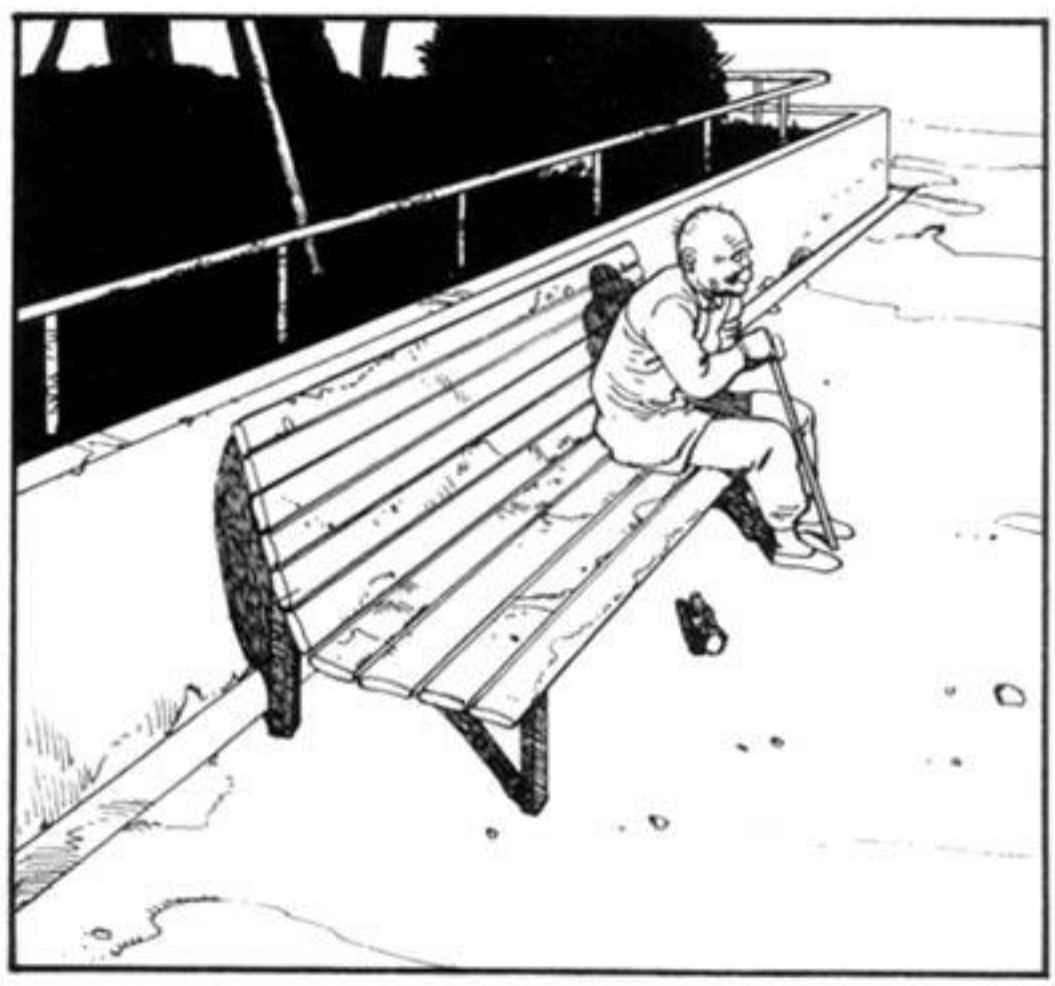



CHO...?
OLD MAN
CHO...?
.....
I DON'T
BELIEVE
IT...

BUT
IT'S TRUE!
IT'S
ME!!




A LITTLE MORE... OKAY, STOP!
BEEEP
BEEEP
Hino



blrg...

.....

MAA?

YOU'LL BE LIKE A NICE, RIPE TOMATO...

HEY, LOOK!!

UFF ?

?

AHH...!

INSPECTOR YAMAGAWA...

C'MON... LET'S GO.

YEAH...

HEY... THIS OKAMURA GUY THEY'RE SENDING IN FROM HEADQUARTERS... DIDN'T HE GRADUATE FROM THE ACADEMY THE SAME YEAR AS YAMAGAWA?

THAT'S WHAT I HEARD.

EEEEK!

!

LA DAA DEE DUM...

?

!

WHAT THE HELL...?!

WAAHH!

WAAH!

MAAAA!

FWUP.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "RIPE TOMATO"...?!

YOU COULD HAVE *KILLED* THAT BABY!

WHAT AN *AWFUL* LITTLE BRAT YOU ARE!

VWHIPP

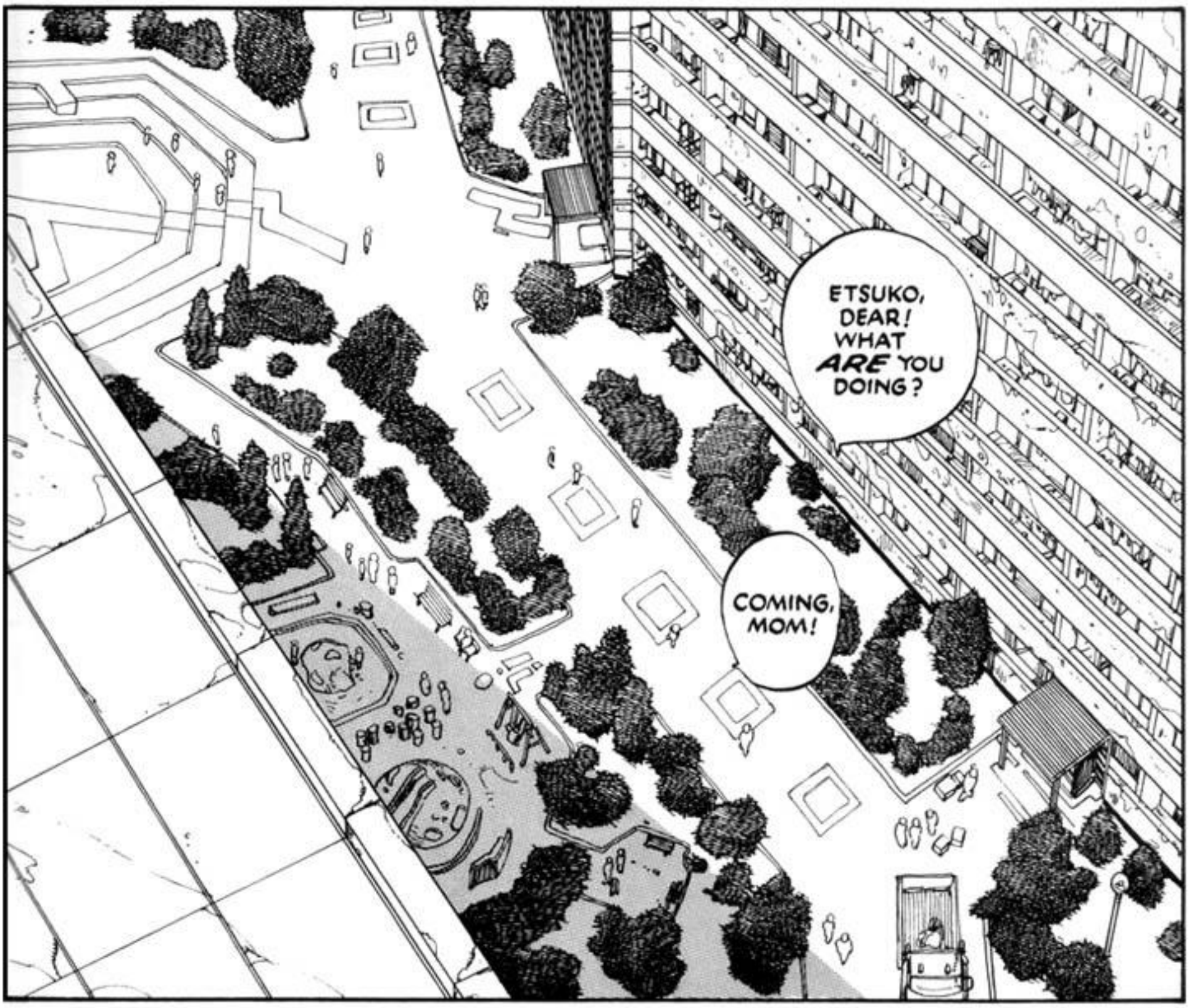
TAK

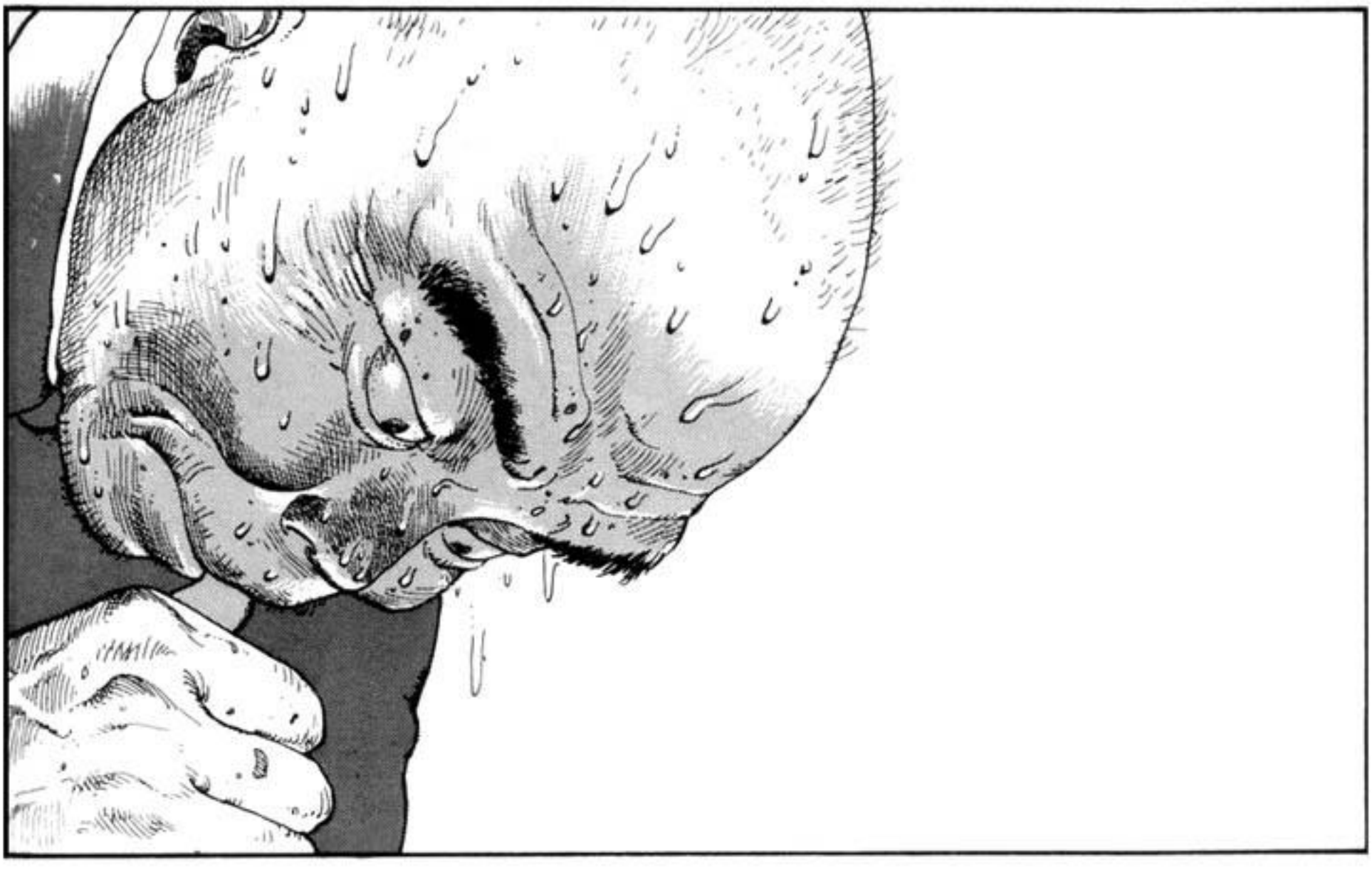
T-TAK

REALLY, NOW!!

SPAK

YEE!


ETSUKO, DEAR! WHAT *ARE* YOU DOING?
COMING, MOM!



HEY, GUESS WHAT! MY DAD BOUGHT ME A NEW VIDEO GAME LAST NIGHT... YA WANNA COME OVER AND PLAY?

YOU CAN COME, TOO, ETSUKO.

'KAY.

JEEZ... PLAYIN' A DUMB OL' GAME WITH DUMB OL' GIRLS...

YOU AN' ME ARE GONNA BUILD A SECRET BASE, OKAY?

YOU *DUMMY!* WE GOTTA *FIND* A PLACE FIRST!

WHAT KINDA CART IS IT? A SHOOTER?

SO LIKE, WHEN YOU GET FIVE THOUSAND POINTS, YOU GET ANOTHER ONE...

WHERE?

WAIT UP, OKAY? I GOTTA DROP OFF MY BOOKS!

=fff=...

IF YOU LET US PLAY YOUR GAME, WE'LL LET YA INTO OUR SECRET BASE.

WHAT'CHA THINK, ETSUKO?

YEAH! IT'S GONNA BE TOTALLY COOL!

OKAY. YOU CAN PLAY, BUT YA GOTTA SHOW US YOUR BASE WHEN IT'S FINISHED, OKAY?

NO PROB. BUT REMEMBER, IT'S A *SECRET* BASE. SO DON'T TELL ANYONE!

HEY!

ISN'T THAT HIROSHI YOSHIKAWA?

IS IT OKAY IF HE COMES, TOO? HE LIVES NEXT DOOR TO ME!

BOY, IF THAT DOOFUS IS COMING, WE'RE OUTTA HERE. RIGHT?

RIGHT!

HUH? WHY'S THAT?

YOU GUYS JUST MOVED HERE, ETSUKO, SO LIKE, YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE YOSHIKAWAS YET.

IT'S HIS DAD, YOU KNOW? HE'S BEEN ARRESTED BY THE COPS AN' STUFF, AND HIS MOM RAN AWAY, TOO!

HE'S A *LUSH*, THAT'S WHAT MY MOM SAYS. SHE SAID TO STAY AWAY FROM HIM.

WHAT'S A "LUSH," HUH? HUH?

JEEZ, YOU DUMMY! IT'S A GUY WHO'S ALWAYS DRINKING, RIGHT,? BUT IT'S NOT THE SAME AS, LIKE, JUST A *DRUNK,* SEE?

OH, YEAH...?

HEY, YOU GUYS! HE CAN HEAR YOU!

UH-OH!

OH, MAN! HERE HE COMES!

Y-YA THINK HE'S GONNA TRY TA FIGHT...?

H-HEY, MAN!

HIROSHI...?

.....

COME ON, LET'S GO CHECK OUT THAT CART!

BZAP! KZOW!

PEE-YEW! WHAT'S THAT SMELL?

AW, YOU GUYS-- DON'T!

YAA! DRUNK-MAN AN' BEER-BOY!!

"YOU HAVE MY DEEPEST CONDOLENCES, MRS. YAMAGAWA..."

"THANK YOU FOR COMING..."

"STILL, I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE A MAN LIKE HIM WOULD DIE THIS WAY..."

DO YOU... DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA AT ALL *WHY*...?

NO...

.....

NO... THERE WAS NO SIGN AT ALL.

HE ALWAYS USED TO TELL ME THAT A POLICE OFFICER NEVER KNOWS WHEN OR WHERE HE'LL DIE. BUT... BUT I NEVER IMAGINED, NEVER... NOT THIS WAY...

"DID HE LEAVE A WILL? A NOTE? ANY-THING?"

" NO, NOTHING... HE LEFT THE HOUSE THAT MORNING JUST LIKE IT WAS ANY OTHER DAY."

Hmm...

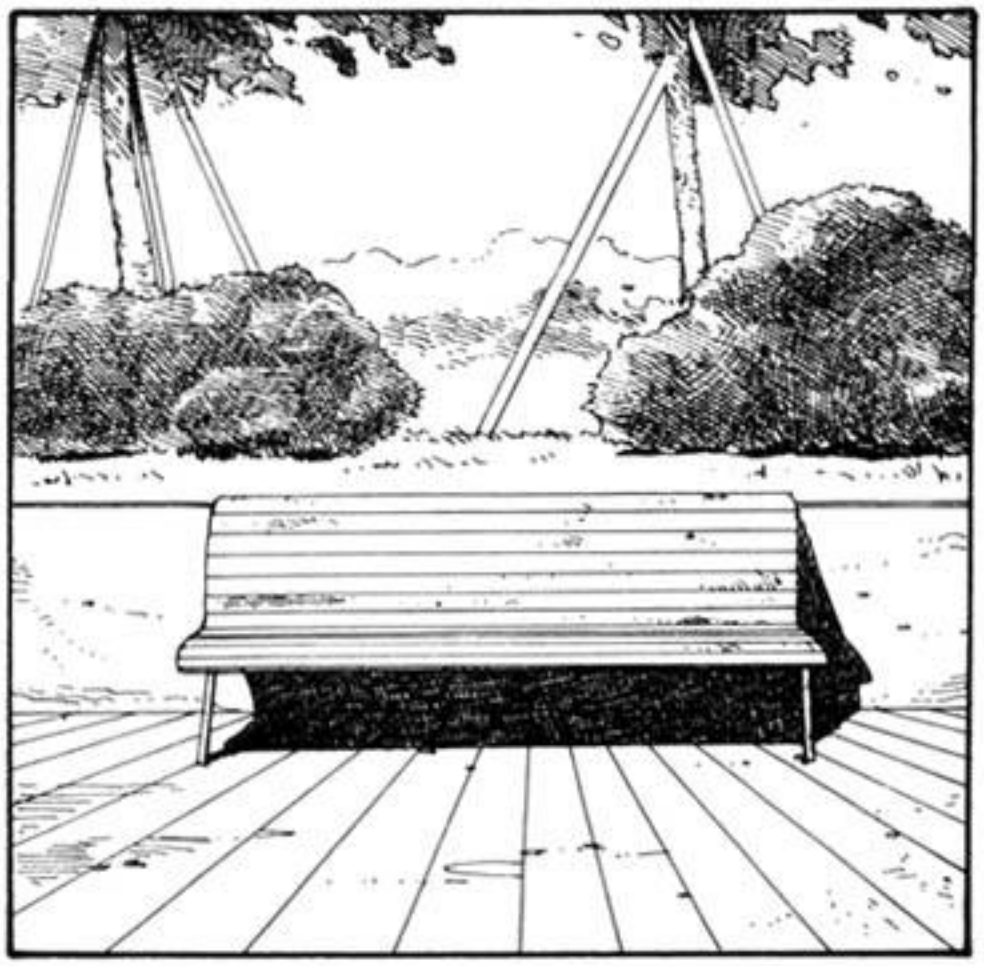
SUICIDES... SUSPICIOUS DEATHS... ACCIDENTS... TWENTY-NINE IN ALL.

I'VE BEEN ON THE FORCE A LONG TIME, BUT I'VE NEVER—

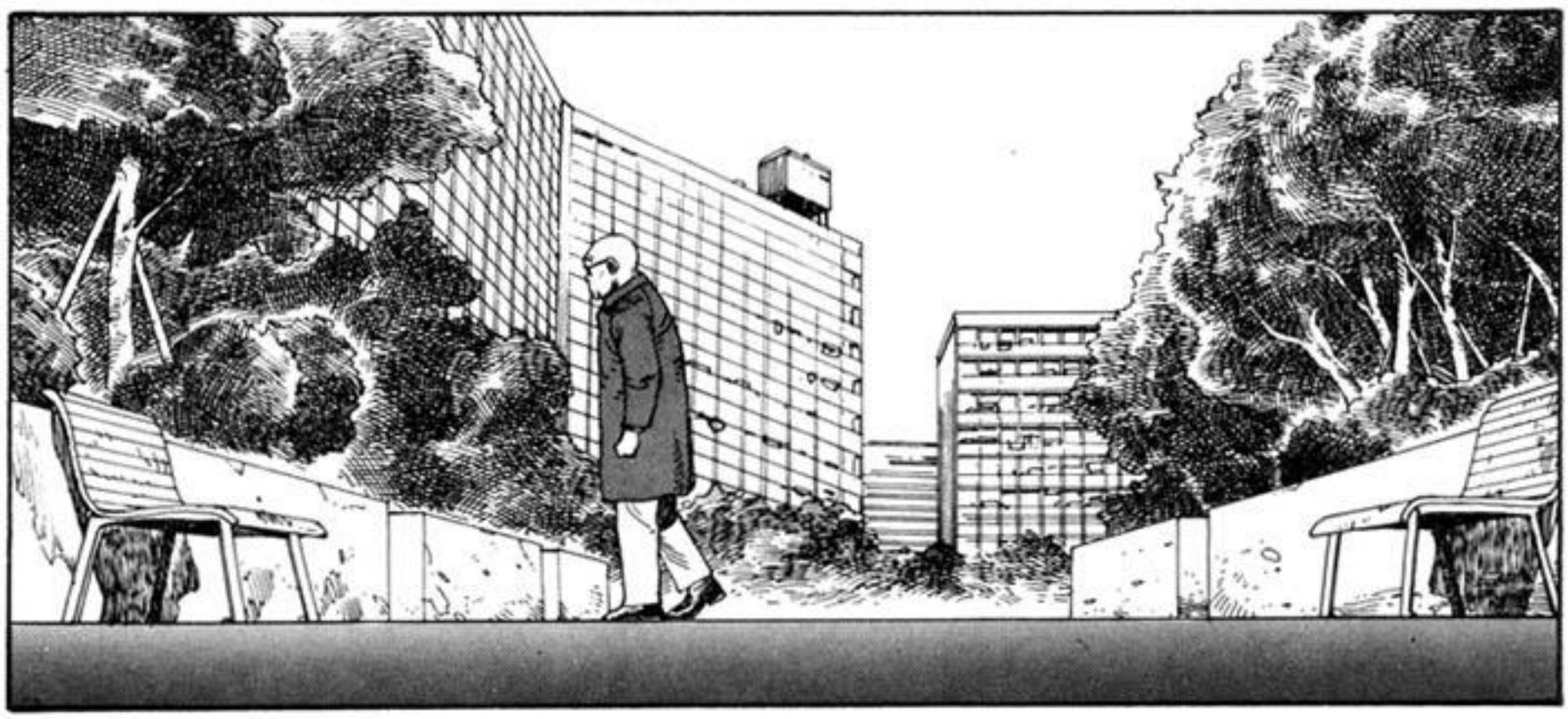
?

YA...

YAMAGAWA ?!



YAMAGAWA?



THIS PLACE... DON'T COME HERE... NO MORE...

WHAT THE...
WHO ARE YOU?!

??

!!

HNG!!

DON'T COME BACK!!

AAGGH !!

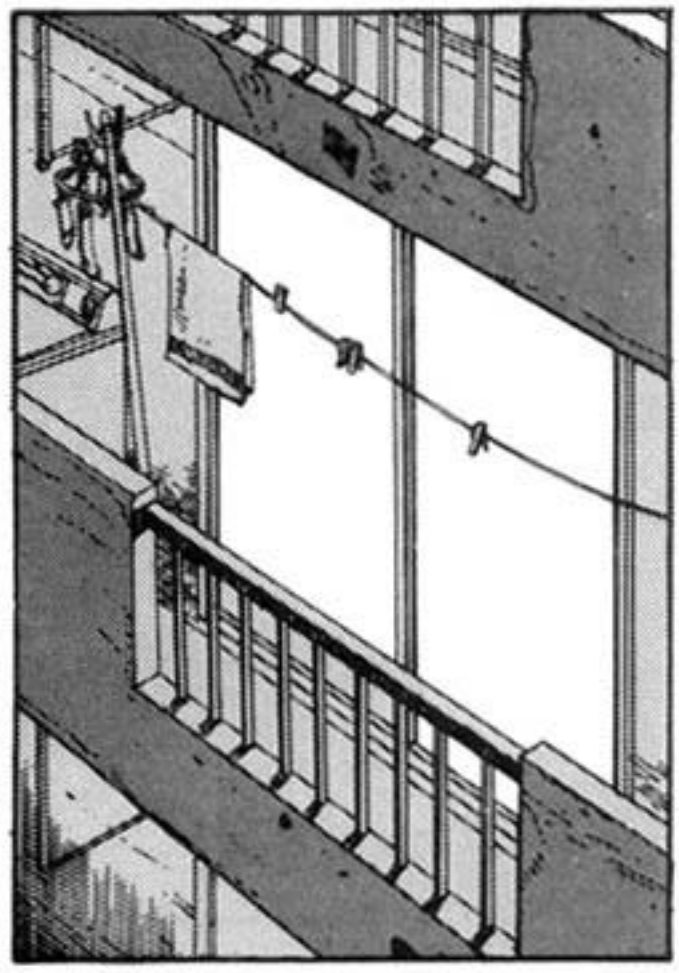
.....
.....

HA-HA-HA

EEEK!

BEEP WAAAA!

HEY, MOM!



"ON TODAY'S PROGRAM, WE WILL BE LOOKING AT FORMULAS FOR DERIVING LIMITING VALUES FOR SETS OF SEQUENTIAL NUMBERS..."

"...AND SO, CARRYING THE VARIABLE OVER HERE, WE EASILY DEDUCE THE EQUATION (x_1+y_1). YET THE PROBLEM REMAINS—WE STILL HAVE THAT EQUAL SIGN. WHAT ARE WE TO DO? LET US TRY THIS..."

"...AND THUS PRODUCING THE SOLUTION, $(x_1+y_1=1)$."

STUDY! STUDY! STUDY!

"...FURTHER SUBTRACTING VALUE TWO FROM VALUE THREE YIELDS THE EQUATION $(v_1-v_3)=(x-y)$. YET WE SAW EARLIER THAT p-q YIELDED..."

TSUTOMU...?

I'LL LEAVE YOUR DINNER RIGHT HERE, ALL RIGHT, DEAR?

Umph.

WELL, THEN, YOUR FATHER AND I ARE GOING TO BED NOW...

SHOULD I WAKE YOU UP TOMORROW, SAME TIME AS USUAL?

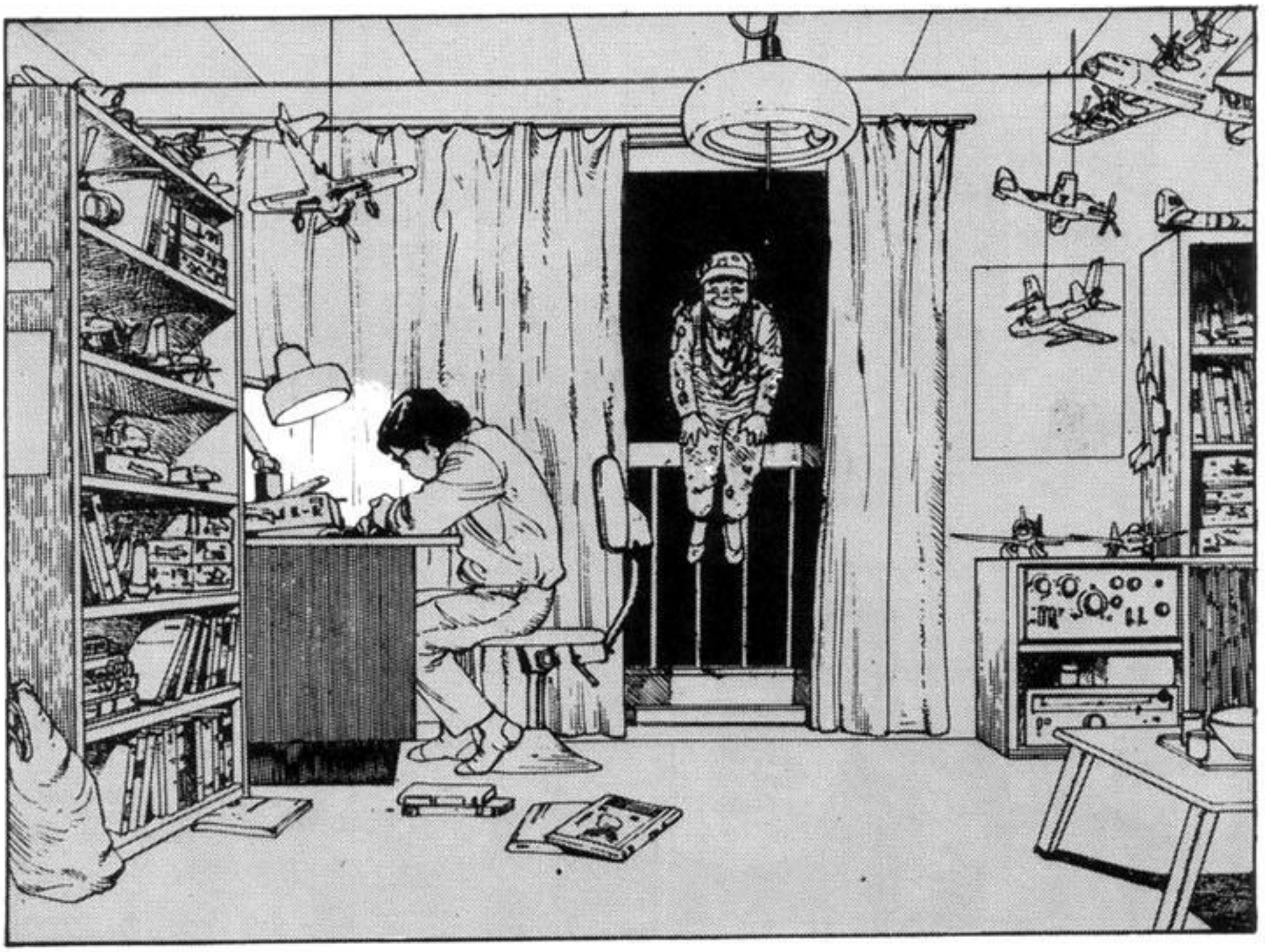
STUDY! STUDY! STUDY!

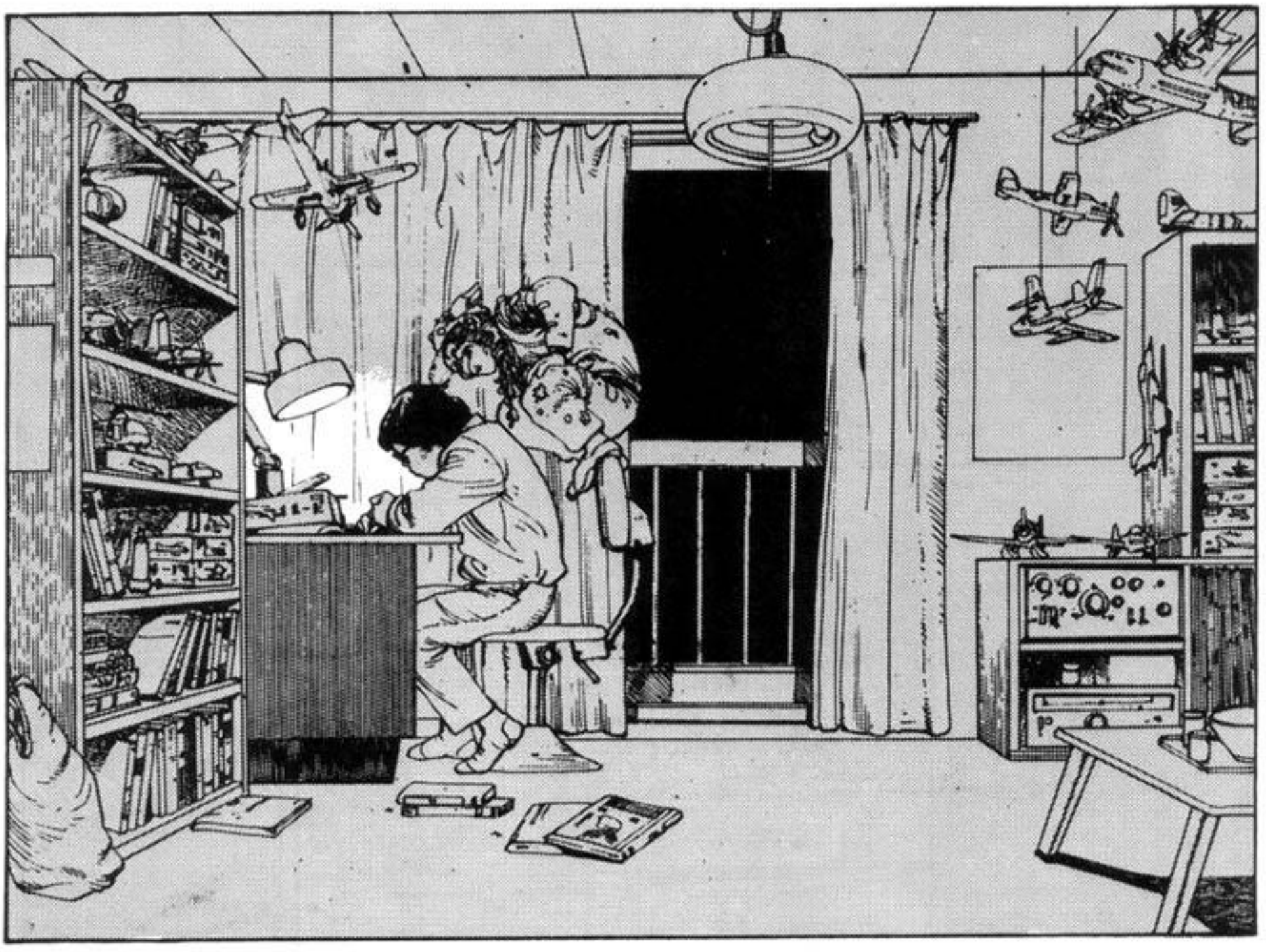
YEAH... G'NIGHT.

KCHIK

SHAKK

ZERO





Hm?

??
??

TAKKA
TAKKA

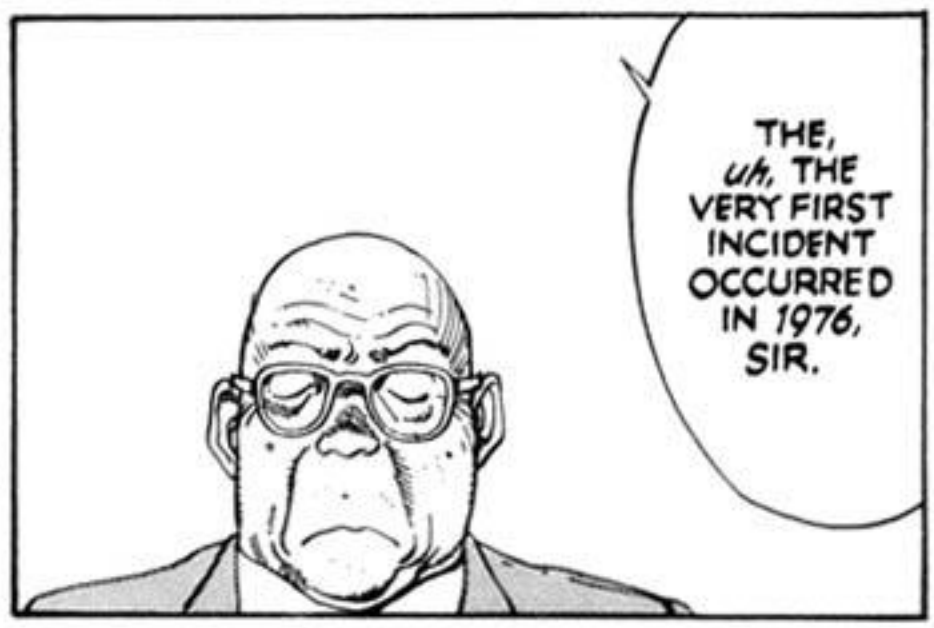
!

TAKKA
TAKKA
TAKKA
TAKKA

.....
.....

I'M INSPECTOR OKAMURA.
LET'S NOT WASTE ANY TIME, GENTLEMEN. BRING ME UP TO DATE ON EVERYTHING, RIGHT FROM THE BEGIN-NING.

Y-YES, SIR!


THE, *uh*, THE VERY FIRST INCIDENT OCCURRED IN *1976*, SIR.

SO AS YOU CAN SEE, SIR, FOR EVERY SINGLE CASE REPORTED SO FAR, WE HAVE BEEN UNABLE TO OBTAIN ANY SUBSTANTIVE EVIDENCE OF ANY KIND.

DO WE HAVE ANY WITNESSES WHO SAW INSPECTOR YAMAGAWA THE EVENING HE JUMPED?

A HOUSEWIFE IN THE COMPLEX REPORTED SEEING HIM ON HER WAY HOME FROM THE GROCERY, SIR.

SHE SAID HE WAS SITTING ON A BENCH IN FRONT OF BUILDING THREE, AT APPROXIMATELY SEVEN IN THE EVENING.

YAMAGAWA PHONED IN TO HEADQUARTERS AT SEVEN-FORTY-FIVE. THE FIRST REPORT OF HIS DEATH CAME IN AT EIGHT-FIFTEEN...

SO LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT- -RIGHT DURING THIRTY MINUTES OF THE BUSIEST TIME OF THE DAY, WHEN HUSBANDS ARE COMING HOME FROM WORK, INSPECTOR YAMAGAWA ENTERED THE APARTMENT BUILDING AND MADE IT ALL THE WAY TO THE ROOF--AND YET WE DON'T HAVE A ***SINGLE*** WITNESS WHO SAW HIM DO IT?!

AND TALKING ABOUT THE DEATHS THERE, SIR, IT'S PRACTICALLY TABOO.

THAT'S... UH... WELL, UH...

EVER SINCE THESE INCIDENTS BEGAN, THE RESIDENTS OF THE TSUTSUMI HOUSING COMPLEX HAVE BEEN PRETTY RELUCTANT TO GO OUT AFTER DARK.

FWAK

WHOOPS!

HEY, WHAT'CHA DOING?

I'M PLAYING CATCH—— WHAT'S IT LOOK LIKE, STUPID?

BY YOUR-SELF?

YEAH, SO I'M PLAYING BY MYSELF. SO WHAT?!

HERE, CATCH!

NO! WAI— —

THWAK

EEEK! SORRY!!

NOW I'M READY-- LET'S GO!

'KAY!

OOPS...

JEEZ, "OOPS" IS RIGHT!

FWAK

POK POK

HEY, IT'S LITTLE YO!

ORDER ME A TEMPURA AND RICE, OKAY?!

HOW'S THE TEMPURA AT THAT PLACE? ANY GOOD?

AH, HELLO, INSPECTOR!

Uh... TAKAYAMA, RIGHT?

YES, SIR.

SO TELL ME, TAKAYAMA-- DO YOU *BELIEVE?*

Huh?

WELL, *uh...*

YOU MEAN LIKE *GHOSTS,* SIR?

WHEN I WAS A KID I SAW ONE OF THOSE, WHAT'CHA CALL'EMS... WILL-O'-THE-WISPS?

BUT YOU WANT MY GUT FEELINGS? YEAH, SURE I BELIEVE IN THEM! LEMME TELL YA, THERE WAS THIS CASE I WAS RUNNING TWO YEARS AGO...

...SO THAT REALLY SENT THE CHILLS UP MY SPINE, THAT TIME... YEAH...

INSPECTOR OKAMURA! YOUR FOOD IS HERE!

RIGHT, THANKS!

TELL ME A BIT MORE ABOUT THAT CASE SOMETIME, WILL YOU?

SIR...?

AND BY THE WAY... MAKE SURE YOU TAKE ME TO THAT TEMPURA PLACE FOR LUNCH ONE OF THESE DAYS, ALL RIGHT?

YEAH, SURE... SIR?

FWAK

HAH!

I'M GONNA GET IT! ME!

UH! UH! I CATCH!

UH? UH!

AH HA HA!

JEEZ, LITTLE YO, CAN'T YOU EVEN *CATCH* ?!

UH-OH! LOOK HOW LATE IT IS-- I GOTTA GET HOME.

SEIKO

NO WAY! YOU'RE NOT LEAVING ALREADY?

BUT IT'S DINNERTIME. DON'T YOU NEED TO GO HOME, TOO?

Uh... ME?

WE, umm... WE EAT KINDA LATE.

'KAY, THEN!

SEE YOU TOMOR-ROW!

AW, RATS...

GHOSTS, HUH...

.....

MOM, I'M HOME!

DON'T FORGET TO WASH YOUR HANDS!

OKAAAY!

MOMMY! I MET THIS BIG KID TODAY CALLED *LITTLE YO*, AN' I PLAYED WITH HIM AND HIROSHI FROM NEXT DOOR AN'--

DINGG!

KCHAK

I'M HOME, DAD...

NNGG...

KLIK

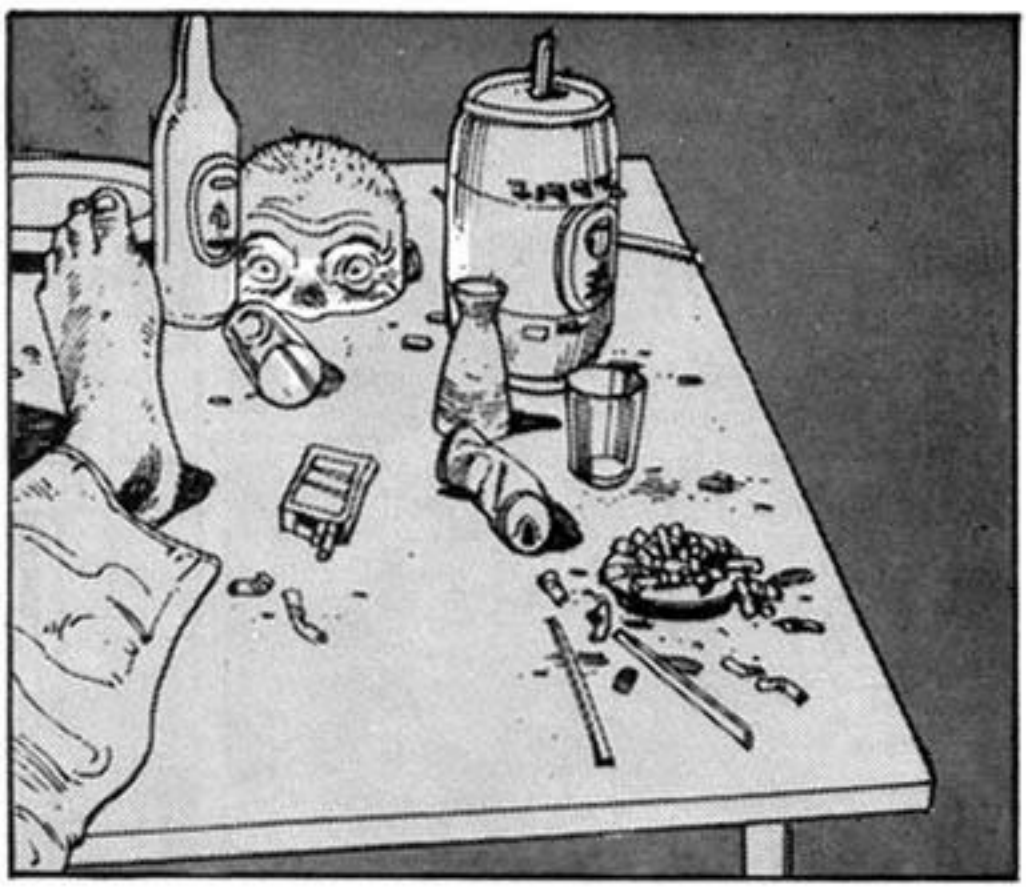
BRTTT! BKAM BKAM! WHKOOM! B-BKAMM!

UHNN...

H'ROSHI! GO 'N' BUY ME S'M' BEER!

MNCH GULP

HIROSHIIII!
GIMME
BEER!!



HIRO...
shi...
ngg...

I
MUSTA
BEEN
IMAGINING
THINGS...

!
TAKKA
TAKKA

.....
.....

TAKKA TAKKA

TAKKA TAKKA TAKKA
TAKKA...

SKASSH

SKREEK
SKREEK

♪LITTLE BOY, LITTLE BOY...♪

SKREEK
SKREEK

♪SUCH A GOOD... LITTLE BOY...♪

♪SLEEP TIGHT... LITTLE BOY...♪

BE CAREFUL AND HURRY HOME!

CHAK

YES, MOM!

TWO PACKS OF MILD SEVEN, UNFILTERED... TWO PACKS OF...

KSSHH

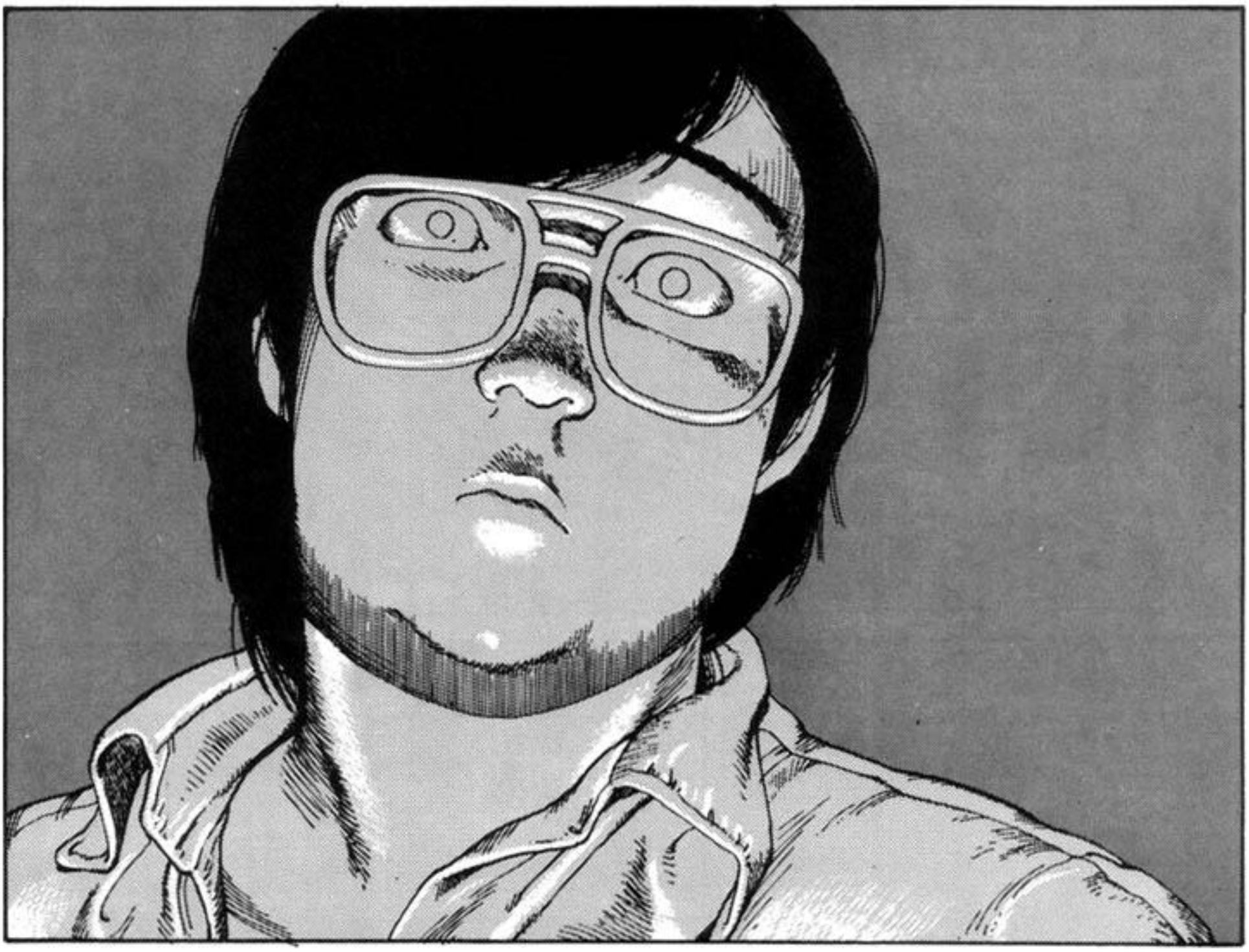
VMMMM

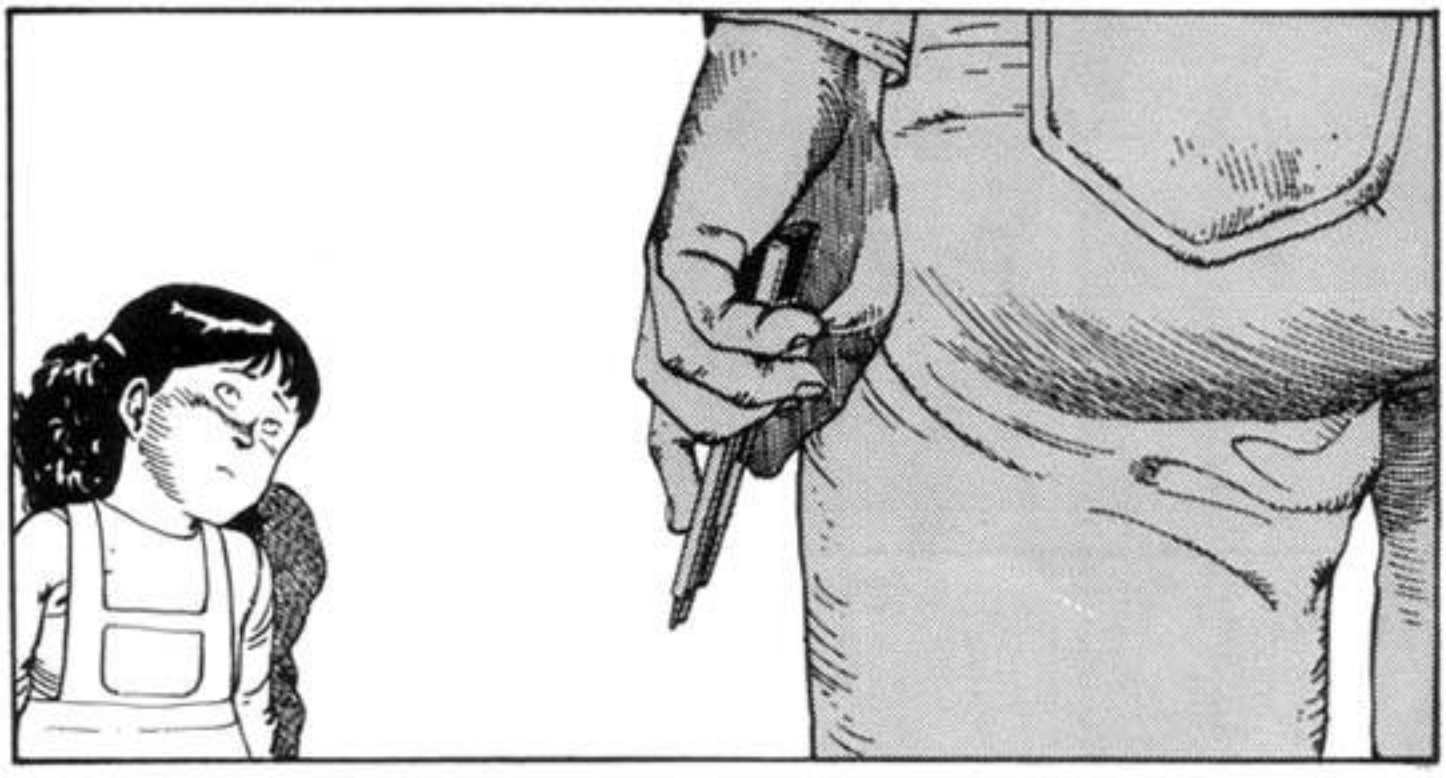
DINGG♪

6 7 8 9 10 11

GCHUNK

KSSHH





KLIK
KLIK
KLIK

THAP

!

SKRAKK

KLIK
KLIK
KLIK

WHOO!

UH...?

HO-HO!

AAAH!!

STOP IT!!!

KISSHAH

YEE!

KCCH

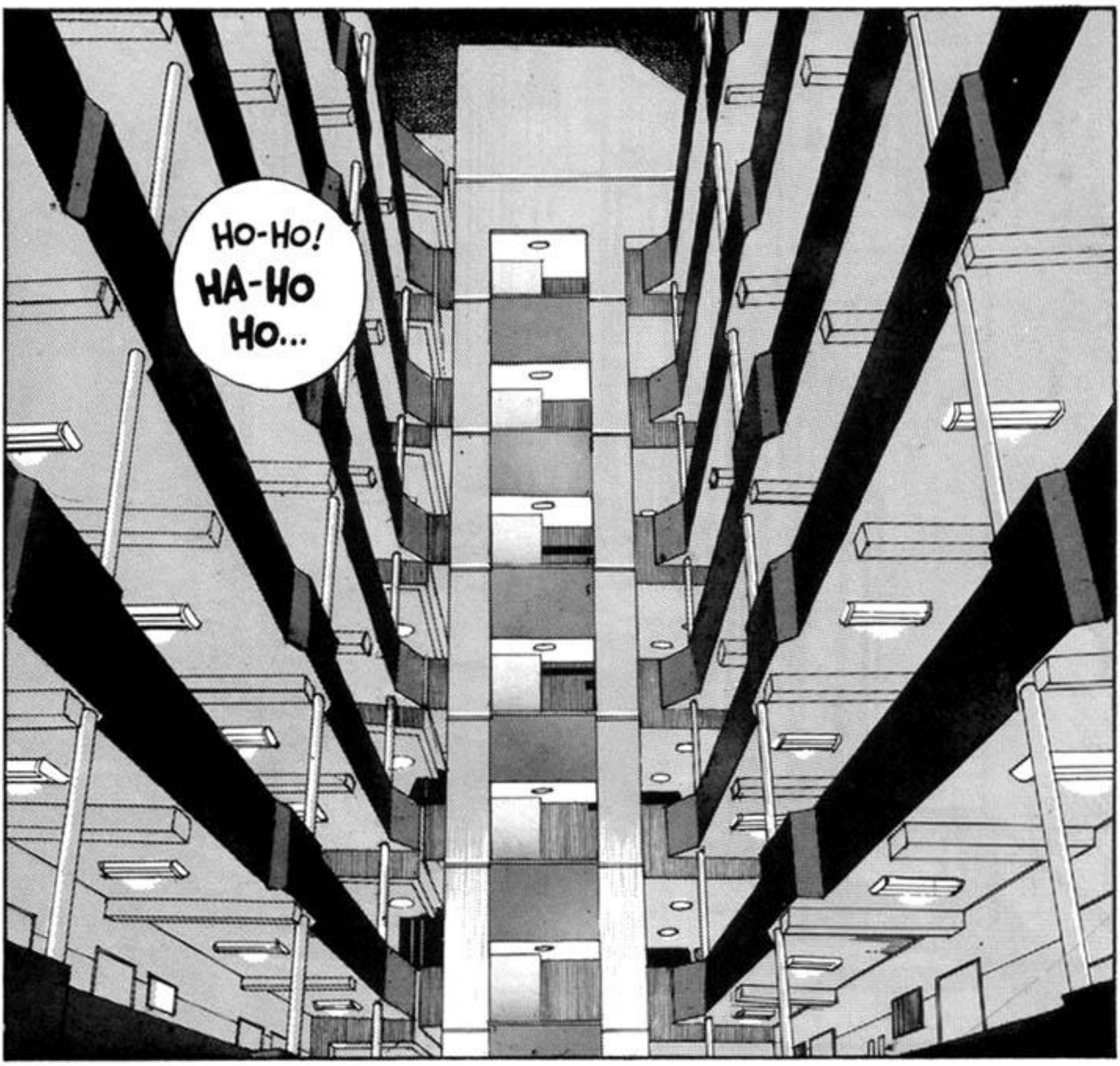
EEEK!

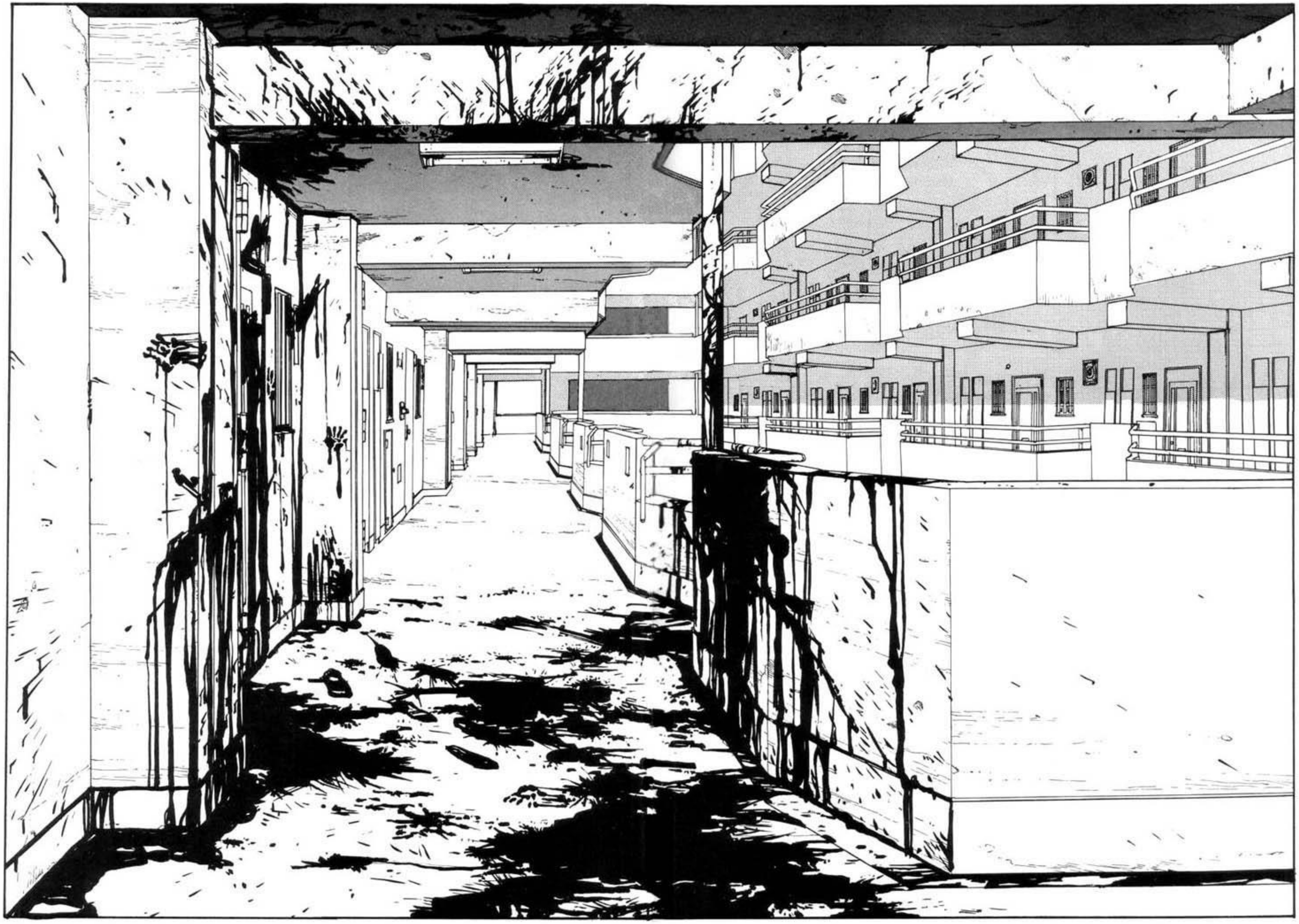
SKLUSSHH

N-NO!!!
STOP!!

MAMA...

MAMA!!!
HELP
MEEE!!


HO-HO!
HA-HO
HO...



WHERE'S THE GIRL NOW?

DOWN IN THE HOUSING MEDICAL CLINIC, SHOT FULL OF SEDATIVES. SHE'S STILL ASLEEP.

I'LL HAVE TO ASK THE DOCTOR.

HOW LONG BEFORE SHE CAN TALK TO US?

OKAY, WE'VE GOT ENOUGH HERE.

SCRUB THE PLACE DOWN!

"THE VICTIM'S MOTHER LAST SAW HIM ABOUT NINE O'CLOCK LAST NIGHT, SIR, IN THE STUDY.

"SHE SAYS SHE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW HE'D LEFT THE APART-MENT.

"WE'RE LOOKING FOR OTHER WIT-NESSES NOW, SIR..."

Hmm?

RIGHT?! **RIGHT?!**

YES, MA'AM, THAT'S TRUE, BUT--

I'M NOT ASKING YOU TO ***DO*** ANYTHING! GOD, ALL I WANT IS JUST ***ONE*** LOOK!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

CHIEF!

IT'S THE VICTIM'S MOTHER, SIR. SHE--

OH, GOD, YOU ***BASTARDS!!*** I JUST WANT TO SEE MY BOY AGAIN!! CAN'T A MOTHER EVEN SEE HER BOY?!

PLEASE!!

WEEOOU WEEOOU

SASAKI ?! THAT BOY WHO—

OH!

YES, HIS DAD'S ON OUR BLOCK ASSOCI-ATION!

TSUTOMU SASAKI...?

THE LITTLE GIRL WAS FROM THAT NEW FAMILY UP ON SEVEN...

SO I HEARD!

WHERE'S OKAMURA?

HE WAS OVER AT THE CRIME SCENE JUST A FEW MINUTES AGO.

HEY, TAKAYAMA! I THOUGHT YOU HAD THE DAY OFF.

NO REST FOR THE WEARY, NOT WITH *THIS* SHIT GOING ON. WHERE'S THE BOSS?

WELL, SHE *HAS* RECEIVED QUITE A SHOCK. EVEN AFTER SHE WAKES UP, SHE REALLY SHOULDN'T BE DISTURBED FOR A WHILE.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY "A WHILE"...?

I'D SAY AT LEAST A WEEK...

INSPEC-TOR!

ALL RIGHT, VERY WELL. BUT BEFORE WE GO, THOUGH, I WOULD LIKE TO AT LEAST LOOK AT THE CHILD.

THAT'S HER MOTHER.

INSPECTOR OKAMURA, MA'AM.

YO! COULDN'T STAY AWAY, HUH?

SPSSH

FORENSICS LEFT ALREADY?

YEAH. NOTHING LEFT BUT THE MOPPING UP.

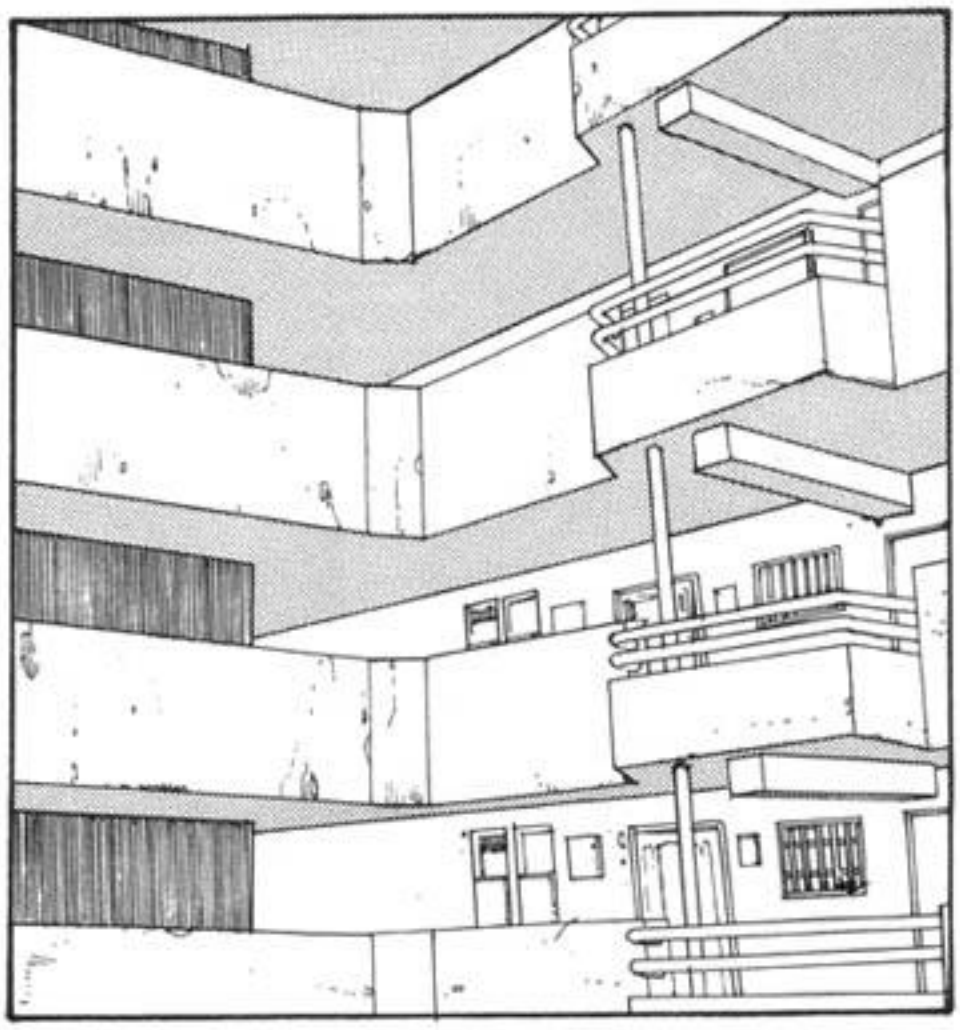
JESUS. THIS IS *SEVERE.*

NO KIDDIN!

SO WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED?

MAN, LOOKS LIKE THE GUY JUST *BLEW UP.*

?

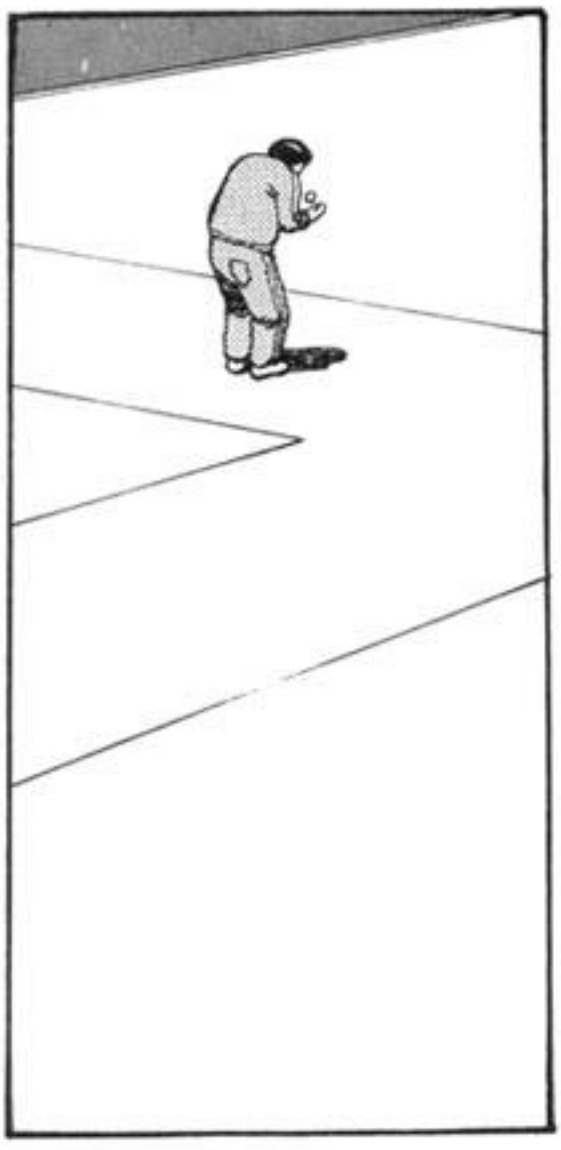


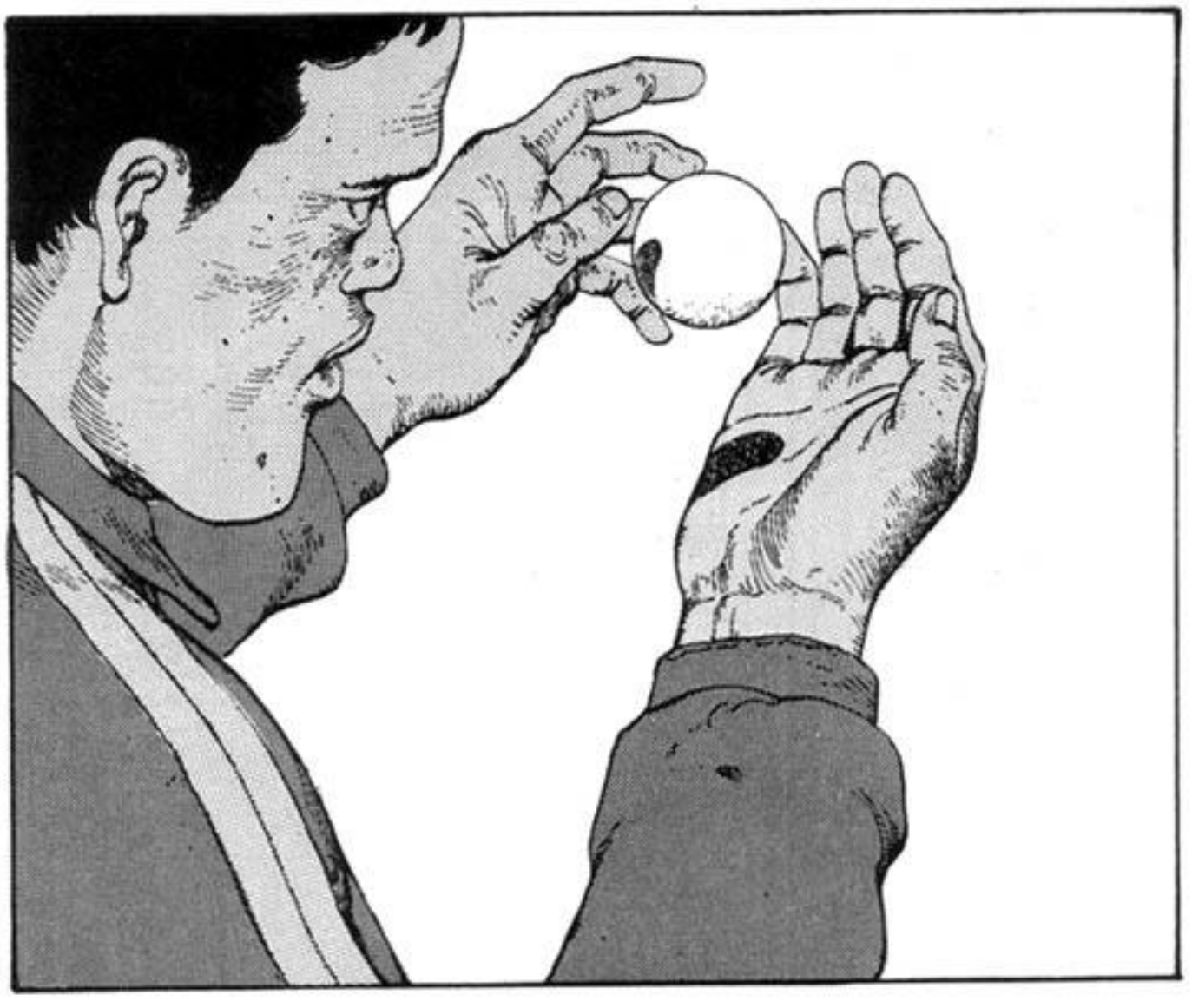
HEY, TAKAYAMA! YOU OKAY?
Y-YAMA...

I...

NO... NO, IT'S NOTHING.

HEY. THERE'S LITTLE YO.





YO!! HEY!

POK

UH... UHNN... UH...

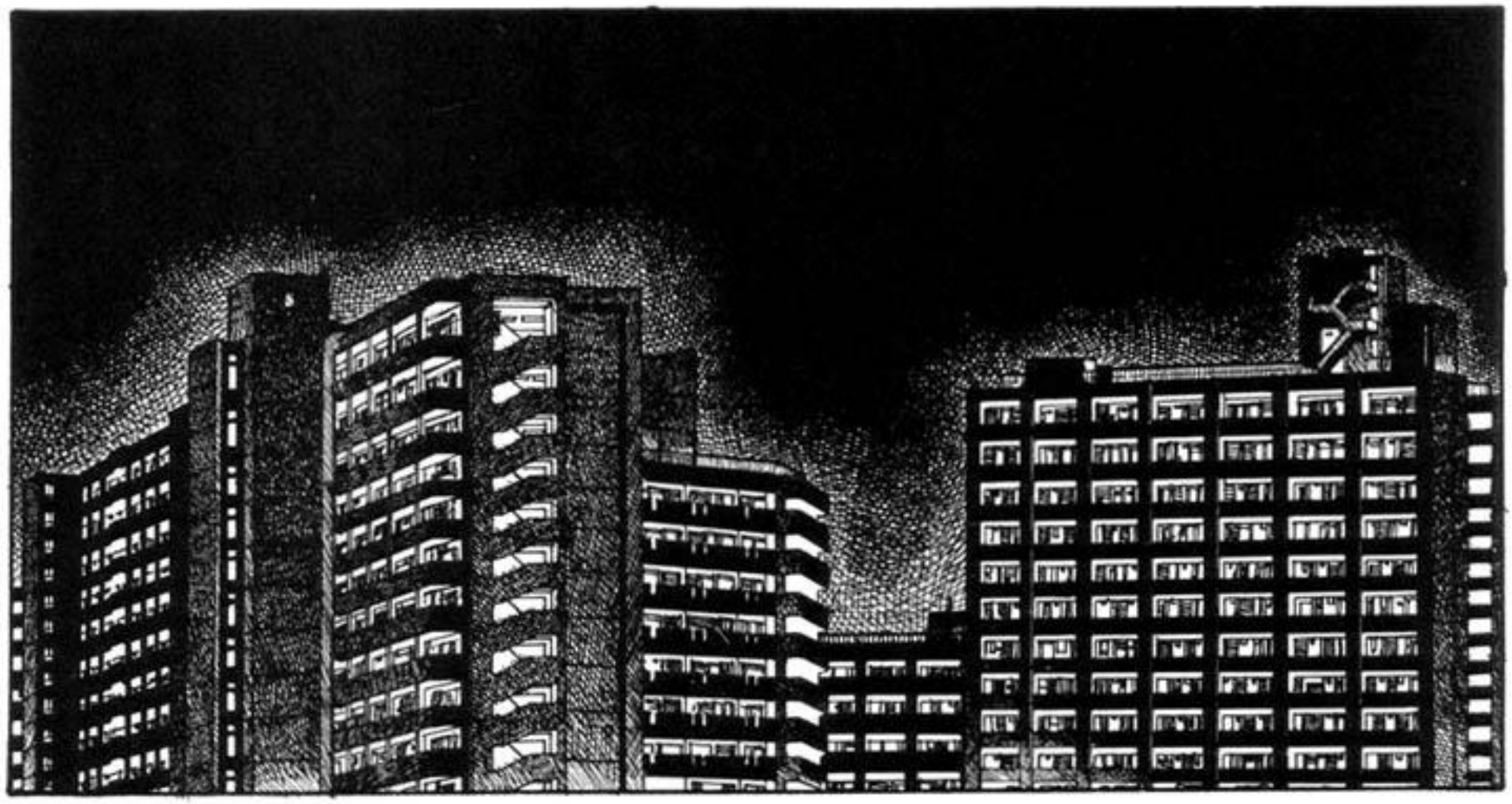
WHAT'S UP?

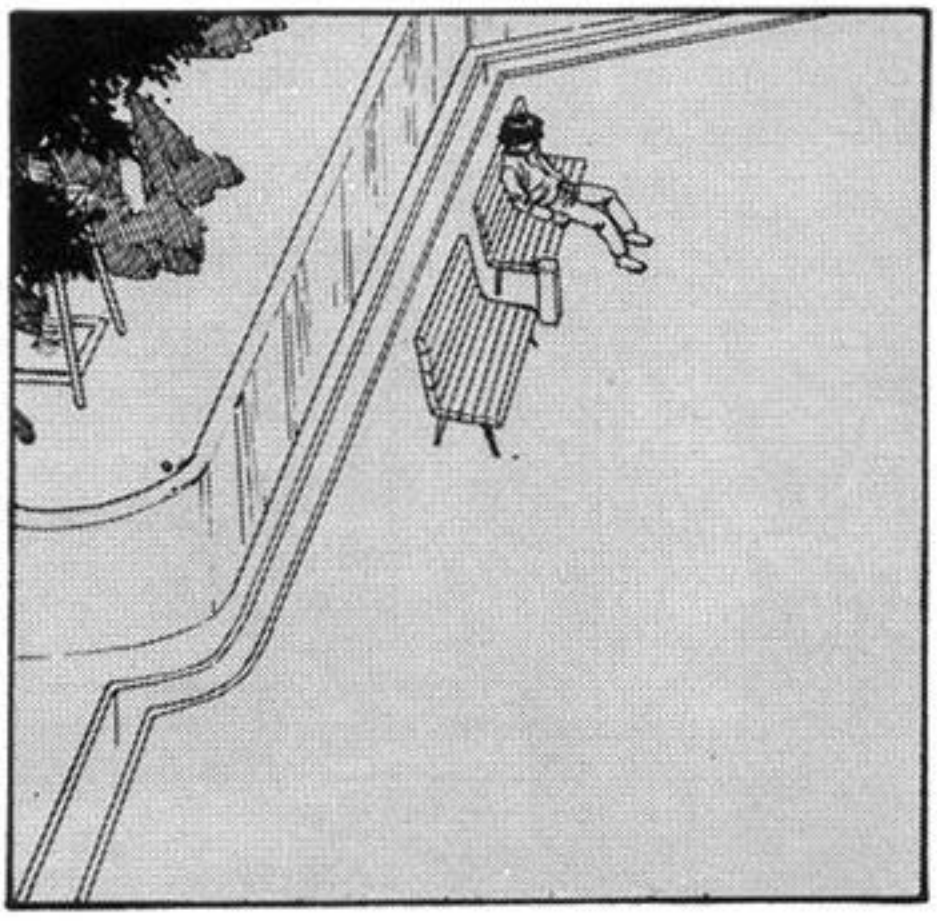
OH, YEAH...

I HEARD ETSUKO'S GONNA BE ALL RIGHT.

THAT'S COOL, HUH?

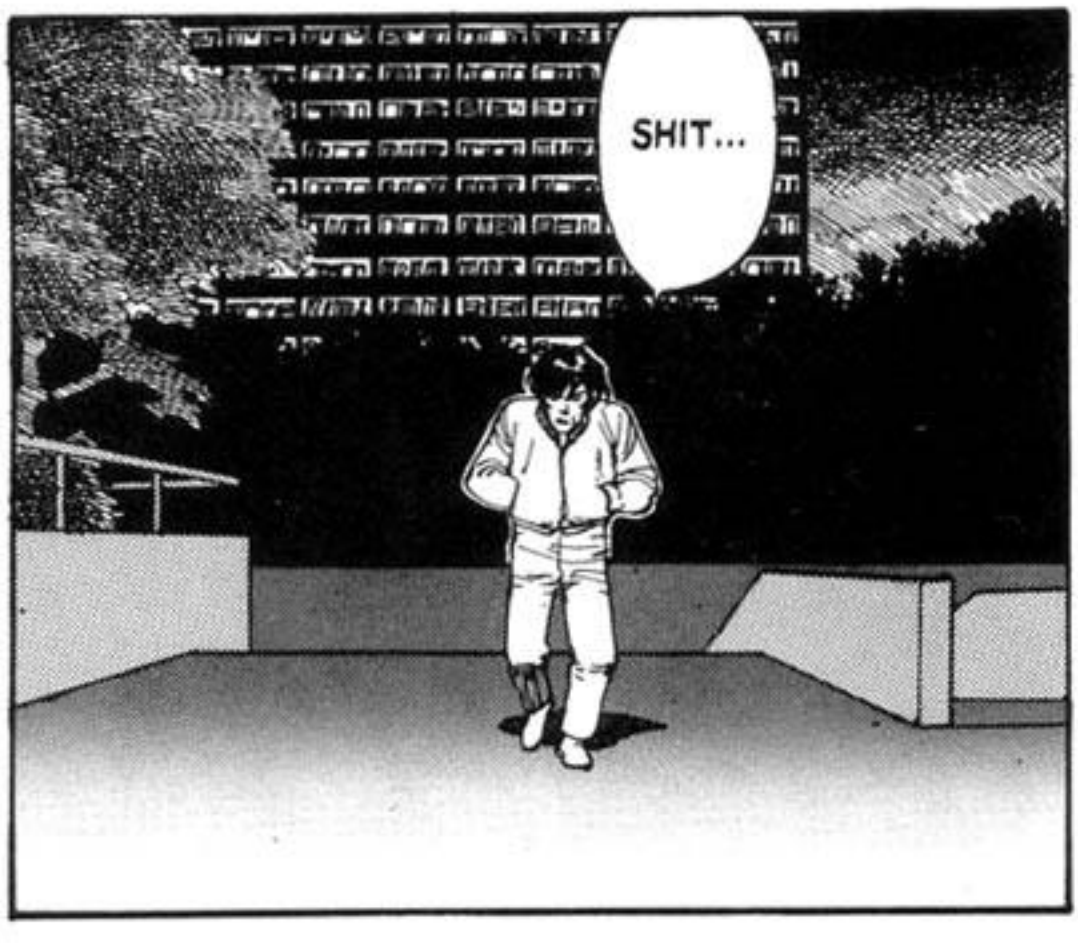
C'MON...





HAHH-
CHOOO!

FREEZING OUT HERE...


SHIT...

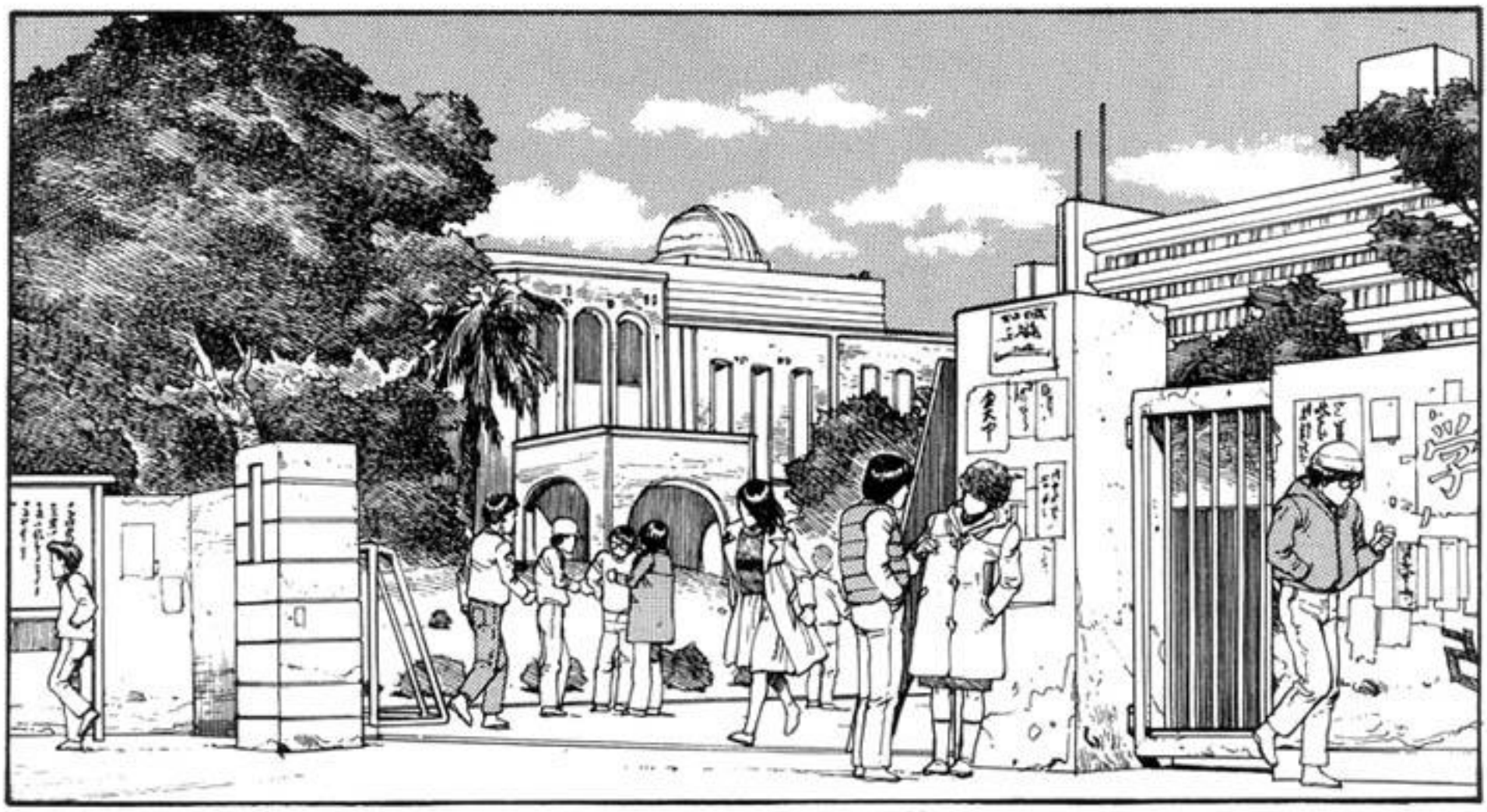
HEY, HEY... YOU WANT A DRINK REAL BAD, HUH?
!

WHAT THE F-?!

I CAN GIVE YOU SOMETHIN' EVEN BETTER!

SHUT YOUR FACE, ASSHOLE! COME OUT AND—

UHH... MMPH...



I'M HERE TO SEE PROFESSOR, uh, KANEKO...?

"PROFESSOR KANEKO SHOULD BE IN HIS OFFICE NOW. THIRD FLOOR, EAST WING, ROOM 371."

PROFESSOR? I'M DETECTIVE TAKAYAMA.

YOU'RE... WITH THE POLICE?

YES, SIR. BUT, *uh*, TODAY I'M NOT HERE ABOUT ANY, *uh*, PARTICULAR CRIME. YOU COULD SAY WE NEED SORT OF AN... EXPERT OPINION, I GUESS.

I HEAR THAT IN ADDITION TO YOUR WORK ON THE ANTHROPOLOGY OF RELIGION YOU'VE ALSO RESEARCHED JAPANESE SHAMANISM...

OH, GOOD HEAVENS, NO! HA-HA-HA... YOU COULD HARDLY CALL THAT ***PROPER*** RESEARCH...

...MORE OF A HOBBY, REALLY.

IN THAT PAPER YOU CITED A NUMBER OF EXAMPLES OF MEDIUMS, OF SHAMANISTIC TRANCES...

YES...

I HOPED YOU COULD TELL ME A BIT MORE ABOUT THOSE CASES, AND ABOUT THEIR, *um*, CREDIBILITY? EXACTLY HOW MUCH CAN WE BELIEVE THESE STORIES?

ANYWAY, A FEW DAYS AGO, I READ YOUR MONOGRAPH— "ON SHAMANISTIC POSSESSION AND SUPERNATURAL PHENOMENON."

Hmm...

PERHAPS IT WOULD BE BETTER IF YOU MET ONE YOURSELF...

OH, YEAH...?

THAT ONE UP THERE. SIXTH FLOOR, EIGHTH UNIT FROM THE RIGHT... SEE IT?

WHO LIVES THERE?

AN OLD GEEZER, NAME OF CHOJIRO UCHIDA. HE'S ON HIS OWN.

LIVES BY HIM-SELF?

YEAH. HE USED TO LIVE WITH HIS DAUGHTER'S FAMILY.

BUT THEY JUST PACKED UP AND MOVED OUT ON HIM ONE DAY, SEE?

YOU KNOW HOW IT IS, OFFICER... SOMETIMES YOU JUST WANT TO WALK AWAY FROM YOUR PROBLEMS, RIGHT?

LOOKS LIKE HE ISN'T HERE. PROBABLY OUT TAKING A WALK... HE DOES THAT.

DON'T YOU HAVE A MASTER KEY...?

WELL, SURE, BUT...

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS...

WHERE'S THE WINDOW?

OVER HERE...

YOU SAID THIS WINDOW SHATTERED AT JUST ABOUT THE SAME TIME THE GIRL WAS ATTACKED?

THAT'S RIGHT.

STILL, ARE YOU SURE SOMEONE LIVES HERE? THERE ISN'T A STICK OF FURNITURE IN THIS PLACE.

YEAH... STRANGE...

Hm?

A RING...

PSYCHIC
- READINGS - CHARTS
- MARRIAGE
- JOB HUNTING
- MISSING PERSONS - ETC

HELLO...? ANYBODY HO--

KYAA- AAIEE!

HYAAA... HIEEE! AIEEYAHH!

EYAH!

王将

...

Uh. HI.

KI EEEE!!

SHE IS *TRULY* POSSESSED!

IS... IS IT... THE FOX GOD?

VERILY!!

THIS IS A *MOST* POWERFUL SPELL. BURN IT, MIX THE ASHES IN WATER, AND MAKE HER DRINK.

IF THAT DOESN'T WORK, BRING HER TO ME.

THANK YOU... THANK YOU SO MUCH.

NEXT...

HEEYAIEE!

CHRIST...

WELL, YES...THERE *ARE* SOME CHARLATANS OUT THERE. PERHAPS MOST OF THEM.

OF ALL THE SHAMANS I'VE MET, ONLY TWO REALLY GAVE ME PAUSE. ONE WAS A MONK AT THE MT. ONTAKE MONAS-TERY...

...AND THAT WAS BACK WHEN I WAS FIRST GOING AROUND THE COUNTRY RESEARCHING THE BOOK. GOODNESS, IT MUST BE TEN YEARS AGO ALREADY. AT THAT TIME HE WAS AT LEAST SEVENTY, SO I SUPPOSE HE'S GONE NOW.

BUT THE OTHER ONE LIVES HERE IN TOKYO.

NONOMURA... MISS NORIKO NONOMURA.

YES... PROFESSOR KANEKO CALLED ME.

IS THIS SOME KIND OF RESEARCH?

WELL, NO, ACTUALLY. IT'S MORE LIKE, HOW SHOULD I SAY?...WE NEED AN EXPERT OPINION.

IT'S NOTHING SPECIAL, REALLY... IT'S, WELL, LEMME EXPLAIN...

...SO YOU SEE, WE AT THE DEPARTMENT HAVE BASICALLY JUST BEEN SPINNING OUR WHEELS. AND SINCE THE INVESTIGATION HAS DRAGGED ON SO LONG, ALL KINDS OF SHADY CHARACTERS HAVE STARTED GOING DOOR TO DOOR IN THE COMPLEX--SELLING GOOD LUCK CHARMS TO THE RESIDENTS, CLAIMING TO BE EXORCISTS...YOU NAME IT. IT'S A REAL MESS.

IT CERTAINLY IS A VERY STRANGE STORY, OFFICER.

NO KIDDING. EVERY CASE JUST DRIES UP--NO LEADS, NO CLUES, *NOTHING*.

SHALL WE GO, THEN?

HUH? RIGHT NOW?

THAT'S WHAT YOU *REALLY* CAME FOR, ISN'T IT?

NEXT TIME I GET TO BE THE BLUE RANGER!

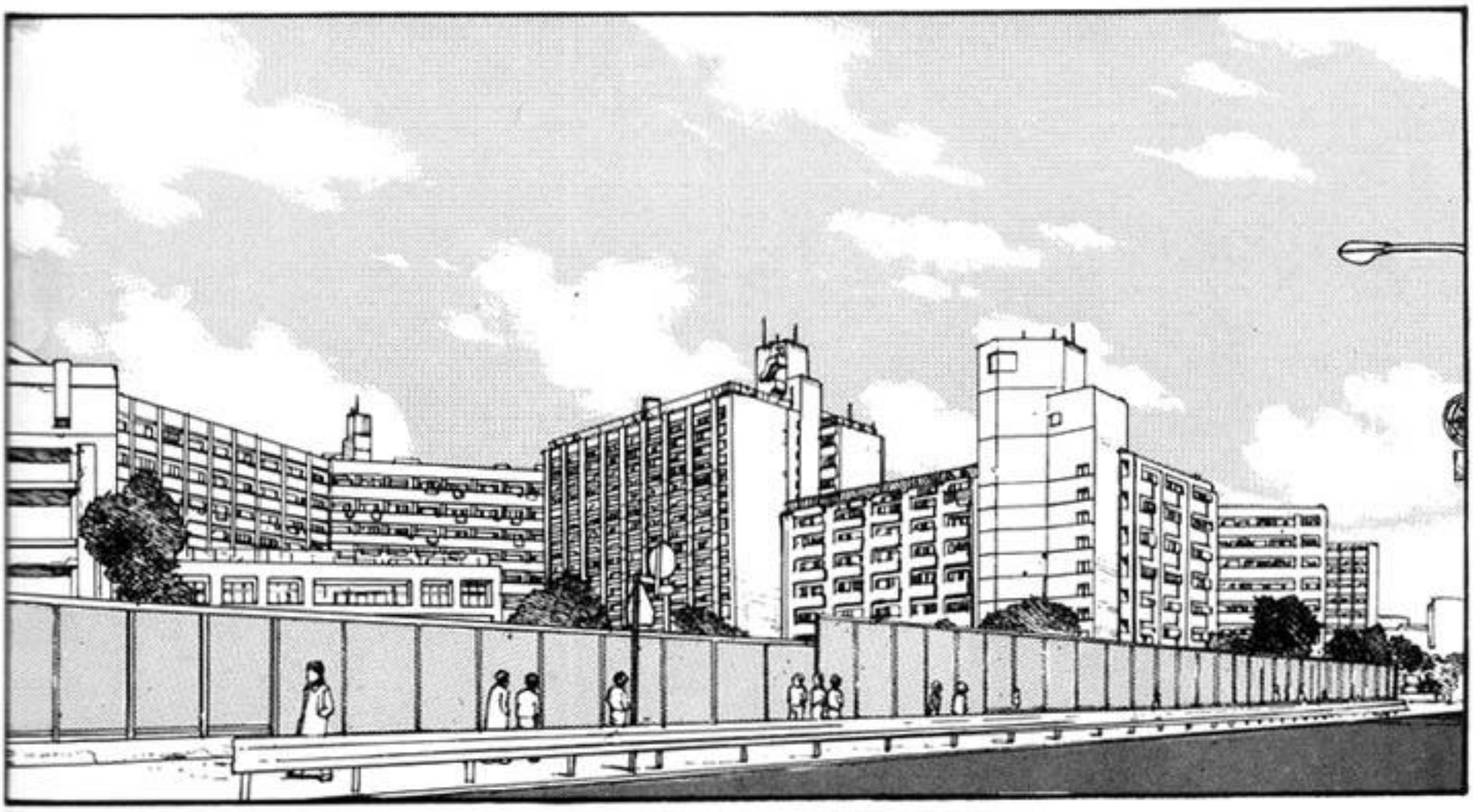
IT'S MY TURN!

THAT'S NOT FAIR! AKI ALREADY GOT TO BE BLUE!

ZAP! POW!

YOU GOTTA GO OVER *THERE*, SHO!

KRAK



IT'S A HUGE COMPLEX... GOES ON FOREVER.

IT CERTAINLY DOES.

?!

THE MAIN ENTRANCE IS—

WHAT? SOME-THING WRONG?

NO. IT'S JUST...

.....

.....

?

ARE YOU OKAY? YOU LOOK KINDA...
HEY!
HA-HA!
BANG! YOU'RE DEAD!
BANG! BANG!

I-I'VE NEVER FELT ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE. IT'S...IT'S UNBELIEV-ABLE...

I... C-CAN'T STAY HERE.
WHAT...?!?

WAIT! MISS NONOMURA...?

ETSUKO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT OF BED?! DID THE DOCTOR TELL YOU YOU COULD GET UP?!

MAMA...?

:hahh:

:huhh:

:hahh:

WHERE ARE YOU GOING? WHY--

I...I'VE NEVER SENSED ANYTHING LIKE THAT IN MY LIFE! IT'S *TERRIBLE!* TERRIBLE... I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY...

IT'S... IT'S TOO BIG FOR ME! TOO MUCH!

YOU! YOU MUST LEAVE, TOO! I DON'T KNOW HOW MANY PEOPLE HAVE DIED SO FAR, BUT THERE'LL BE MORE!

MANY MORE! TEN DEAD, TWENTY...

TWENTY ?!

THE CHILDREN! YOU MUST WATCH OUT FOR THE CHILDREN!

WHAT?

"THE CHILDREN"...?

G'NIGHT! SEE YA!

OKAY!

"GO, GO, POWER RANGERS..."

WOW!

A BALL!

AM I IN LUCK TONIGHT OR WHAT?!

!

BKAM

OO!

HEH HEH HEH!

WAS THAT A GUN-SHOT?!

WHAT THE HELL?!

CALL THE POLICE!

HEY! SOME KID GOT SHOT!

CALL AN AMBU-LANCE!

BKAM

WHAT ARE *YOU* LOOKIN' AT, HUH?! *HUH?!*

LOOK OUT!

EEEK!

SKASSH

GET DOWN!

WHERE *AAA*RE YOU?!

OH, SHIT! HE'S COMIN' THIS WAY!

HE'S GOING INTO THE CLINIC!

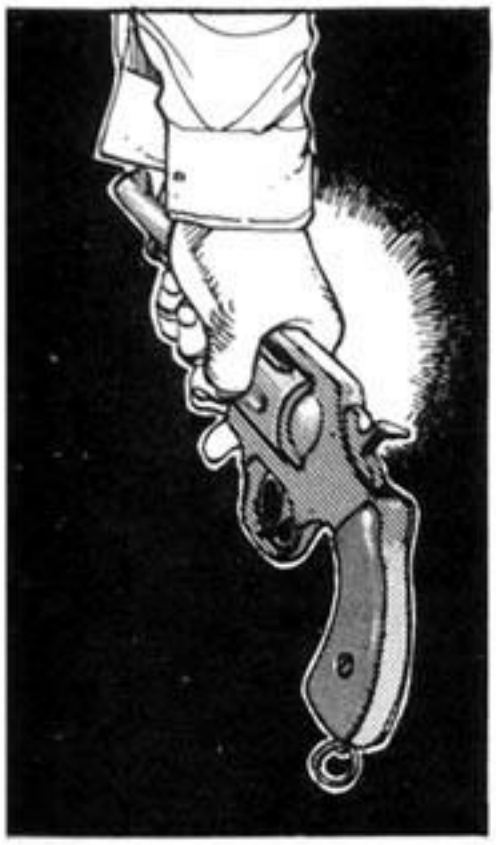
WHERE ARE THE GODDAMN COPS?!

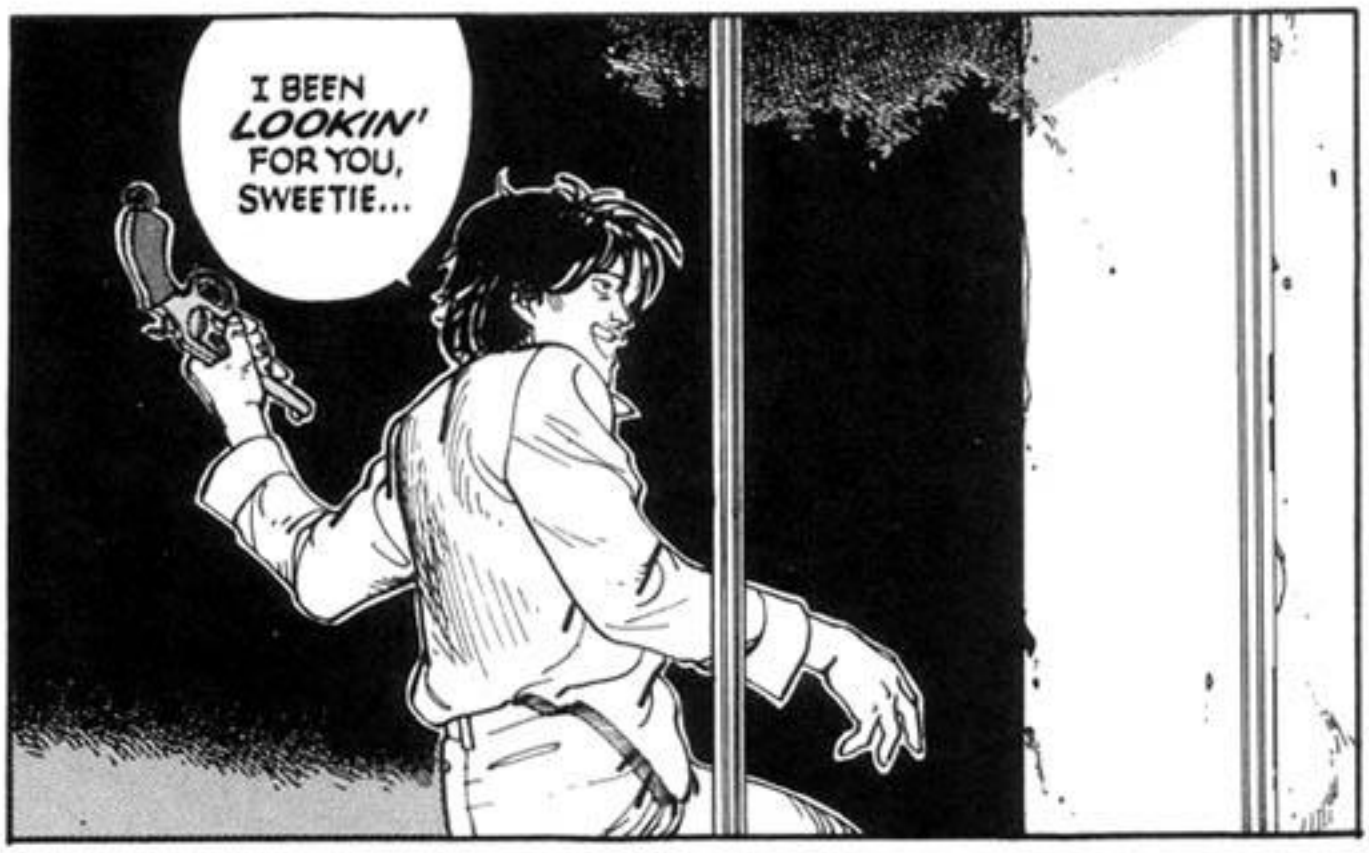
PEEK-A BOO... CAN'T HIDE FROM ME-EE!

NYEH HEH HEH... I SEEEE YOU!

NG HOURS
8am -- 9pm
9am -- 7pm

RECEPTION




I BEEN
LOOKIN'
FOR YOU,
SWEETIE...

SKRASH

EEEK!

MANAGER! OVER HERE! KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN!

WHERE'S THAT DAMNED AMBULANCE! CALL THEM AGAIN!

MY GOD! THE BLOOD! HURRY! HE'S BLEEDING BAD!

WHAT ON EARTH IS GOING ON?

THEY SAY SOMEONE GOT *SHOT!*

I HEARD IT WAS JUST A KID, TOO.

OH, *NO!*

A KID...?

EVERYBODY CLEAR THE AREA! HE MIGHT STILL BE OUT HERE!

POLICE! MOVE IT!

HOW IS HE?

FORGET IT—HALF HIS HEAD'S BLOWN OFF.

DID ANYONE SEE WHO DID IT?

YES, OFFICER! HE WENT INTO THE CLINIC!

HEY, DO YOU GUYS HAVE GUNS?

PLEASE CLEAR THE AREA!

YOU GUYS OUGHT TO SHOOT THAT ASSHOLE!

THAT'S RIGHT. THE SUSPECT IS ARMED WITH A HANDGUN AND APPEARS TO BE HIDING IN THE HOUSING COMPLEX HEALTH CLINIC.

HEY?!

LITTLE YO.

UUH.

THEY SAY SOME KID GOT *SHOT!*

UHHH? KI-DUH?

COME ON-- LET'S GO AROUND BACK.

HEY, DID YOU HEAR THE GUN GOING OFF?

POP! POP! WHAT A WIMPY SOUND, HUH?!

YOU THINK IT'S THE MISSING GUN?

YEAH... COULD BE.

STAY HERE UNTIL BACKUP ARRIVES. I'LL GO CHECK FOR OTHER EXITS.

JUST ME?

IF HE COMES OUT ARMED, YOU CAN SHOOT.

Y-YEAH...

SELF-DEFENSE, RIGHT?

C'MON! THIS WAY!

!

HERE IT IS! OVER HERE!

.....
.....

WEIRD...

hahh

huhhn

?

AAA!

EEYAH !!

KRAK

AUGH!!

D... DAD!!

!

HIROSHI?!

HEY, ETSUKO-- AREN'T YOU SUPPOSED TA BE IN BED?

AND LITTLE YO...?

BKAM

EEK!

YO!!

RATS!

WHRAK

FWDD

!

D-DADDY...?

SO *THAT'S* WHERE YOU ARE.

EVERY-ONE'S BEEN EVACU-ATED!

GOOD.

WE'VE GOT MEN COVERING ALL THE EXITS.

EXCELLENT. LET'S GO GET HIM.

WE'VE GOT A PROBLEM, SIR!

WHAT?!

THIS LADY, SHE SAYS...

IT'S MY DAUGHTER... S-SHE'S STILL INSIDE THE CLINIC.

WHAT?! THE GIRL'S STILL INSIDE?!

IS SHE A HOSTAGE?!

WE JUST DON'T KNOW, SIR. IT'S NOT CLEAR... SHE MAY BE HIDING FROM HIM.

HOW MANY ROUNDS DOES HE HAVE LEFT?

TWO—IF HE HASN'T BEEN SHOOTING AT ANYTHING ELSE BEFORE THIS.

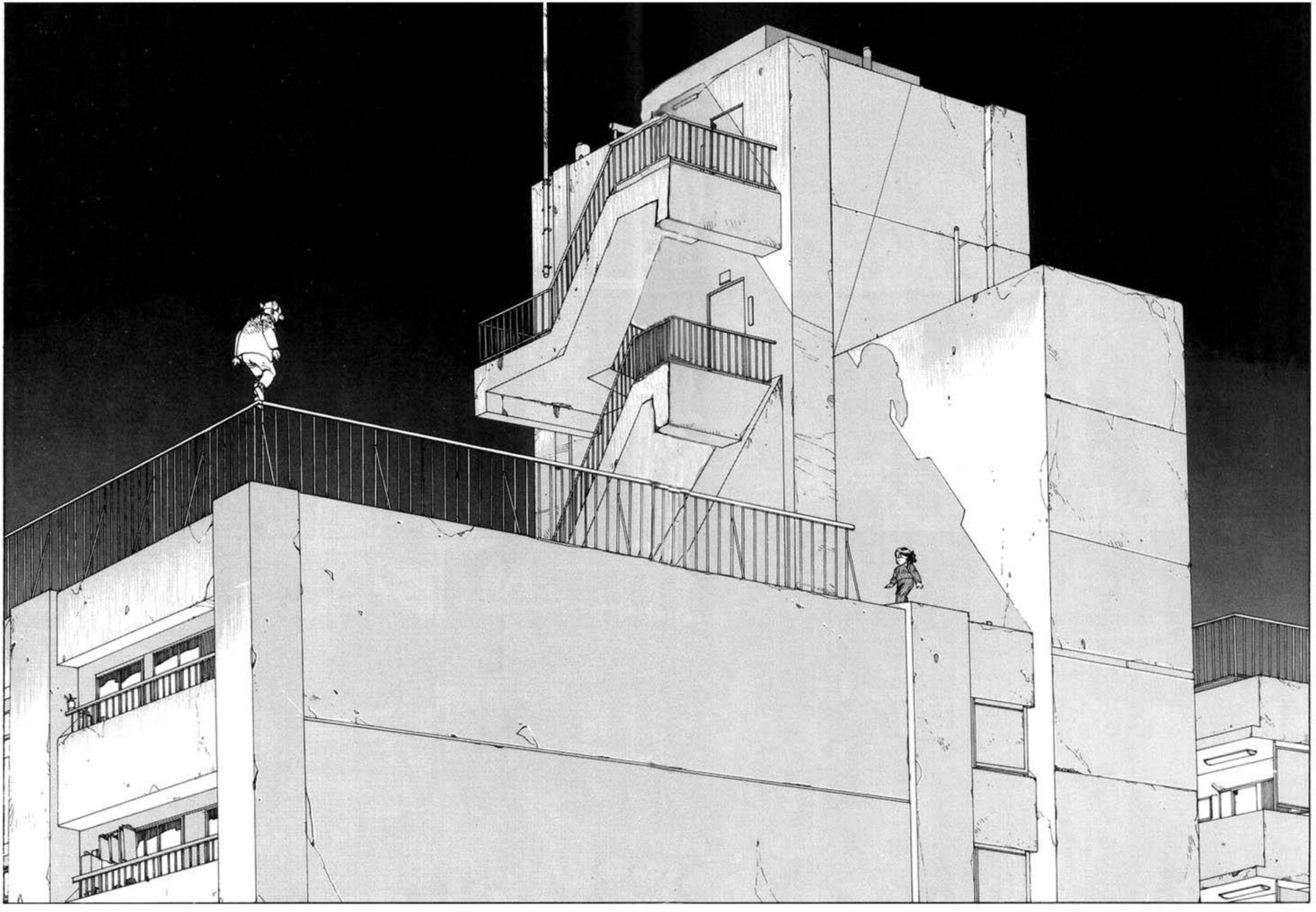
DAMN IT!!

Uh, BOSS... I THOUGHT YOU'D WANT TO KNOW... THE GIRL INSIDE, IT'S THE SAME KID, SIR. SAME AS LAST TIME.

THE SAME LITTLE GIRL...

HMM...

.....



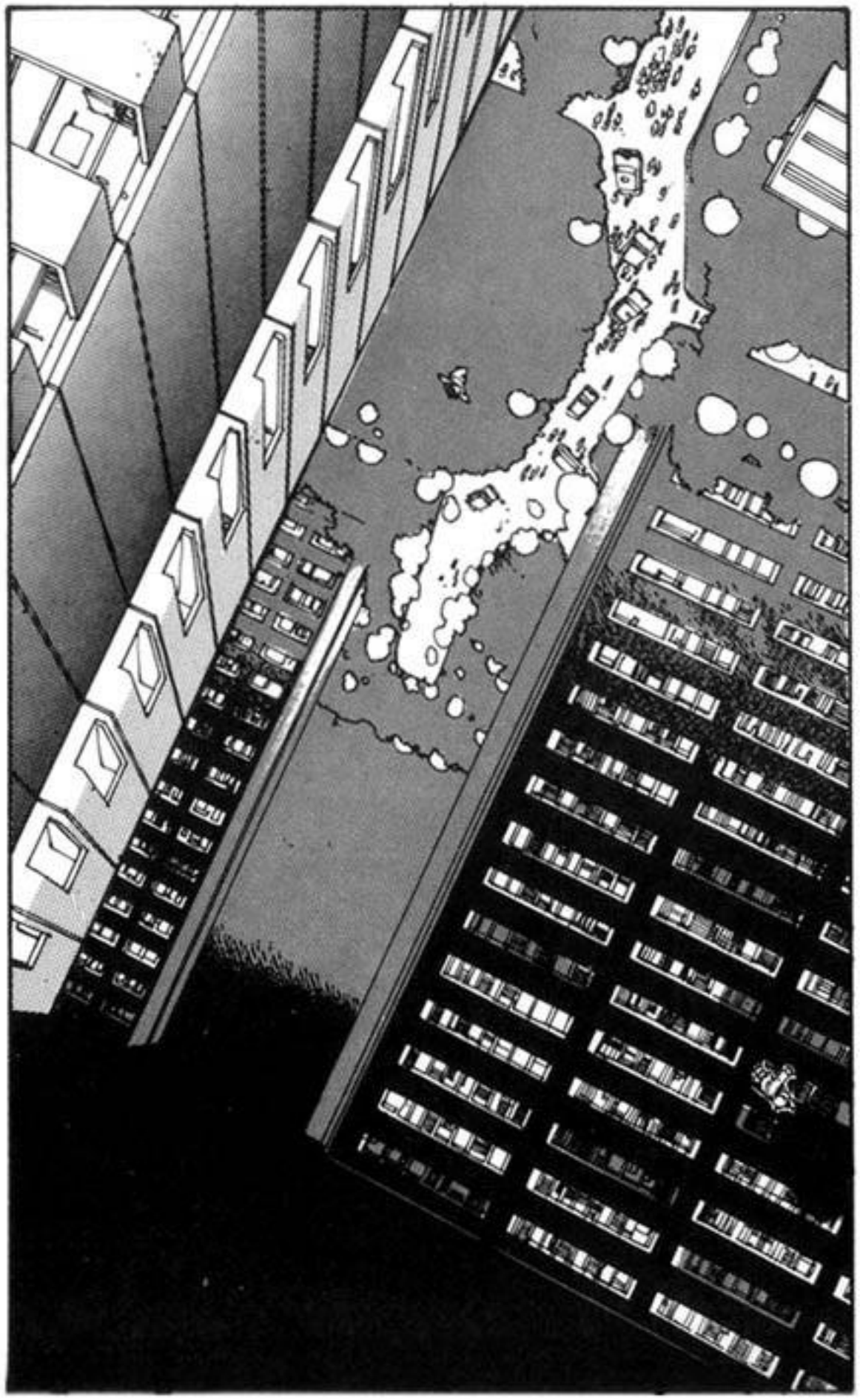
WHAT A HORRIBLE LITTLE BOY YOU ARE! HOW COULD YOU DO THAT TO POOR LITTLE YO!

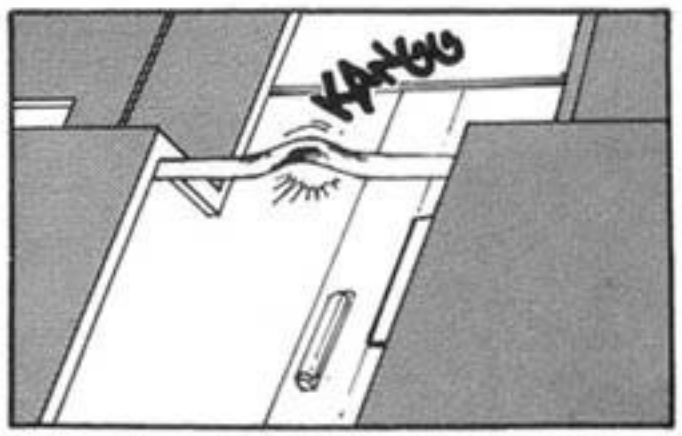
BLEAAGH!

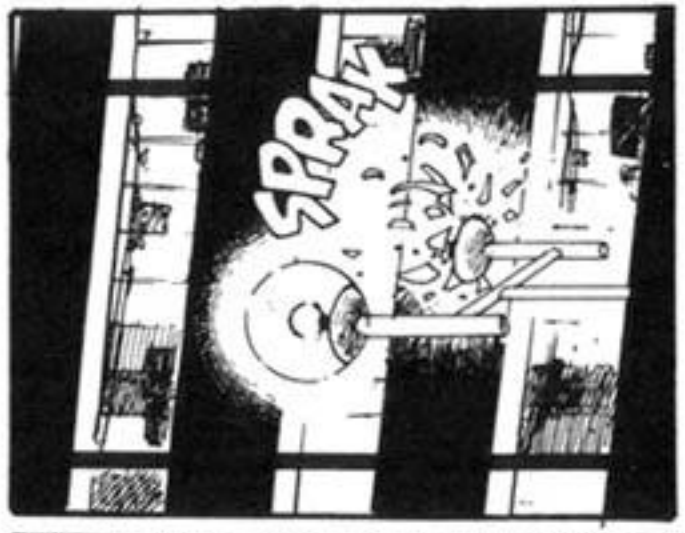
NYA HA HA!

HEY!

YOU COME BACK HERE!

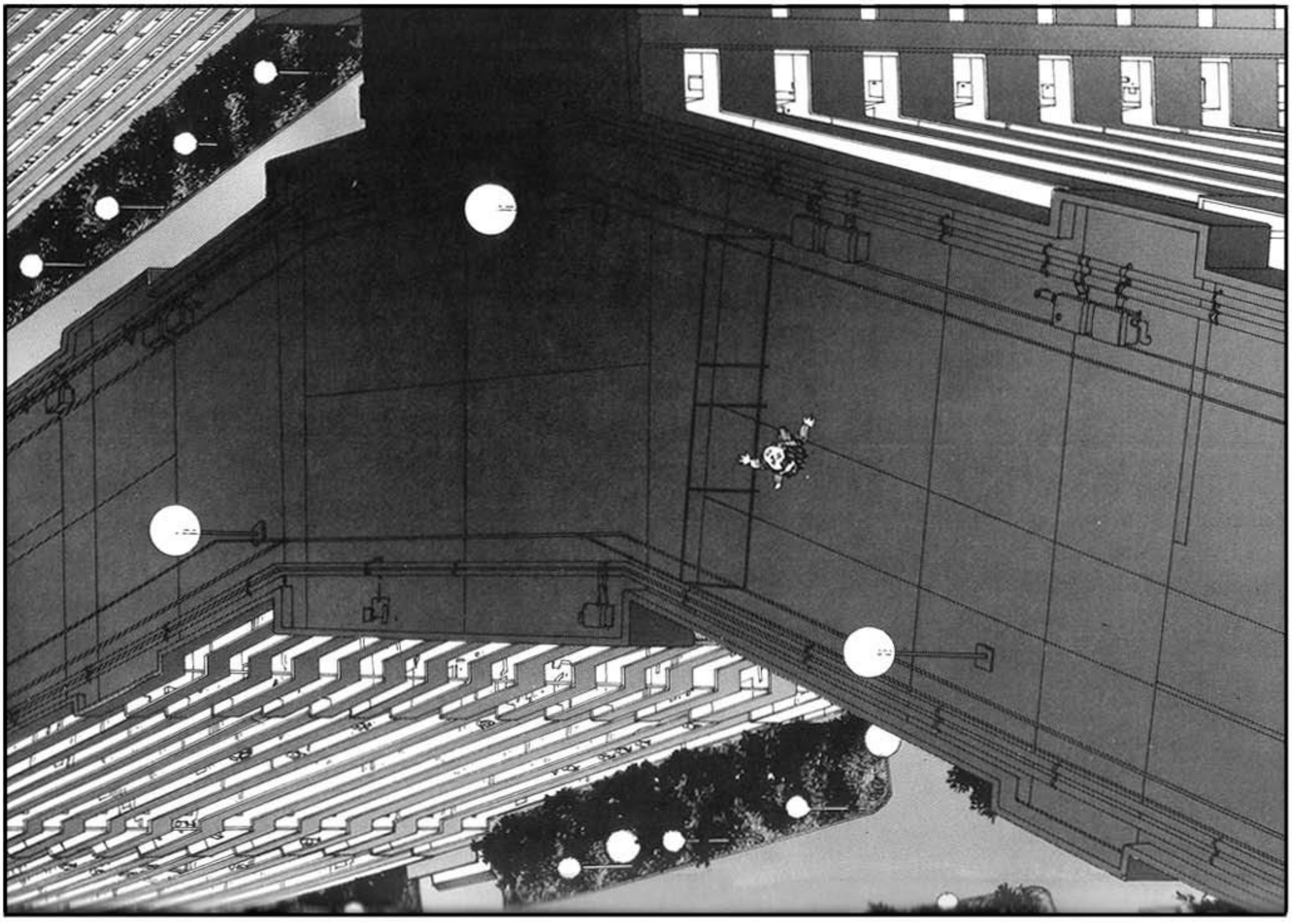


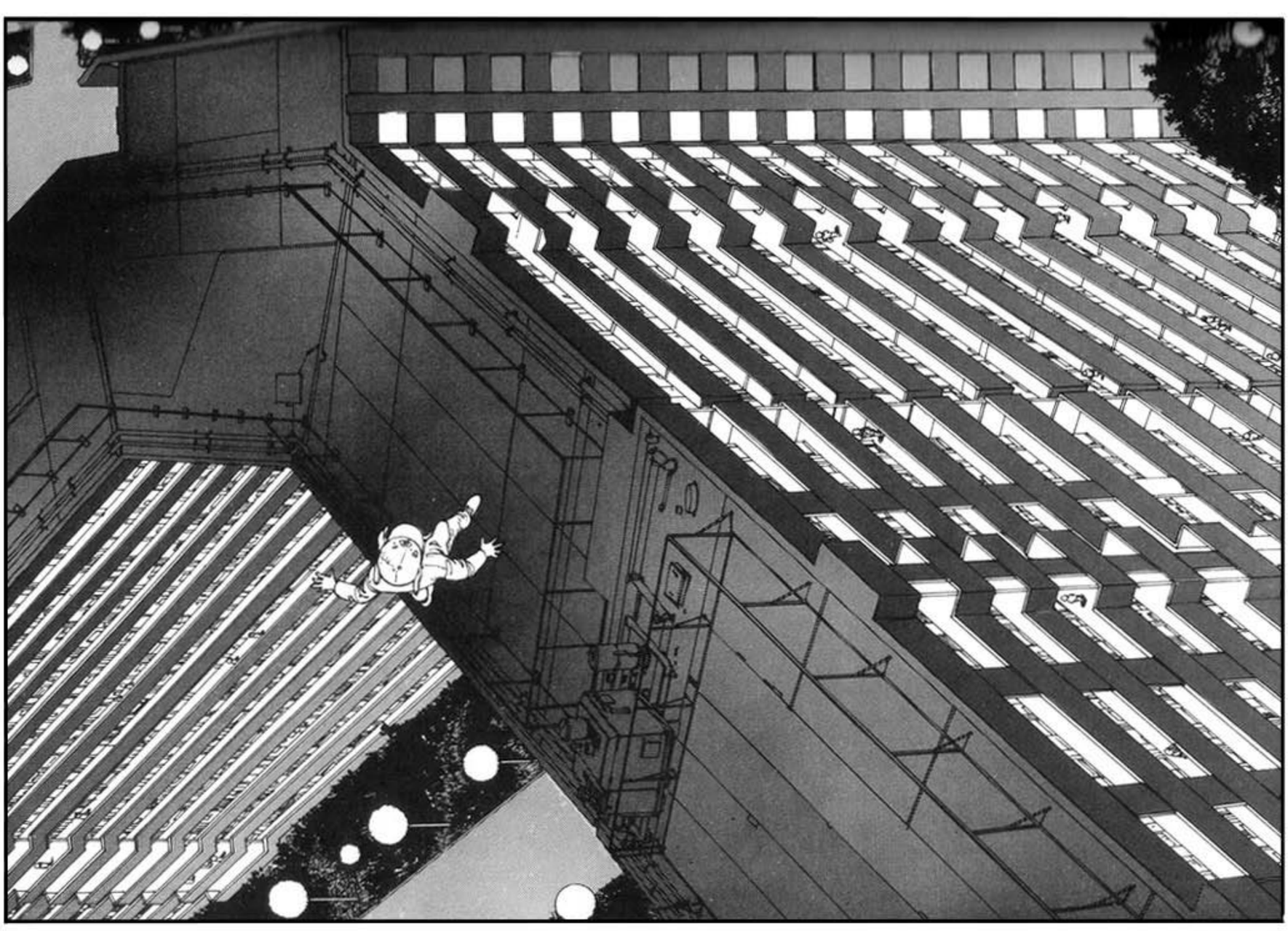

KA-KLIK


SPRAK

SKSSH

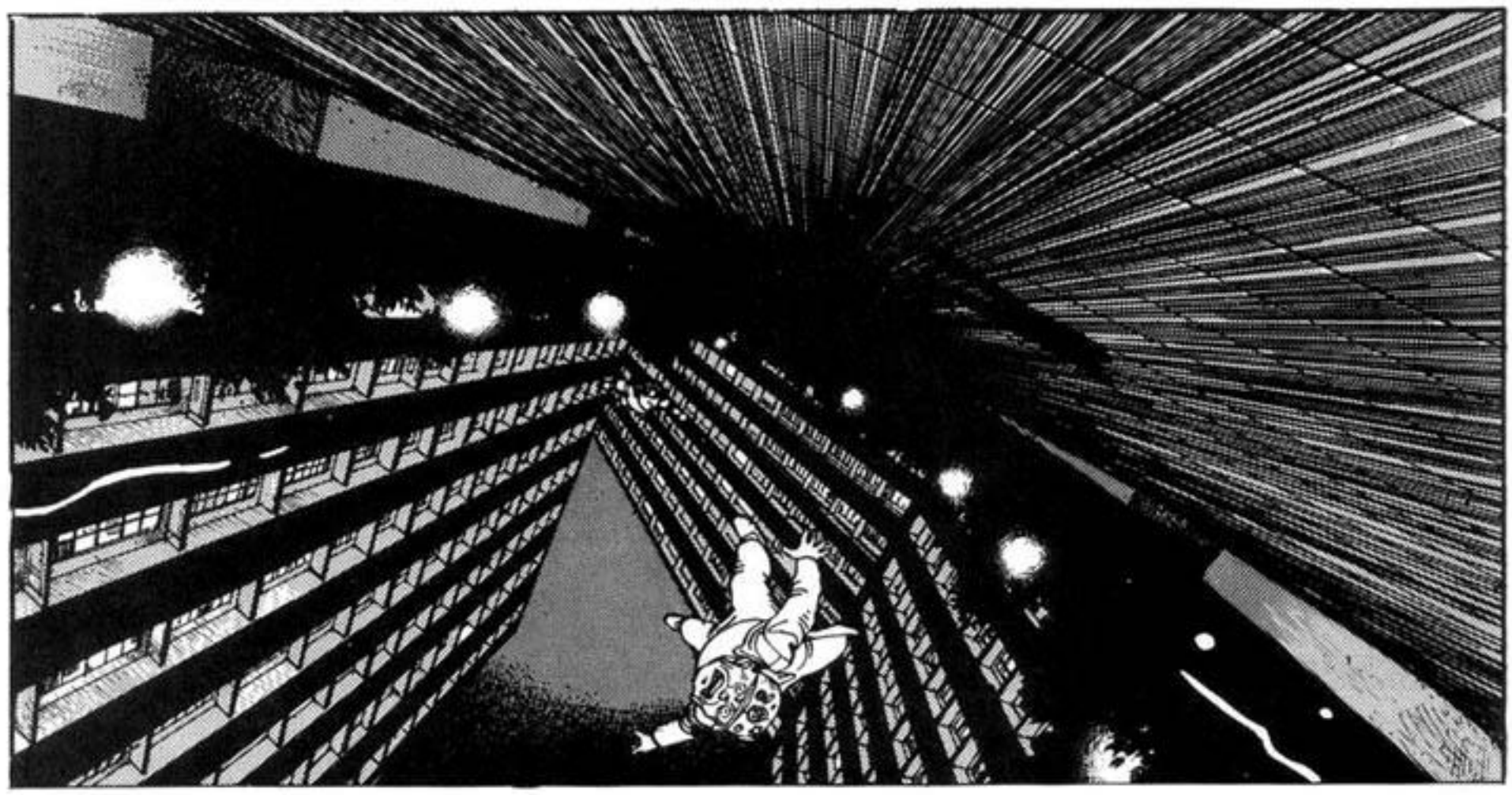
YA-
HOO!





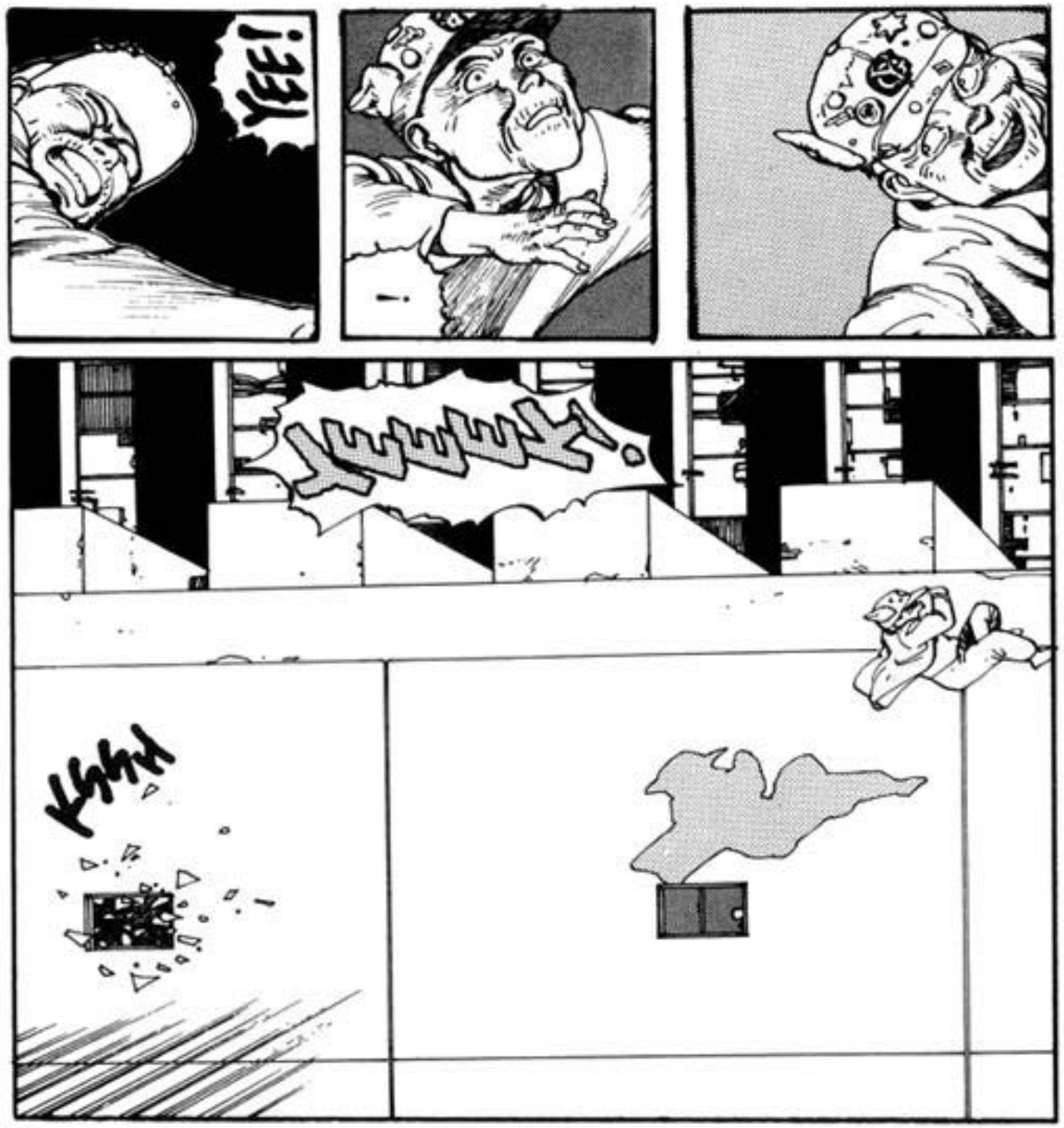
WHANG
YEE!

AAA!
KRAK



SPRAK
YEEK!

SPRAK SPRAK
SPRAK SPRAK
SPRAK


YEE!
YEEK!
KSHH

LITTLE YO! YO!!

UUHH... UUHH...

DOES IT HURT?! OH, MAN... THERE'S BLOOD ALL OVER!

I'LL GO GET A DOC--

AAH!

:hff:

DAD...?

DADDY!!

BKAM

!

HIROSHI !!

WHOK

HIROSHI !!

KRAK

KRAK

!

EEEK!

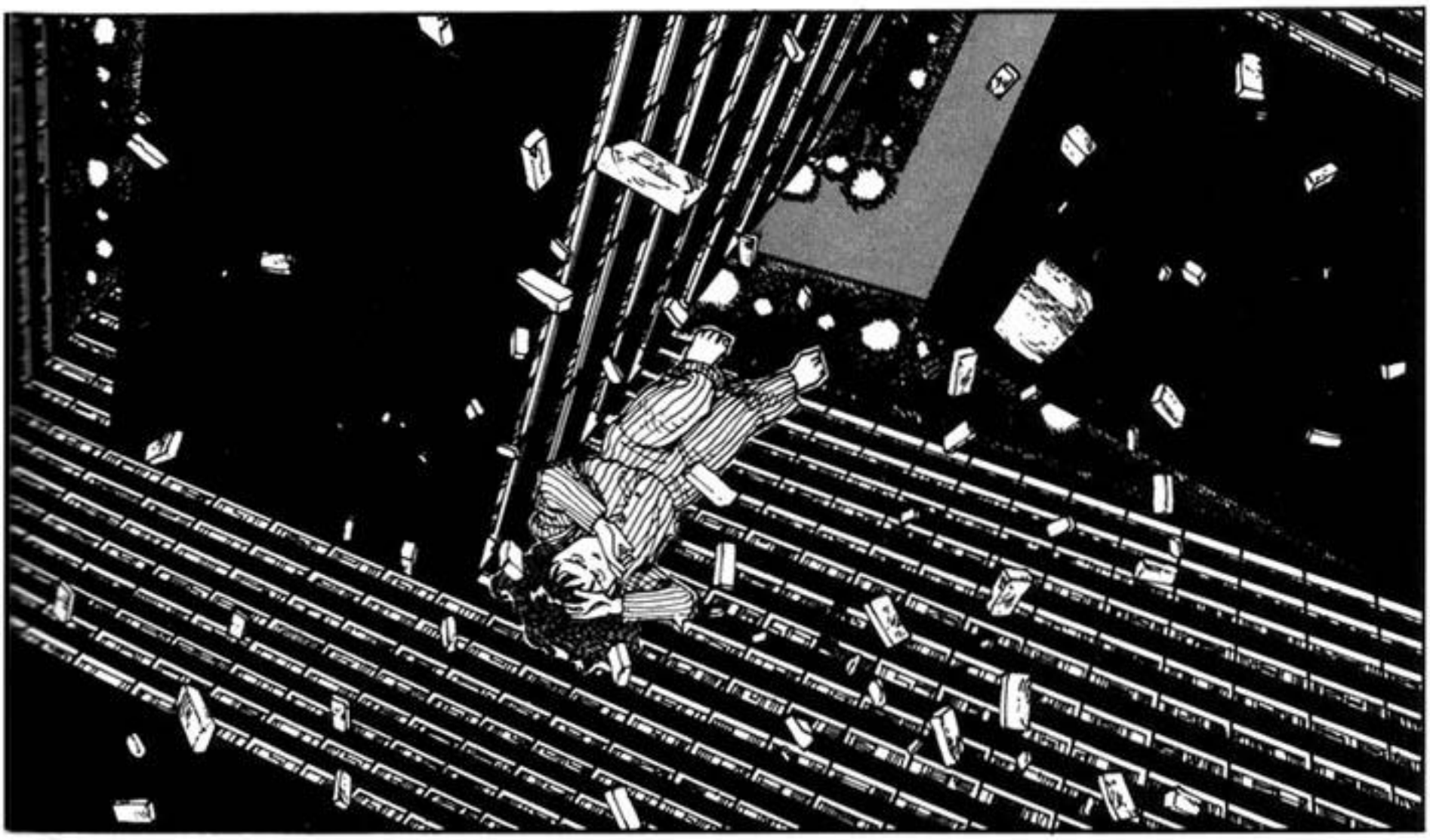
HAH!

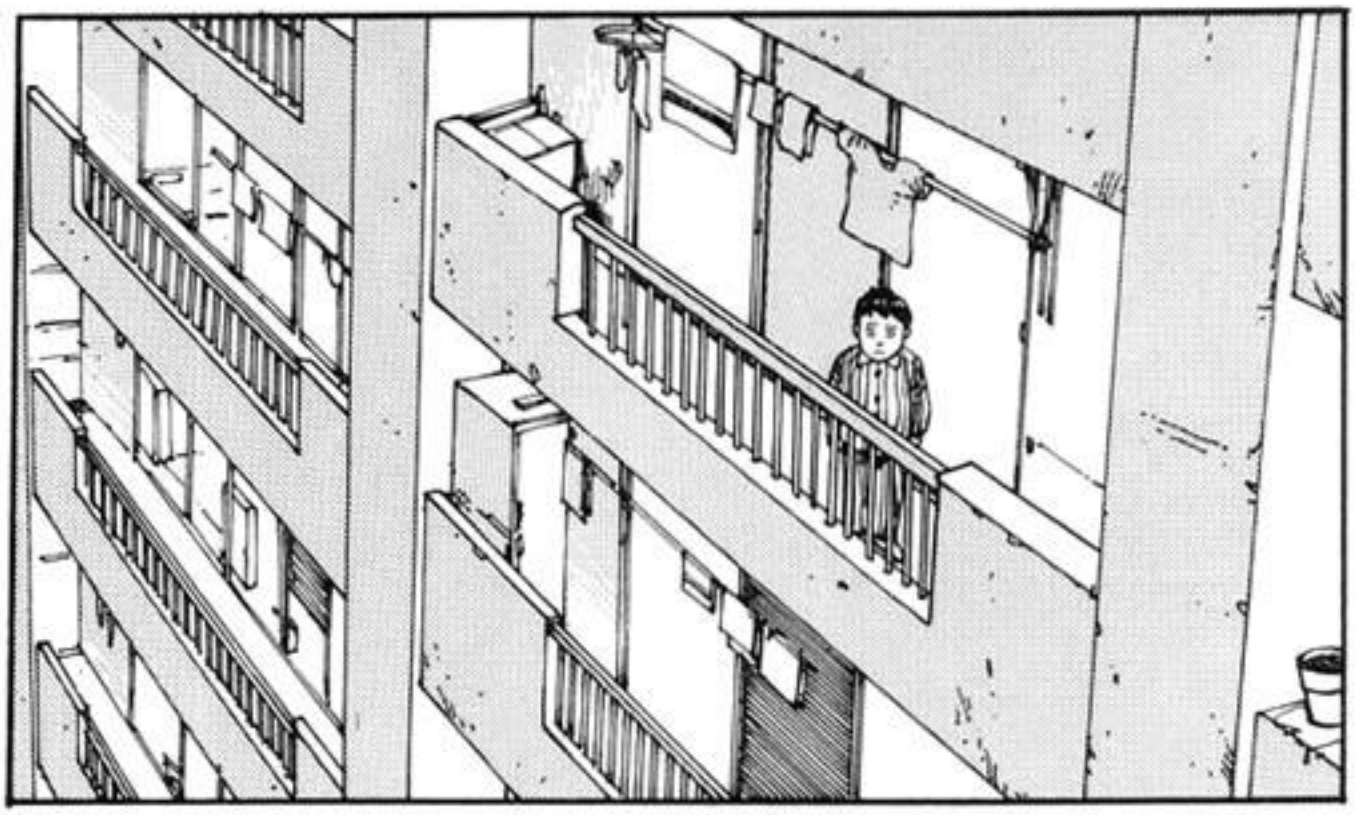
NYA HA HA HA HA!

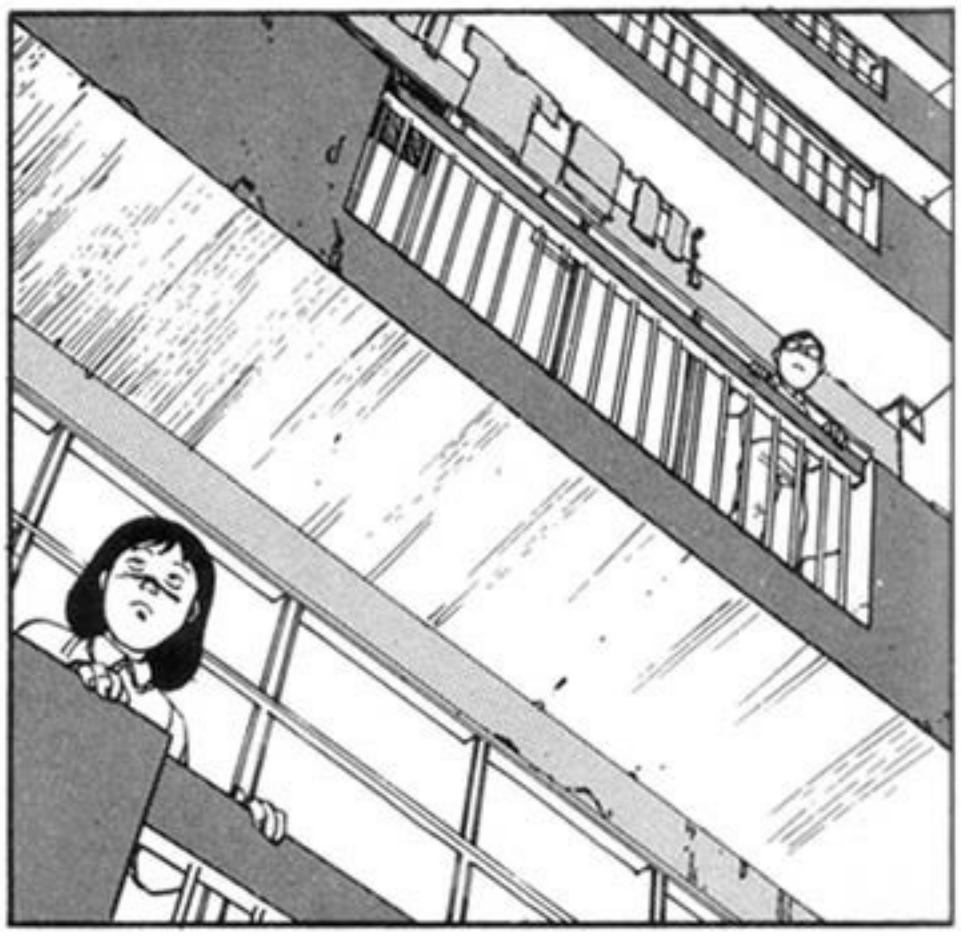
YOU TAKE...

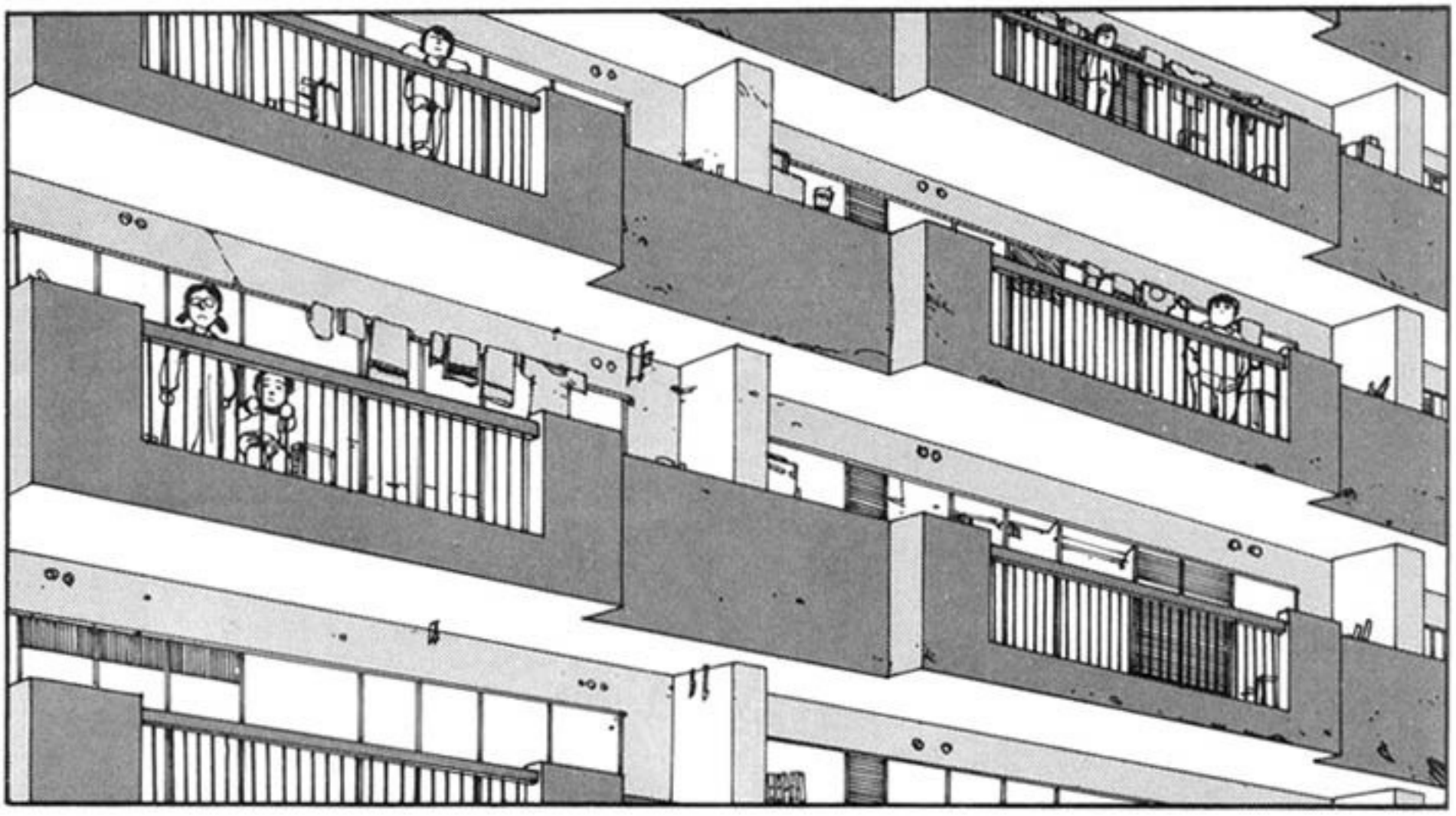
THAT !!!

EEEK!









UUH...
UHH...?!

UOH!

YOU BIG STUPID... WHAT'RE YOU ALL PISSED OFF ABOUT?

BKAM

AA!

N-NO!

AGG!

WHRAK

UUHN!

UH!

SPLAT

FWOO

UHAA!

UF OOH!

TAK

SUCH A GOOD... LITTLE BOY...

SLEEP TIGHT... LITTLE BOY...

YESSIR! THEY'VE JUST GONE IN. BY OUR COUNT, HE SHOULD BE OUT OF AMMO.

ITO! YOU GOT A SEC?!

WHAT FOR?

TAKE A LOOK AT *THIS!*

A RING...?

.....

YEAH? SO WHAT?

IT'S THE FAKE RUBY RING REPORTED MISS-ING BY YURIKO SATAKE! REMEMBER? INCIDENT EIGHTEEN? BELONGED TO HER MOTHER? LOOK—IT'S EVEN GOT HER INITIALS.

WHERE THE HELL DID YOU—

YOU KNOW, THAT OLD GUY WHO LIVES BY HIMSELF?

APARTMENT NUMBER?!

TELL HIM!

I FOUND IT IN CHO'S APART-MENT, SIR.

BUILDING THREE, ROOM SIX-ZERO-EIGHT. FULL NAME CHOJIRO UCHIDA, AGE SIXTY-FIVE. NO RELATIVES, LIVES ALONE...

SKRASH

WHRAK

MAKE MY DAY

COME AND GET IT

4th

H-
HALT
!!

HALT, GOD DAMN IT!!

SKRASSH

YOU HEARD ME! IT'S A GODDAMN *GIANT!*

HE'S BEEN SHOT AT LEAST ONCE! HE'S FREAKING OUT—WE CAN'T CONTROL HIM!

FIRE!!

BOMF

BOMF

WHSSHH

KONK

FFHH

THWAP

?!

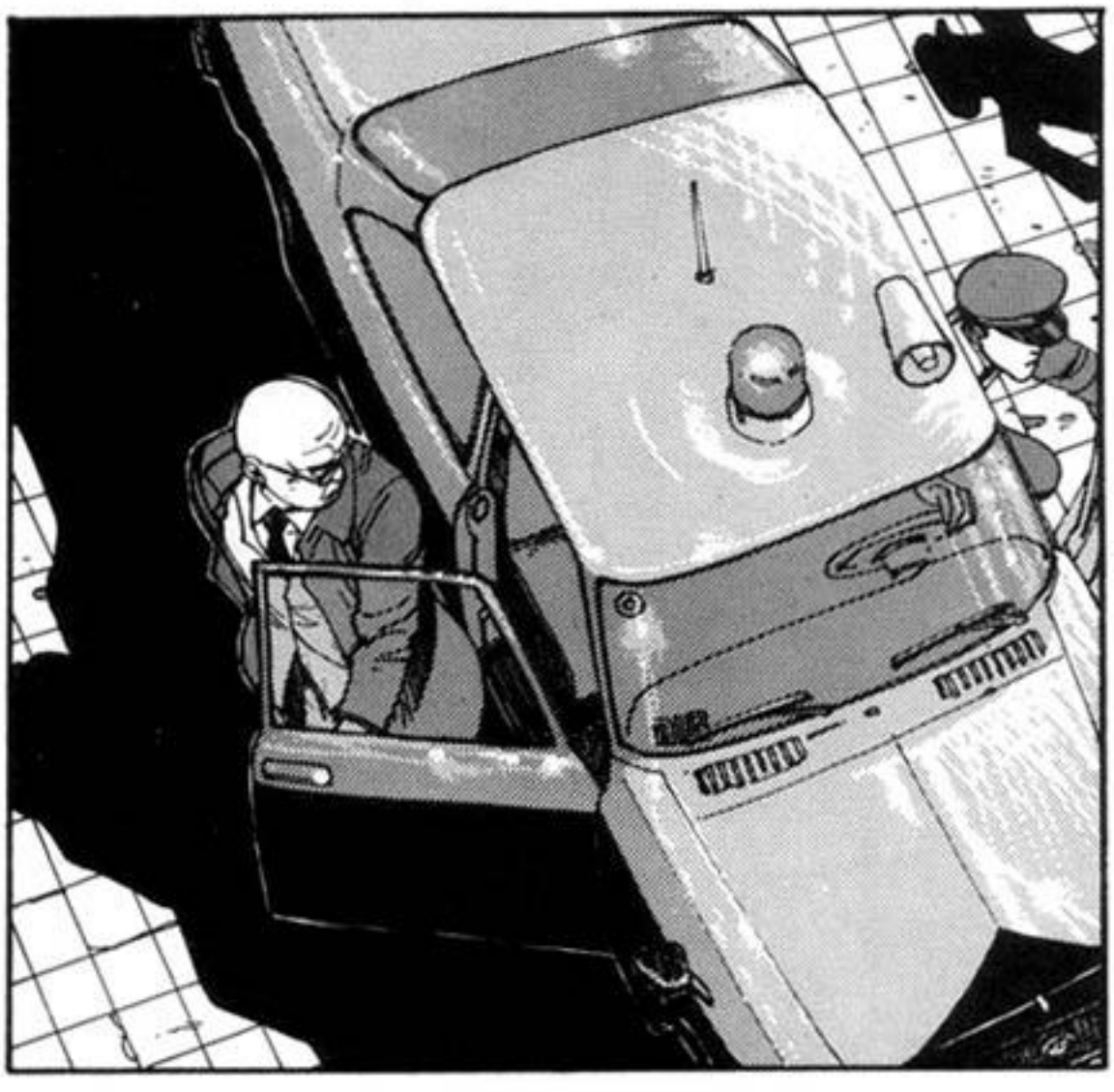
AAHH?!

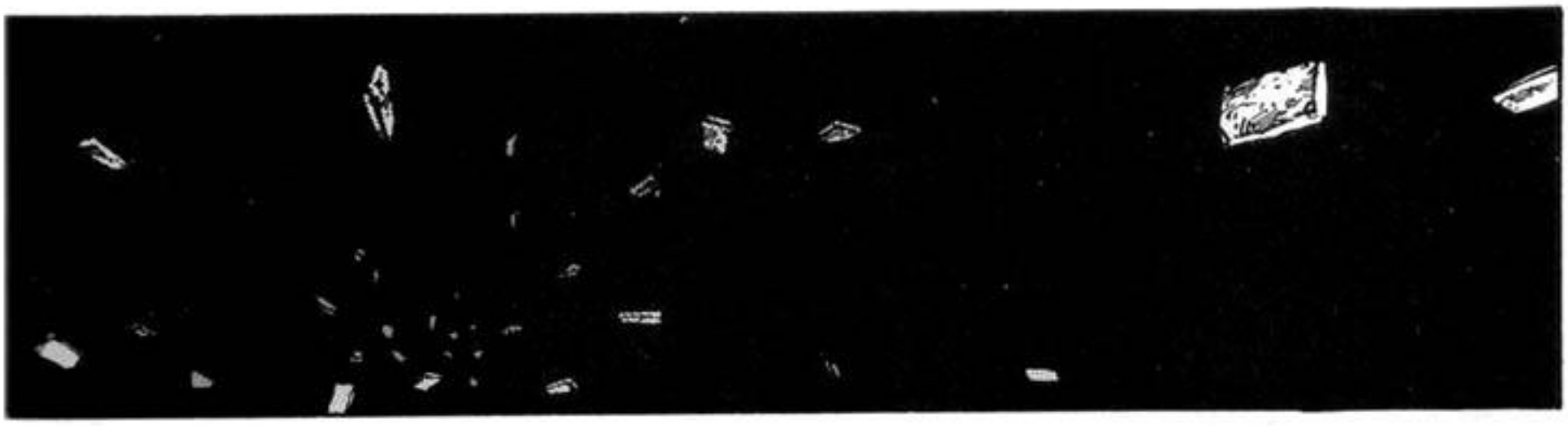
VVOOH!

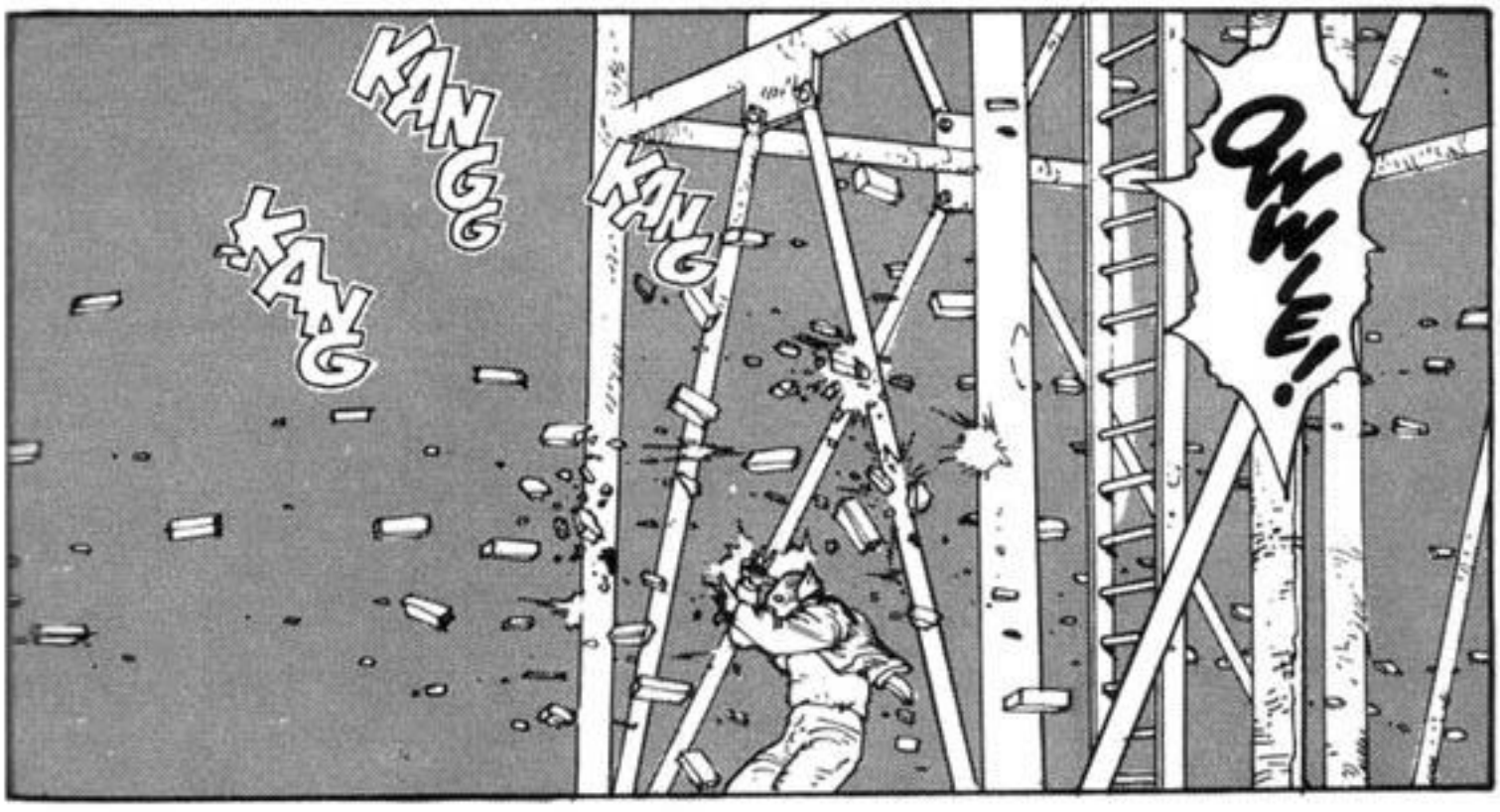
WHAT SHOULD WE DO? SHOULD WE GO HELP?
Hmm...

IT'S NOT GOING TO MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE NOW, IS IT?

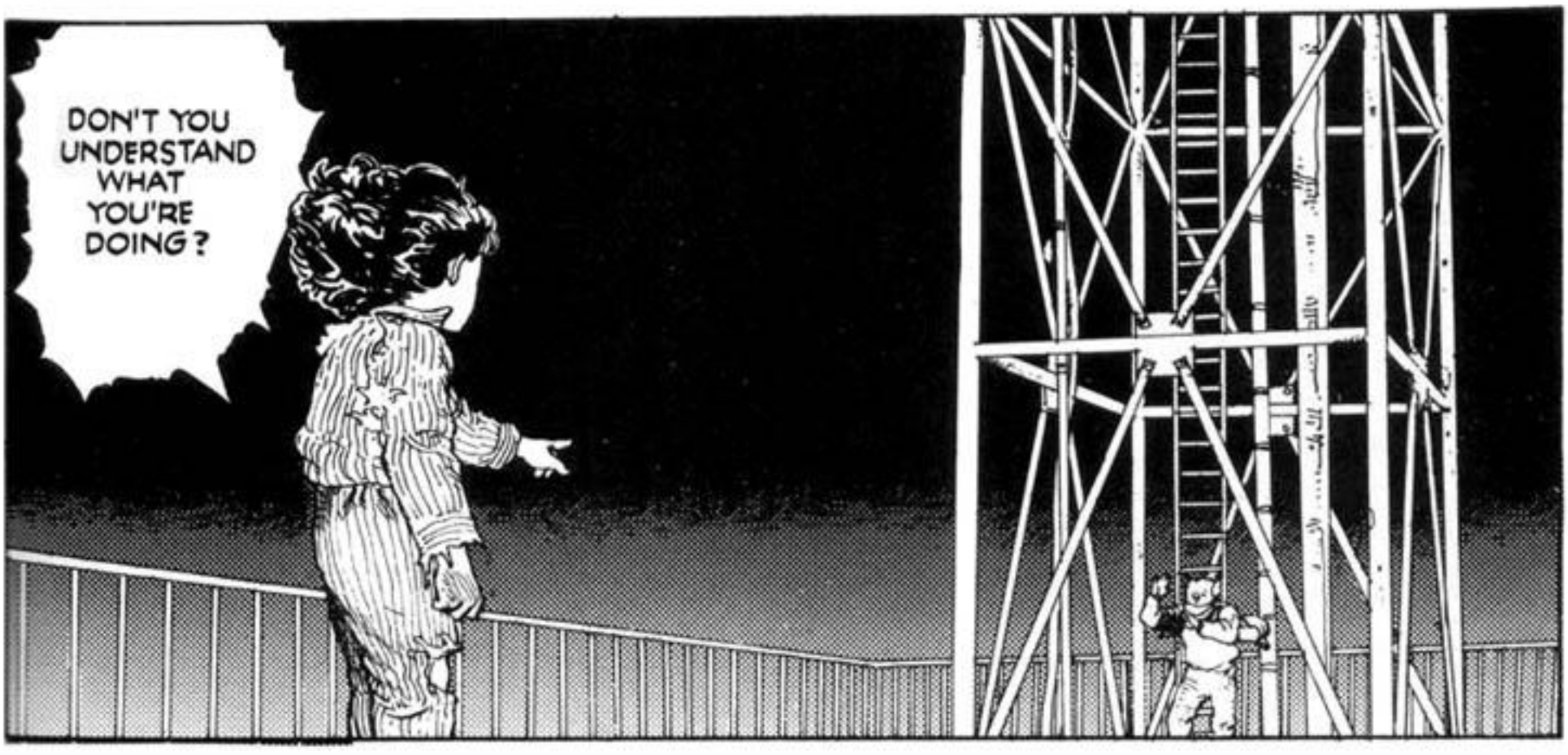
THAT ONE, OVER THERE.






KANGG
KANG
KANG
OWWE!

!


DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU'RE DOING?

BLEAGH!

KRANGG
YEE!

YOU EVEN HURT POOR LITTLE YO AND HIROSHI!

YOU... YOU!

VWHIPP

I HATE YOU! HATE YOU!

ZZKK

EEEK!

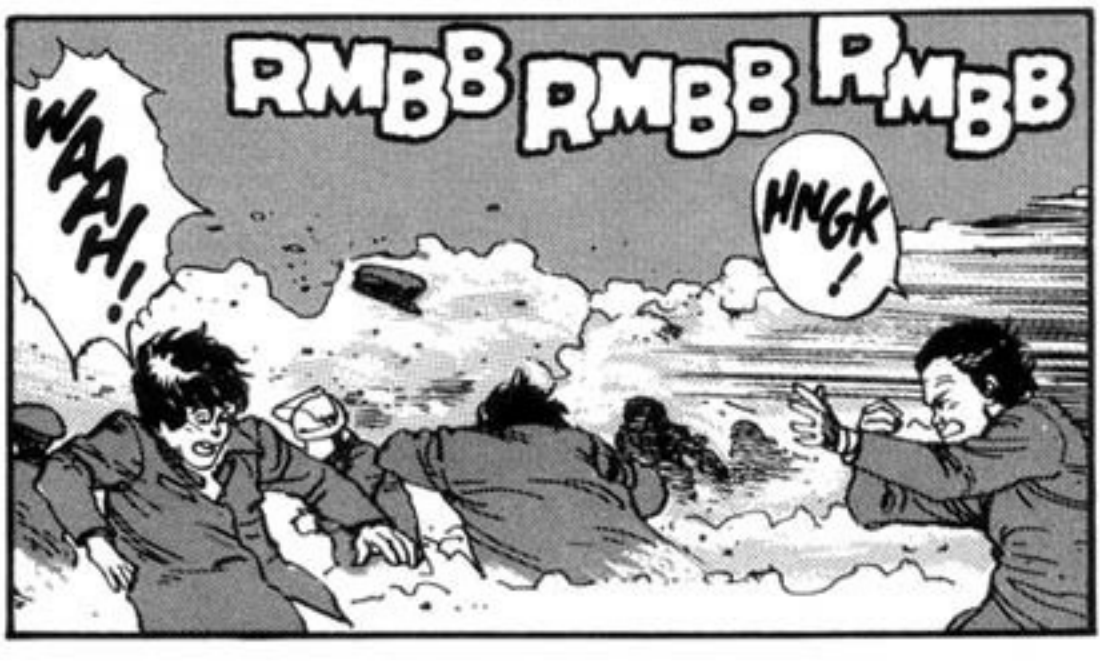
WHY'D YA HAFTA COME HERE FOR, *ANYWAY?!* I WAS HAVING LOTSA FUN BY *MYSELF!*

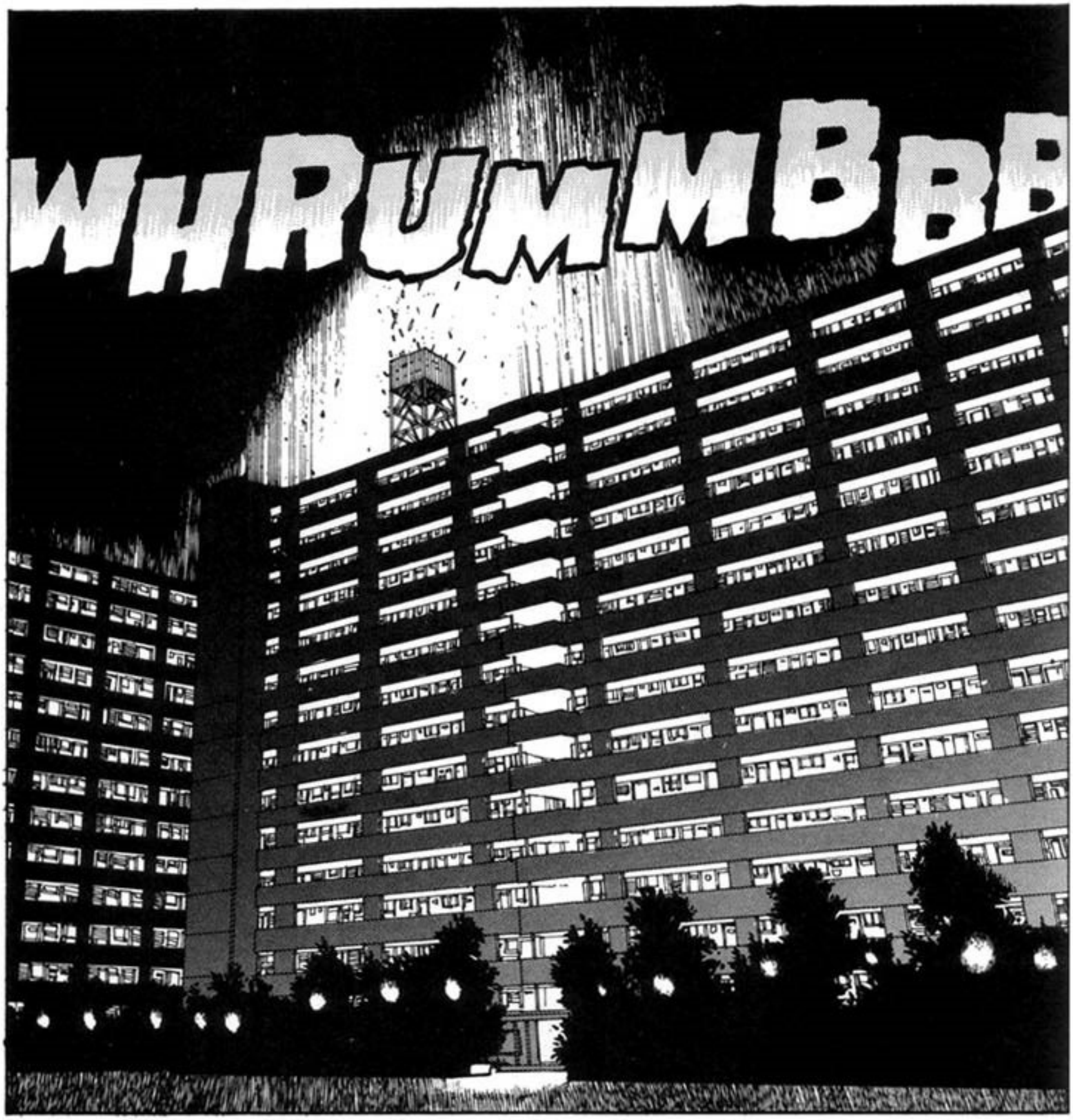
?

WHA--?

SKSSHHH

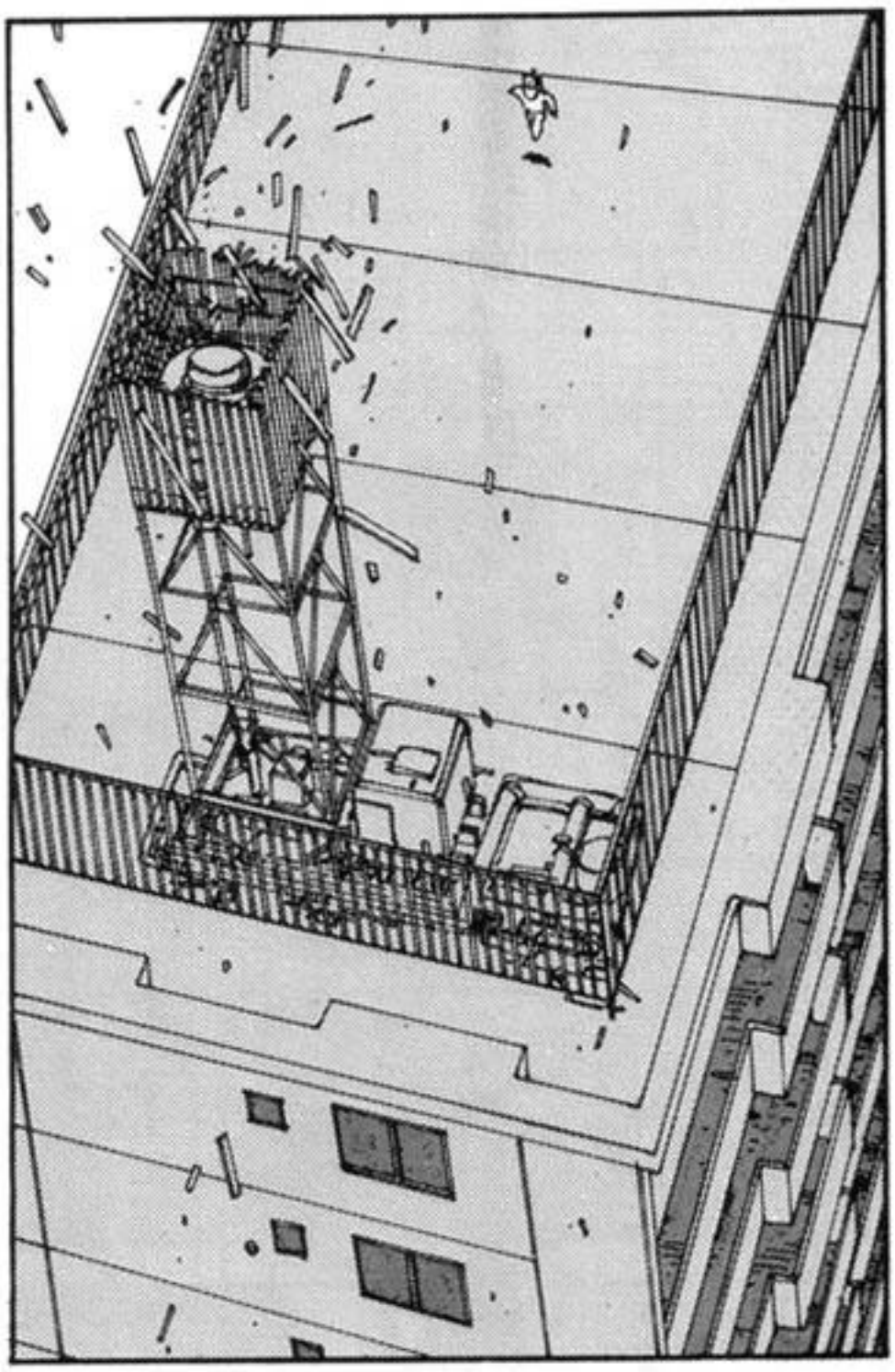
HUH?


RMBB RMBB RMBB
WAAH!
HNGK!

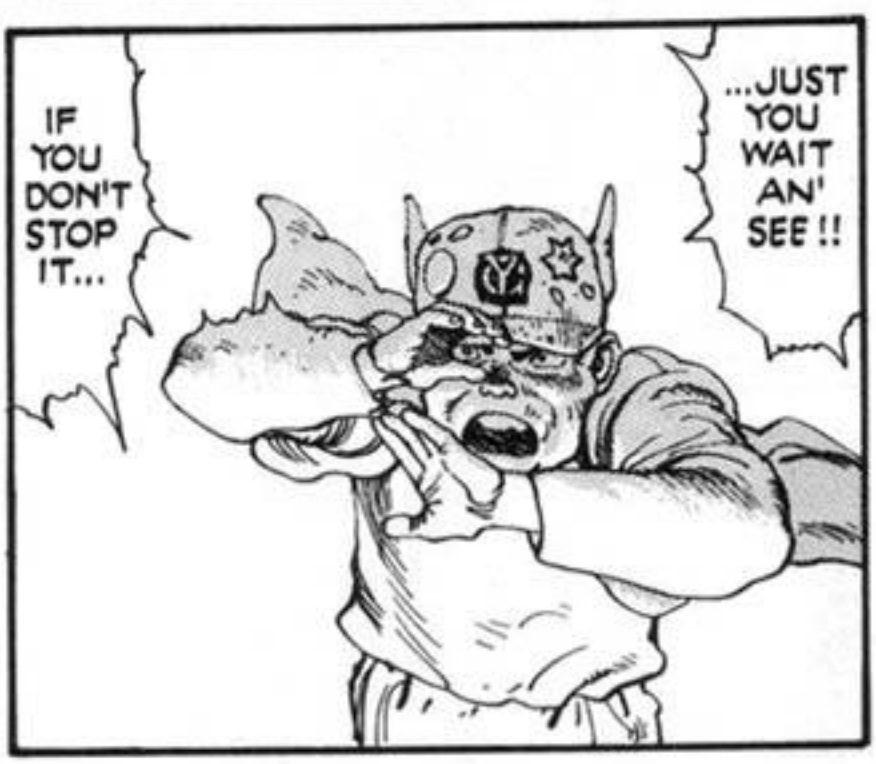

WHRUMMBBB

RMBB
WHAT THE HELL...??
RMMBB

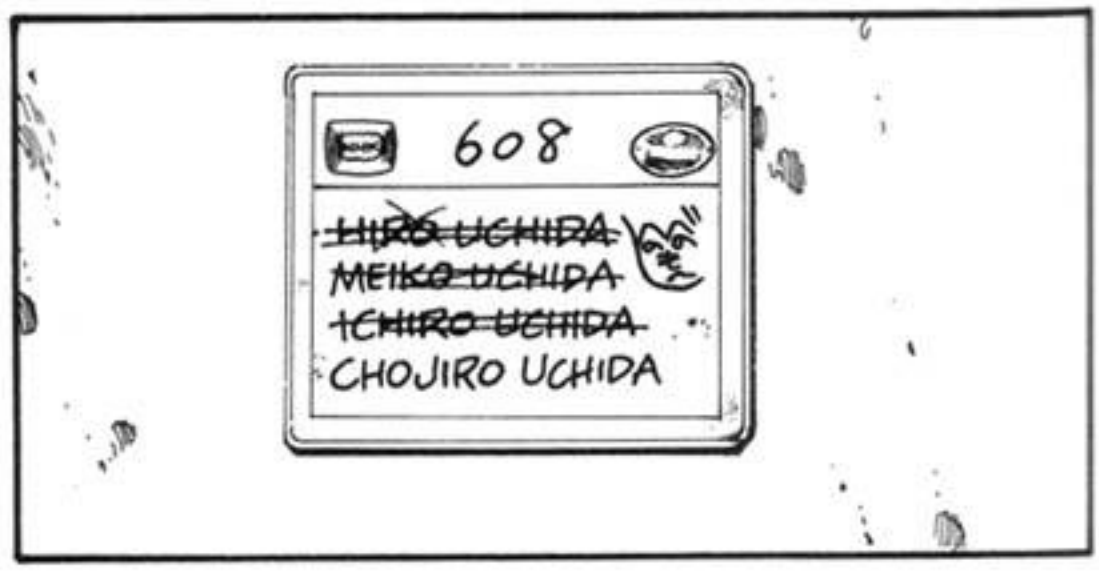
YOO-!!



STOP IT! YOU STOP THAT!!
RMMBBB


IF YOU DON'T STOP IT...
...JUST YOU WAIT AN' SEE!!

IT'S THIS WAY...

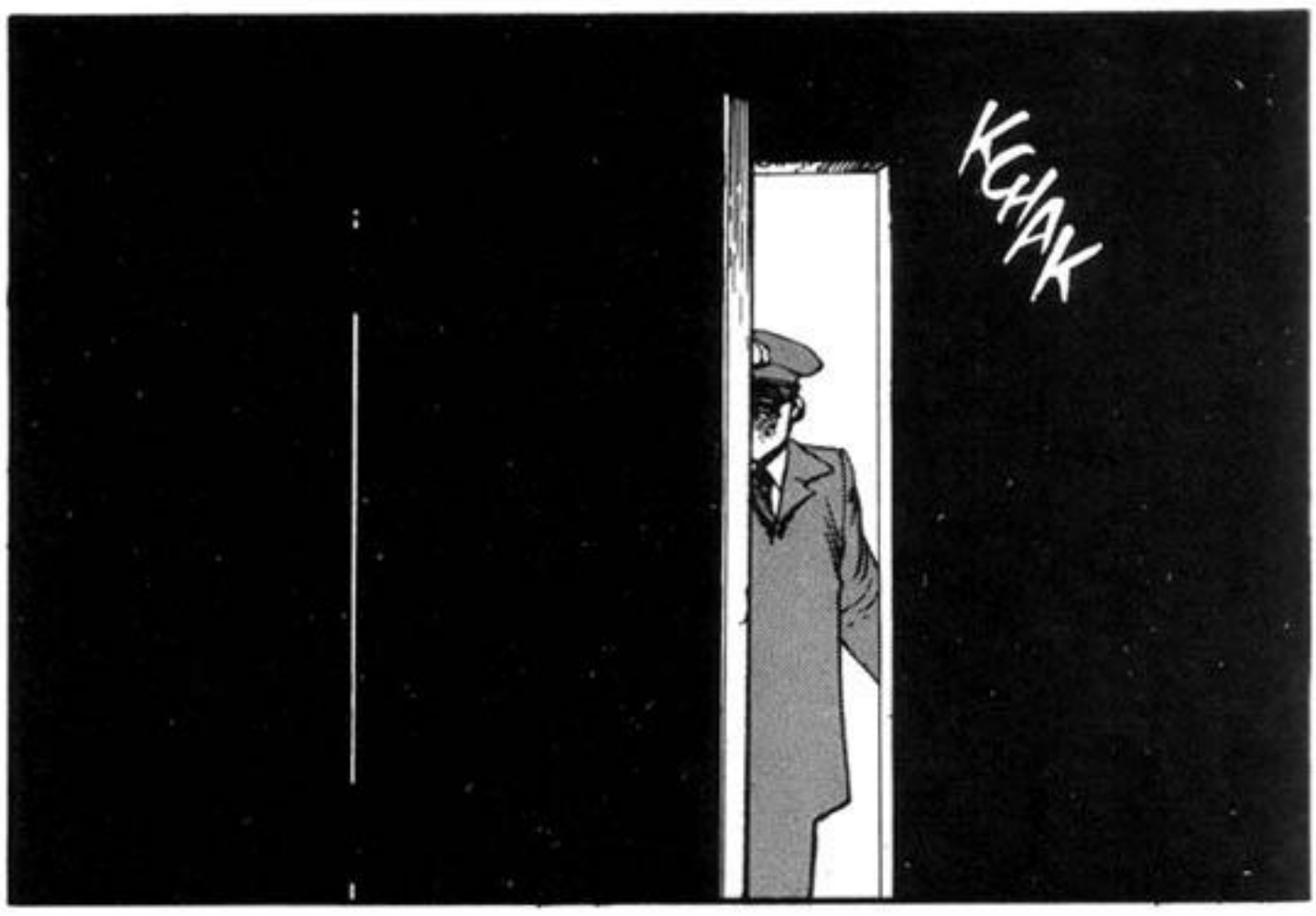

608
~~HIRO UCHIDA~~
~~MEIKO UCHIDA~~
~~ICHIRO UCHIDA~~
CHOJIRO UCHIDA

DING DONGG

NO ANSWER. NOW WHAT?

GOT THE KEY?

IT'S STRANGE, YOU KNOW? HE WASN'T HERE LAST TIME, EITHER.


KCHAK

WHA... WHAT TH-?!

THERE WAS NOTHING HERE BEFORE, SIR... I SWEAR!

DOES ANYONE KNOW WHAT THIS CHO GUY LOOKS LIKE?
THE MANAGER DOES.

fsshhh

GAS!

YOU'RE TURNING ON THE GAS!!

OOH, THAT'S *RIGHT*— THE *GAS!!* HEH HEH HEH!

BUT I BET YOU CAN'T FIND WHERE IT IS...!

SO *THERE!* DUMB OL' GIRL!!

STOP IT! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT'LL HAPPEN?

JUST TAKE THE LITTLE KNOB...

...AND TWIST IT— SQUEAK!

fsshh

WHERE ?!

AND NEXT, OVER THERE...

fsshh

WHERE ?!

NYAAH HA HA! YEE HEE!

GOTCHA! GOTCHA !!

.....
.....

SKRASH

!

KSSHH

KSSHN

KSSHH

SPRAKK

KSSHH

WRONGIE!
WRONGIE!

NOT
THERE!
NYA
HA
HA !

KSSH

HEY ?!

KSSH

WAAH!

WHAT THE HELL?

BREAK-ING GLASS?

WHERE?

WHAT'S THAT?

KSSHH

AA!

tsssh

KSSHH

EEK!

KSSHH

KSSHH

SPRAK

SKRASSH!

.....
.....

SEE? NO MORE PROBLEM!

.....
.....

YOU... YOU!! YOU JUST WAIT!!

H-
HALT
!!

CALL FOR BACK-UP! *NOW!*

Y- YES, SIR!

UHNN...
URHH...

WHA--
?!

NO!!
AAA!

AIEE!

YOU SON OF A BITCH!

WHDD

WHAK

DAMN IT!

!

DON'T MOVE !!

I... GO...

"GO"...?! GO WHERE?!

"KID"...?

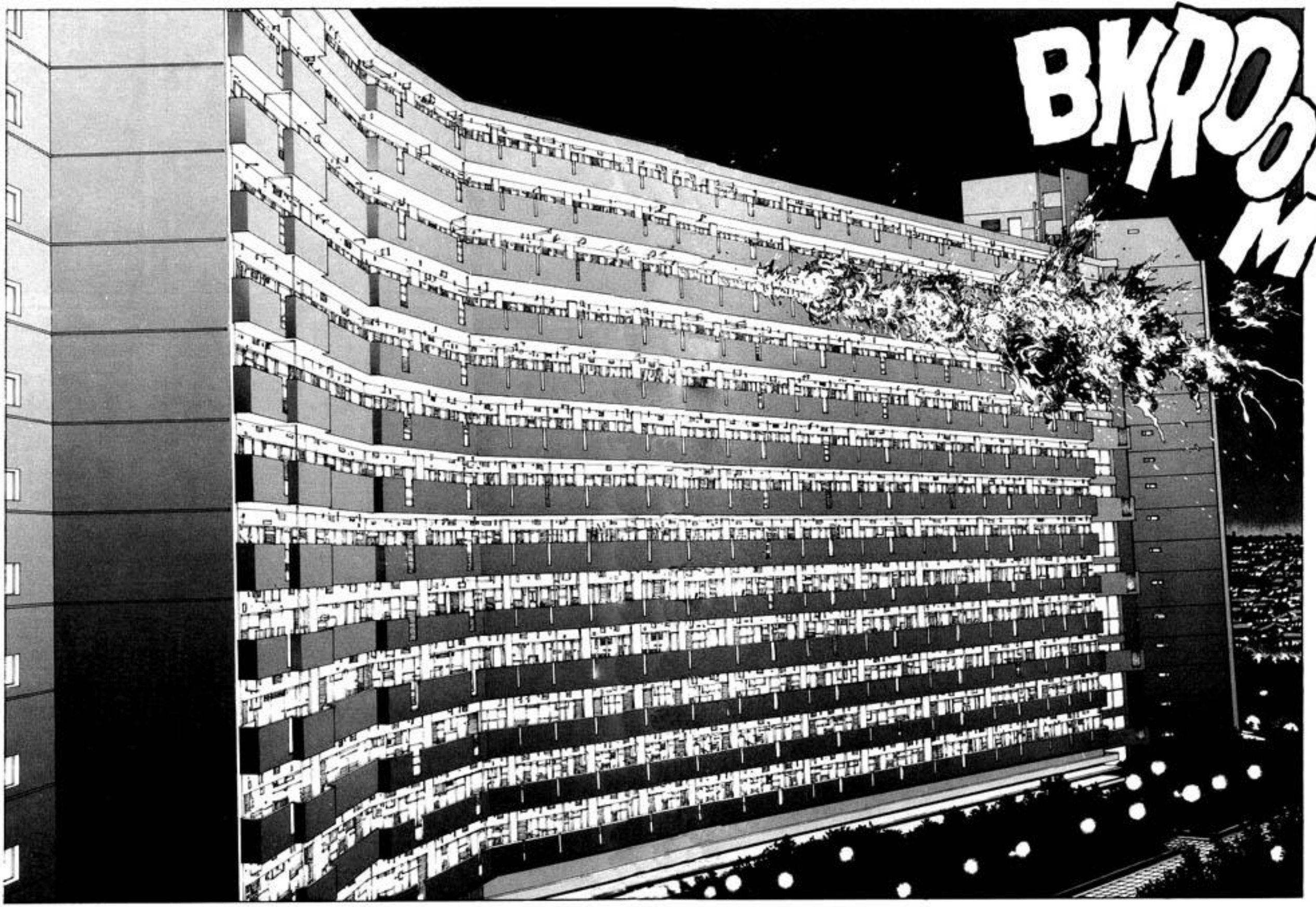
YOU MEAN THAT GIRL?!

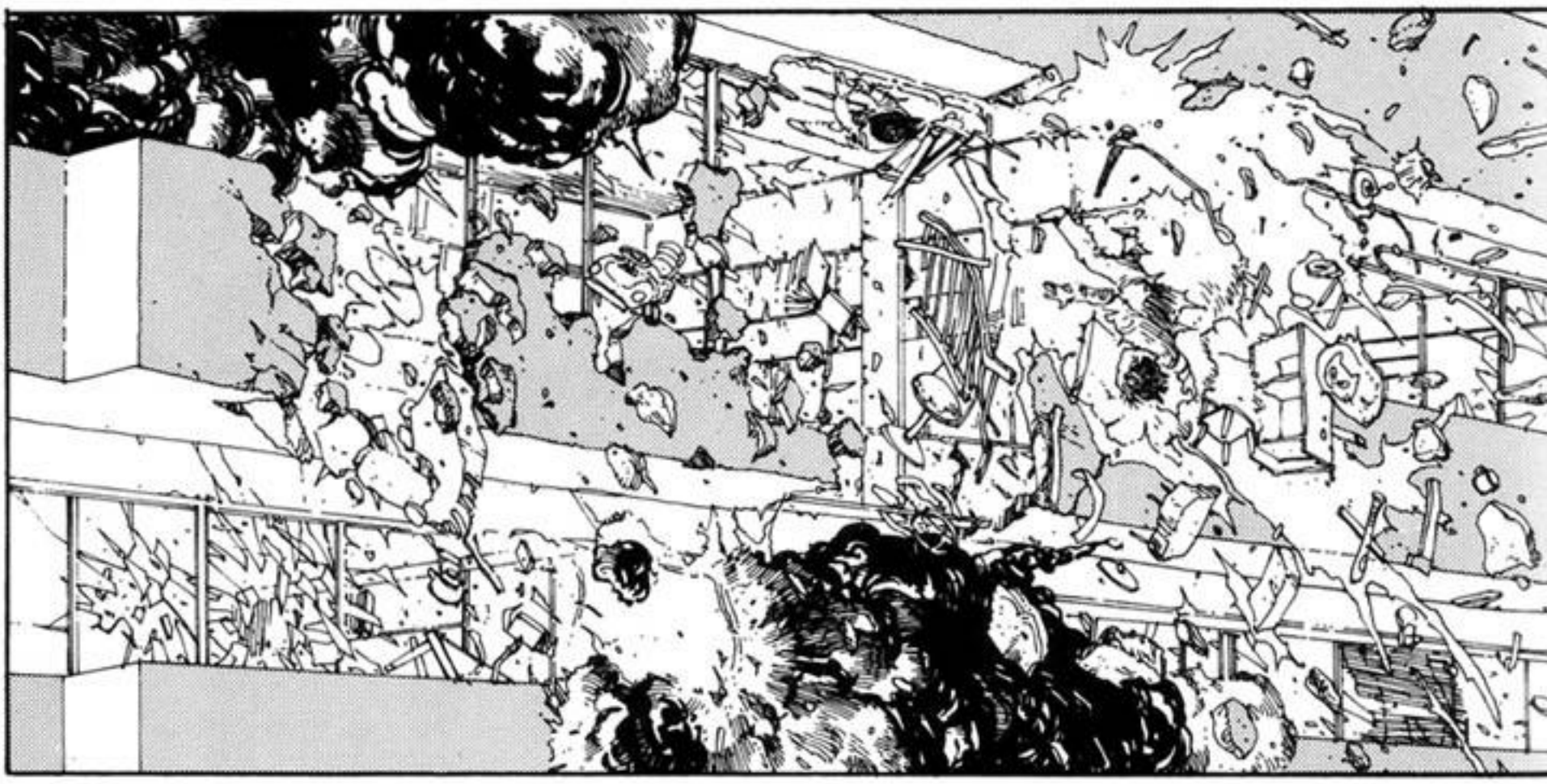
I GO... TO KID...

UHNN... DON'T TRY... STOP...

ME... I GO...!

DON'T MOVE!! I'LL SHOOT, GOD-DAMN IT!!


BKROOM



BKROOM

BKOOM
YAAH!

EVACUATE! EVERYONE CLEAR THE BUILDING!

BKOOM

EEEK!

BKOOM

SOME-BODY, PLEASE!

HELLP!

AAA!

THAT WAY'S BLOCKED! THIS WAY, THIS WAY!

SACHIKO!

WAAH!

PAPA!!

DARLING?!

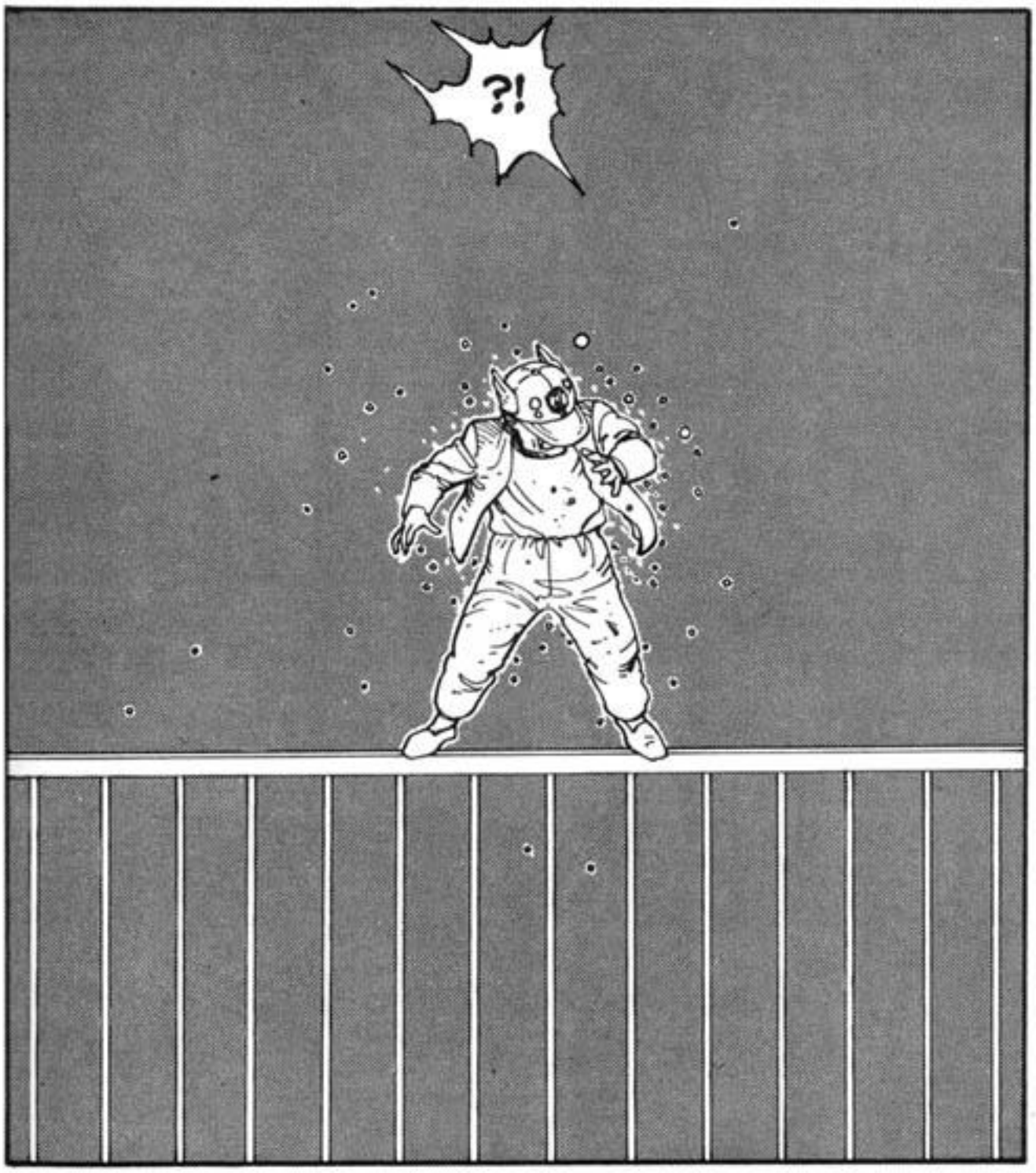
AA!

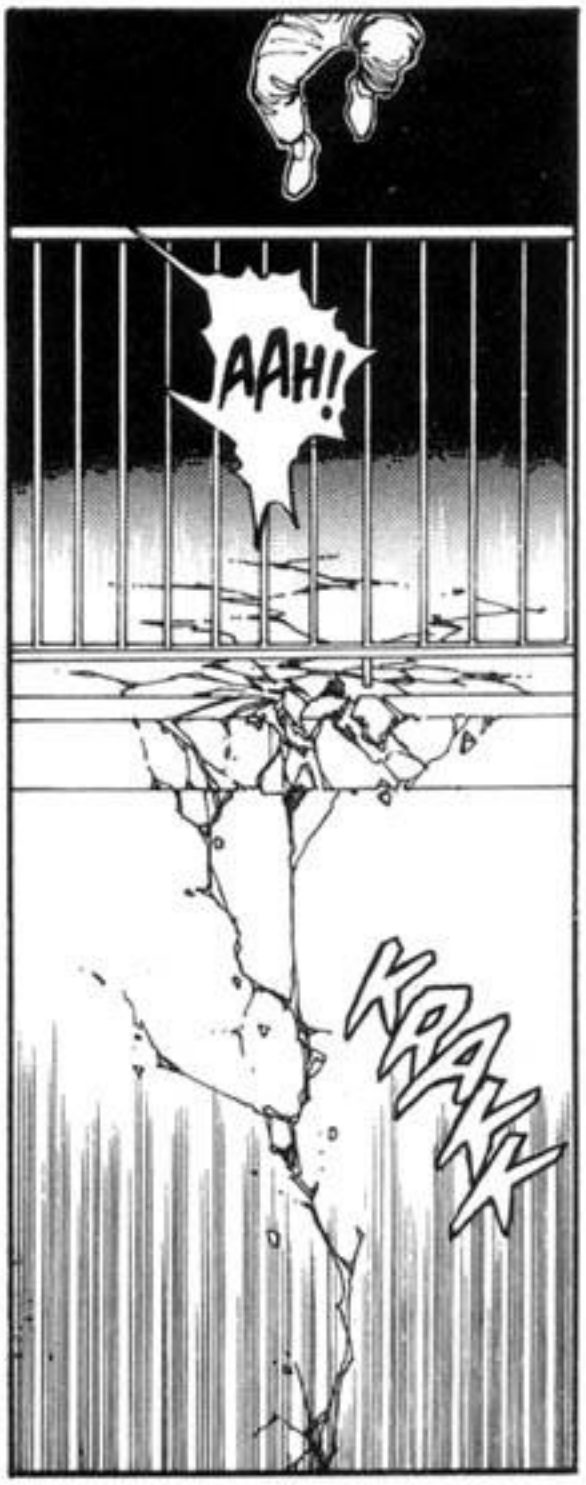
WHROOM

NYA HA!

NYA HA HA HA HA!
FOOLED YA, FOOLED YA!
YOU DIDN'T FIND *ALL* THE PLACES I TURNED ON THE GAS!

?!


?!


AAH!
KRAK

WHRUNCH

YEE!

UMPH!

KRMBB

KRMBB

KRMBB

HAIEE!

FWAP

KRMBB

SKSSH

uhh...
.....

KRAK

BKOOM!

HYEEE!

UH!

UUOOH!

!

URR...

....!

BKOOM

YEE!

AAAAA!

STOP!!

WHRUNNNSH

KRAK

WHDD

KRMBB

HYE!

UU-

OO!

UU-
OHH!

AAAAAA

HEE HA HA HA!

WHRAK

!

WHUNCH

WHUMMBB

HAIEEE!!

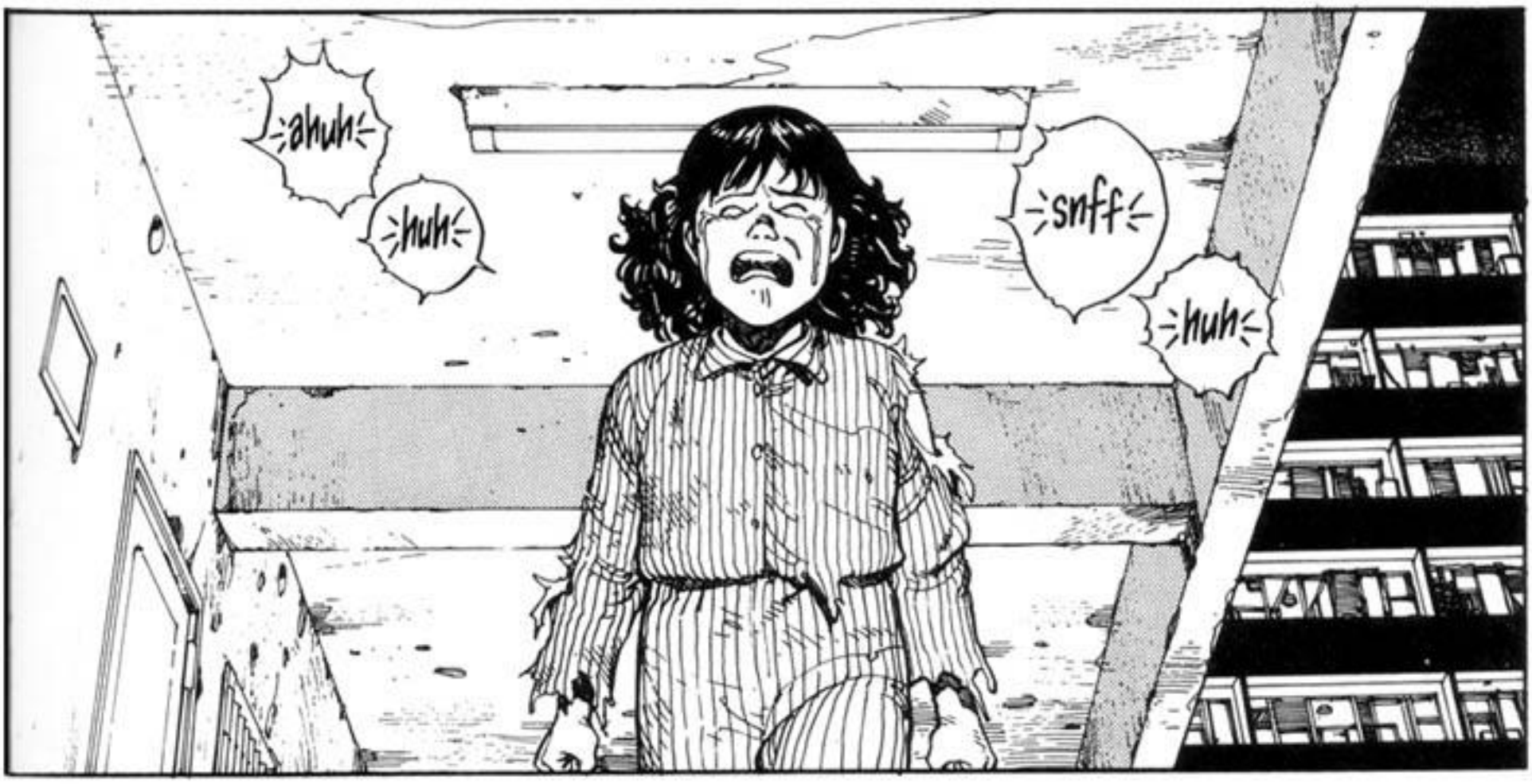
FUMP FUMP

KRAK

OWW...

ZMMM

:ahuh:
:snff:


ahuh
huh
snff
huh

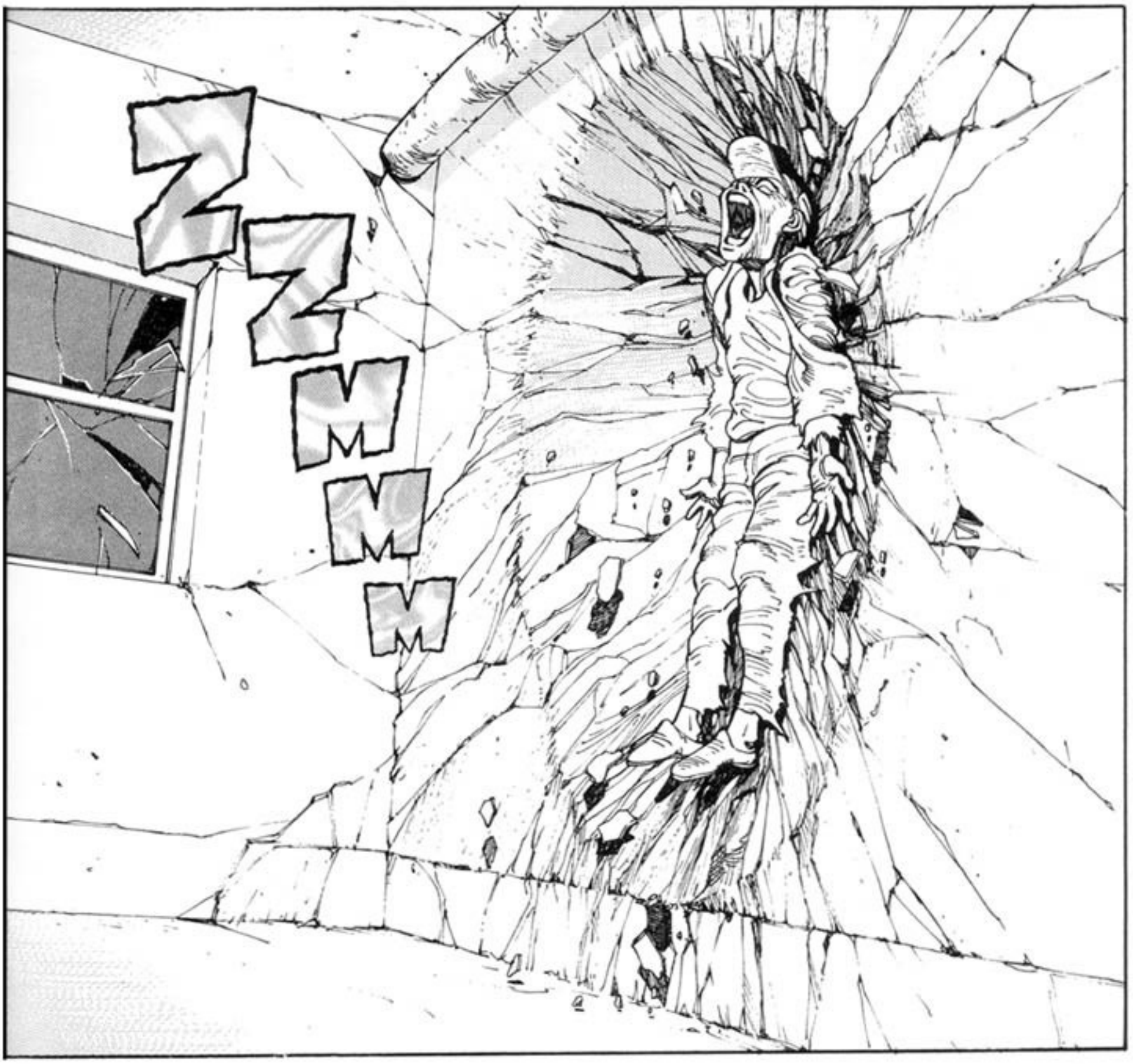
YEE?!

WHAM!
AAA!

A...
A...
AH!!
?!

FAP

KRAK


ZZZMMMM

SPRAKK

3

HHNGG!

HEY, LOOK! SOME-ONE'S STILL HERE!

H... HUH...

HELP MEE!

ARE YOU HURT?!

BUILDING NINE, THIRD FLOOR! WE NEED RESCUE HERE *STAT!* WEST CORRIDOR ELEVA-TOR!

HYEE!

THERE'S A KID DOWN THERE, TOO!

AIEEE!!

HEY, YOU! WAIT!

huh

huh

sniff

COME ON, DEAR... IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW...

huh

huh

NOOO!!!

SPLAK

THOK

HEE-YAA!

MMMM

YEEE!!

H-
H-
HELP!

THE FIFTH FLOOR! IS IT CLEAR?!

WHERE'S OUR GOD-DAMN PRES-SURE?!

ALL POLICE, PREPARE TO EVACU-ATE!

MOVE IT!

H- HELP!! HELP ME!

C'MON, YOU! GET OUTTA HERE!

AHH!

!

ZMMMM

WHA--?! WHAT THE HELL IS *THAT?!*

?

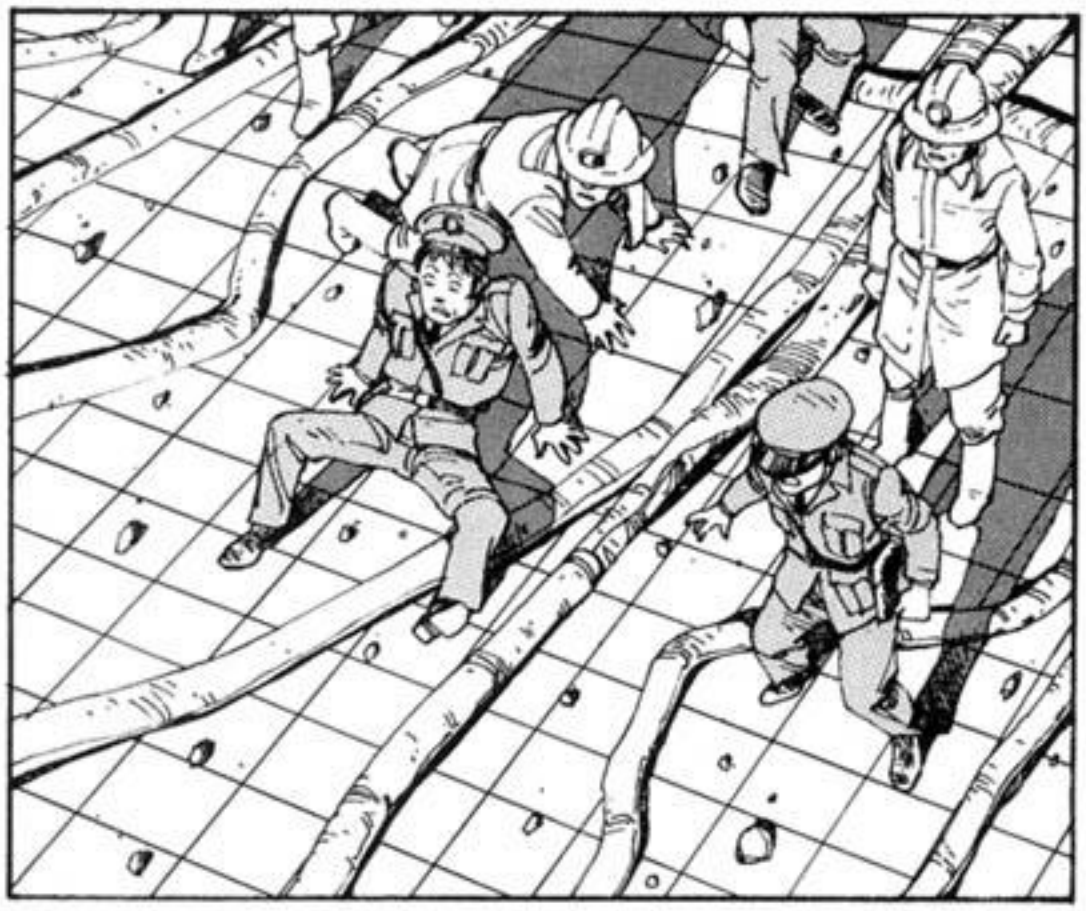
HEY! THERE'S A KID BACK THERE!

S-
SAVE ME!

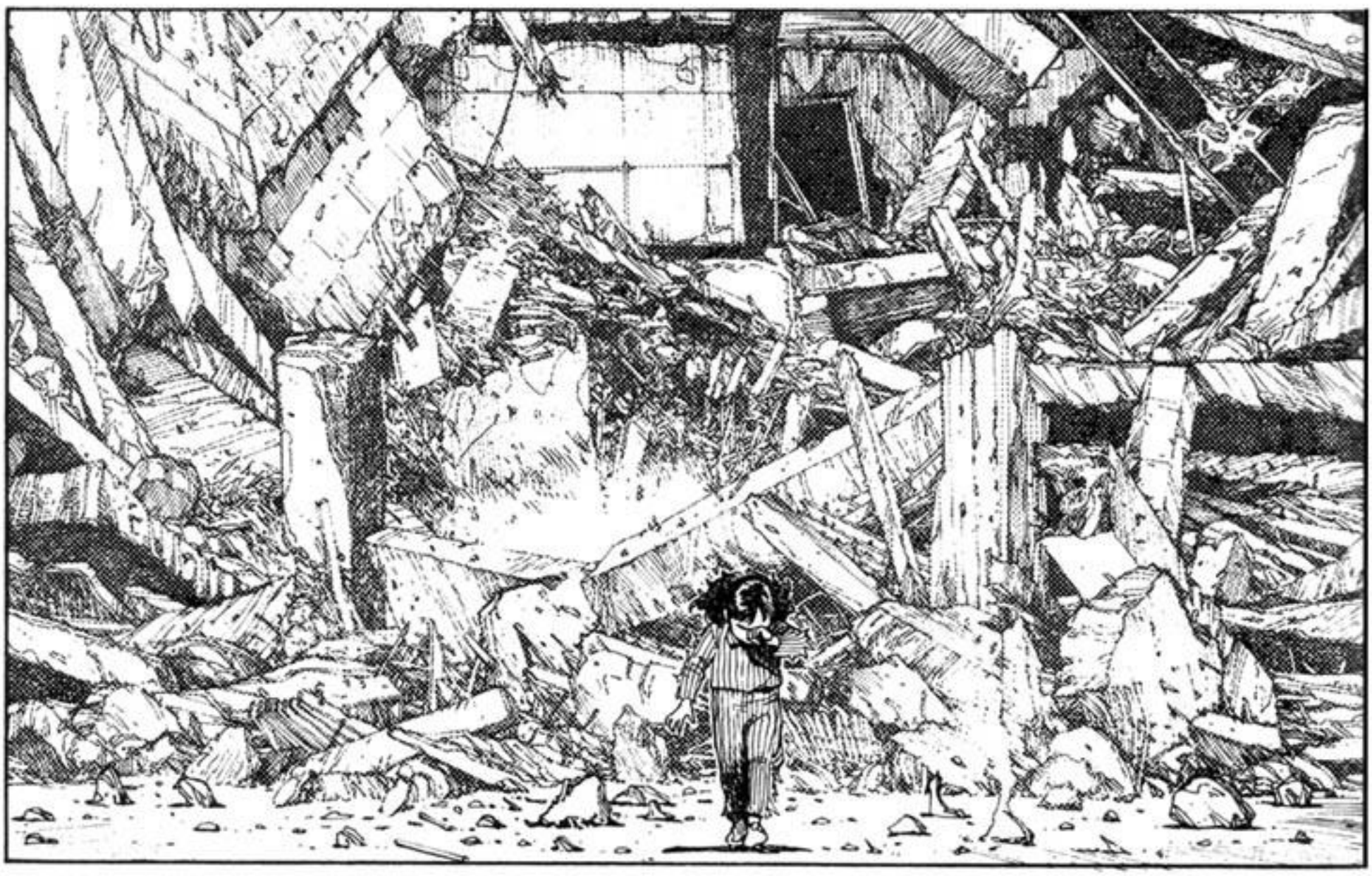
ARE YOU ALL ALONE, DEAR? WHERE'S YOUR MOMMY AND DA--

KLANG

HEEYAA!



:hff:
:hff:
:hahh:



CUT THE PUMPS! PREPARE FOR SECOND-ARIES!
H-HELP! HELP!!
ALL UNITS FALL BACK!

RUN FOR IT!!

EVERY-BODY GET CLEAR!

IT'S GONNA BLOW AGAIN!!

H-HELP ME!

YOU BETTER *RUN*, OLD MAN!

FWMP

ZMM

!

AIEE-YEE!!

!

ETSUKO?!

MAMA...?!

ETSUKO !!

MAMA !!

OH... ETSUKO...

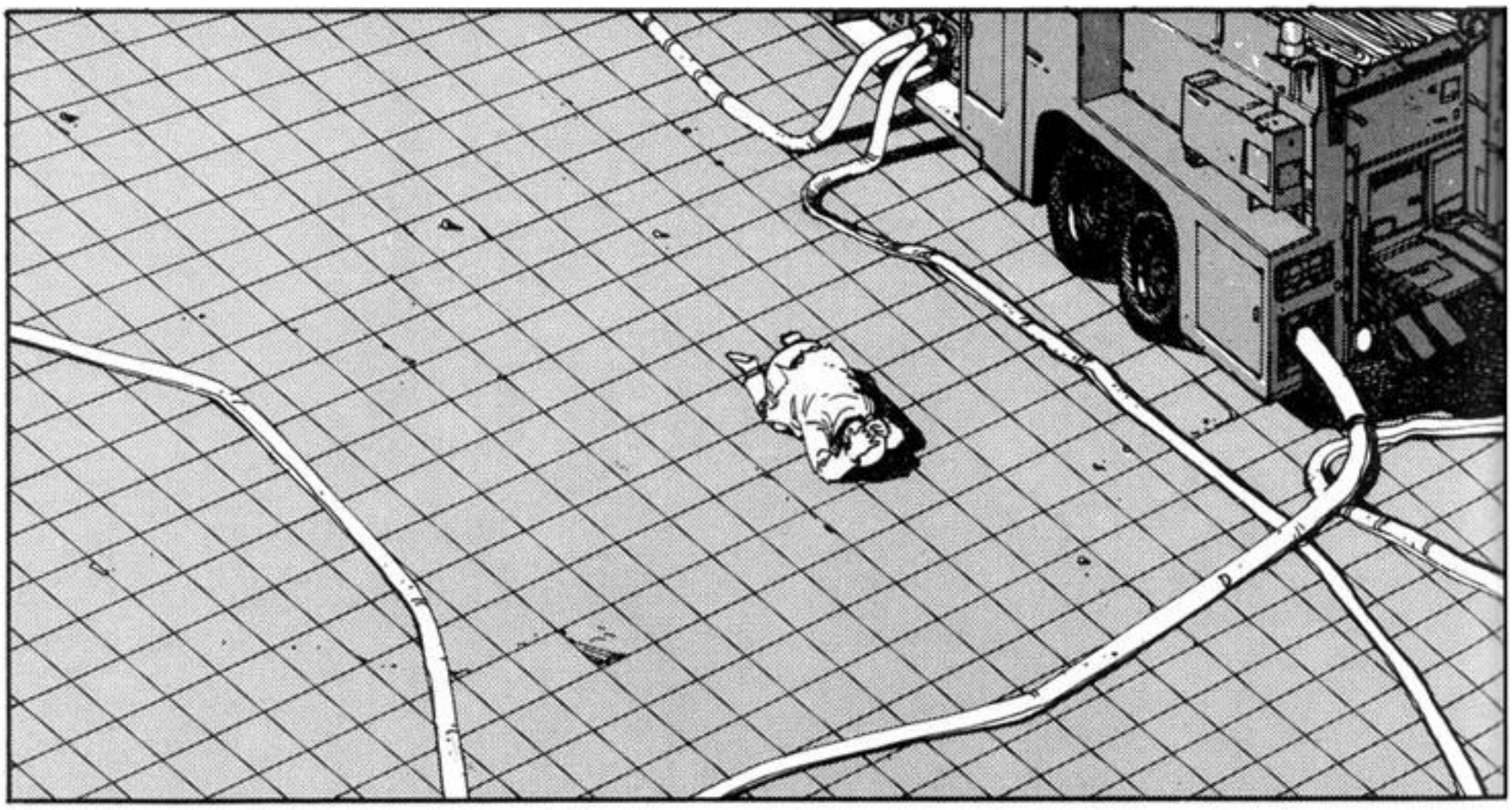
UWAAA!

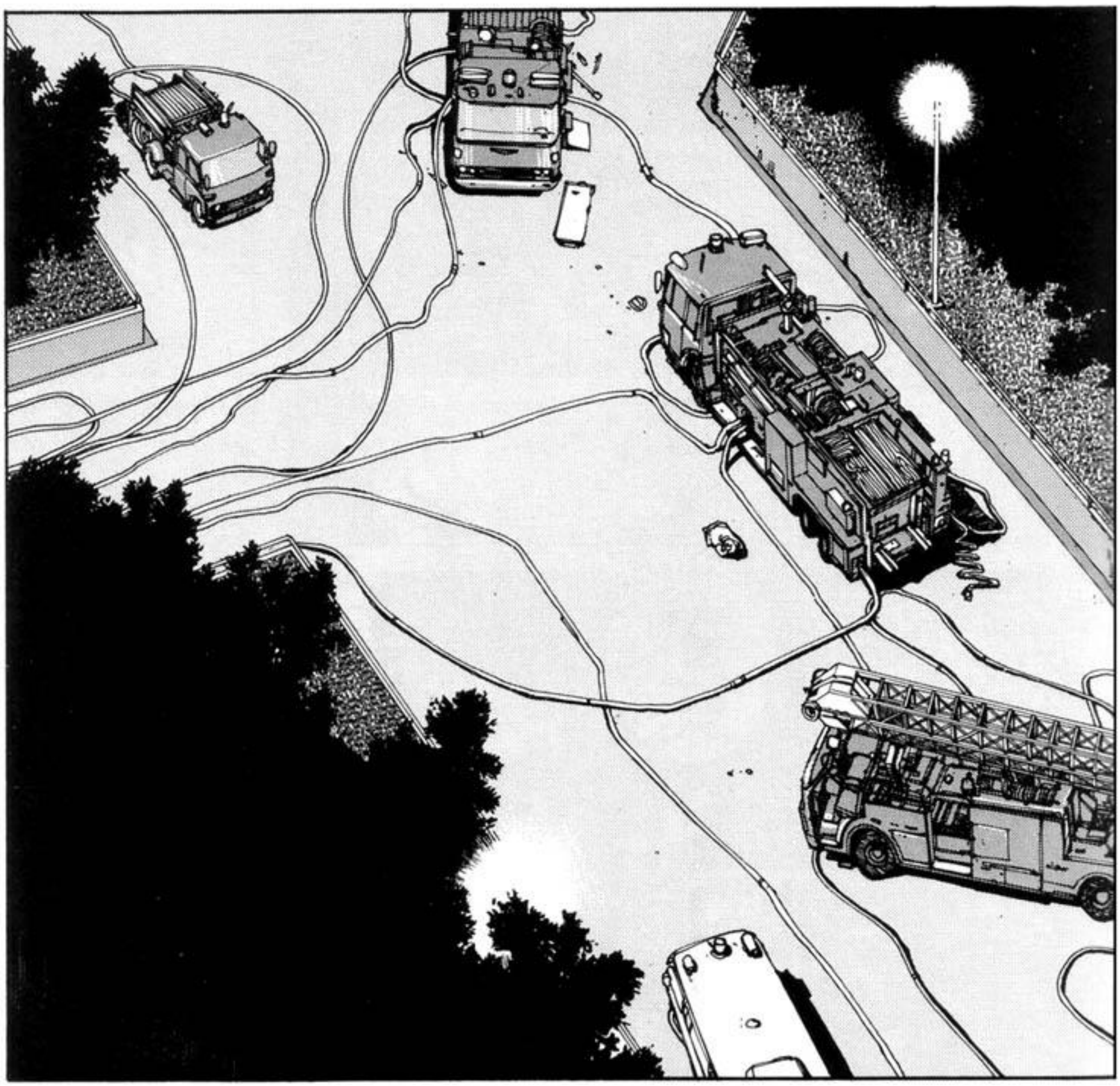
THANK GOD, OH THANK GOD...

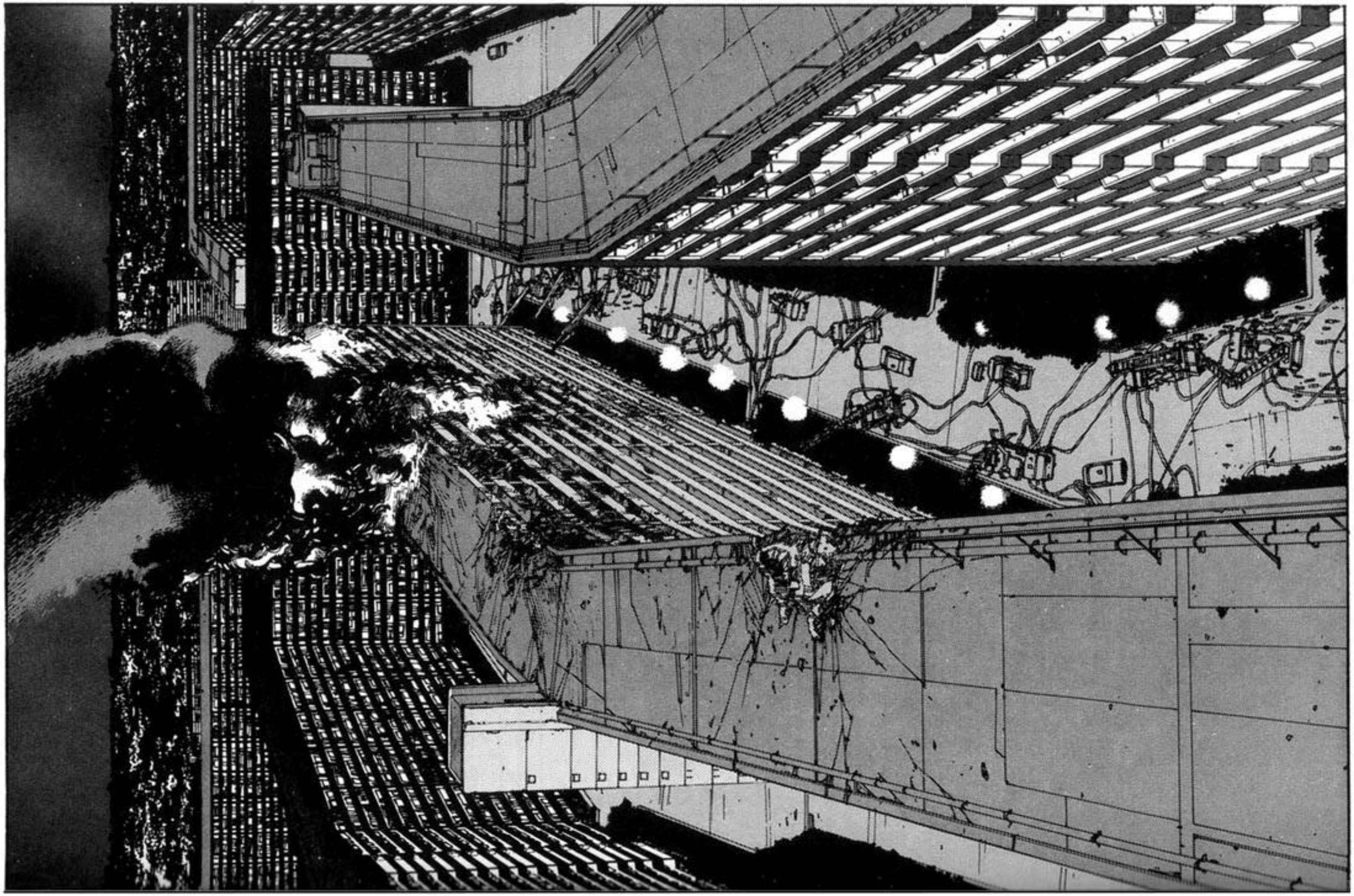
MAMA, MAMA...

NISSAN DIESEL

85-01







WHAP

GET 'IM!

HAH!

EEEK!

FWAK

GOTCHA, GOTCHA!

DID NOT!

READY OR NOT, HERE IT COMES!

YOW!

SIR... IT'S ALMOST TIME.

YES...

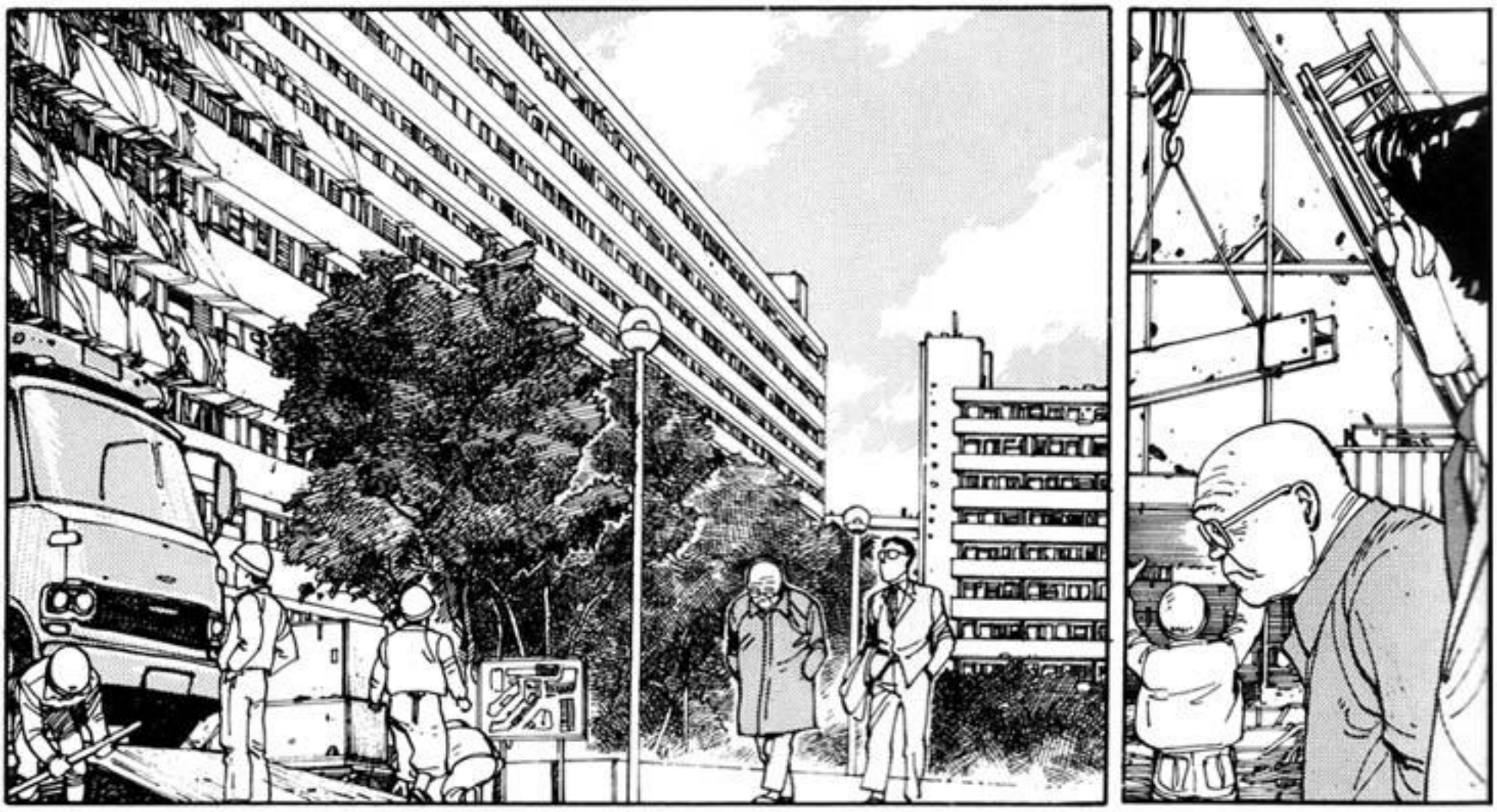
...YES, I KNOW.

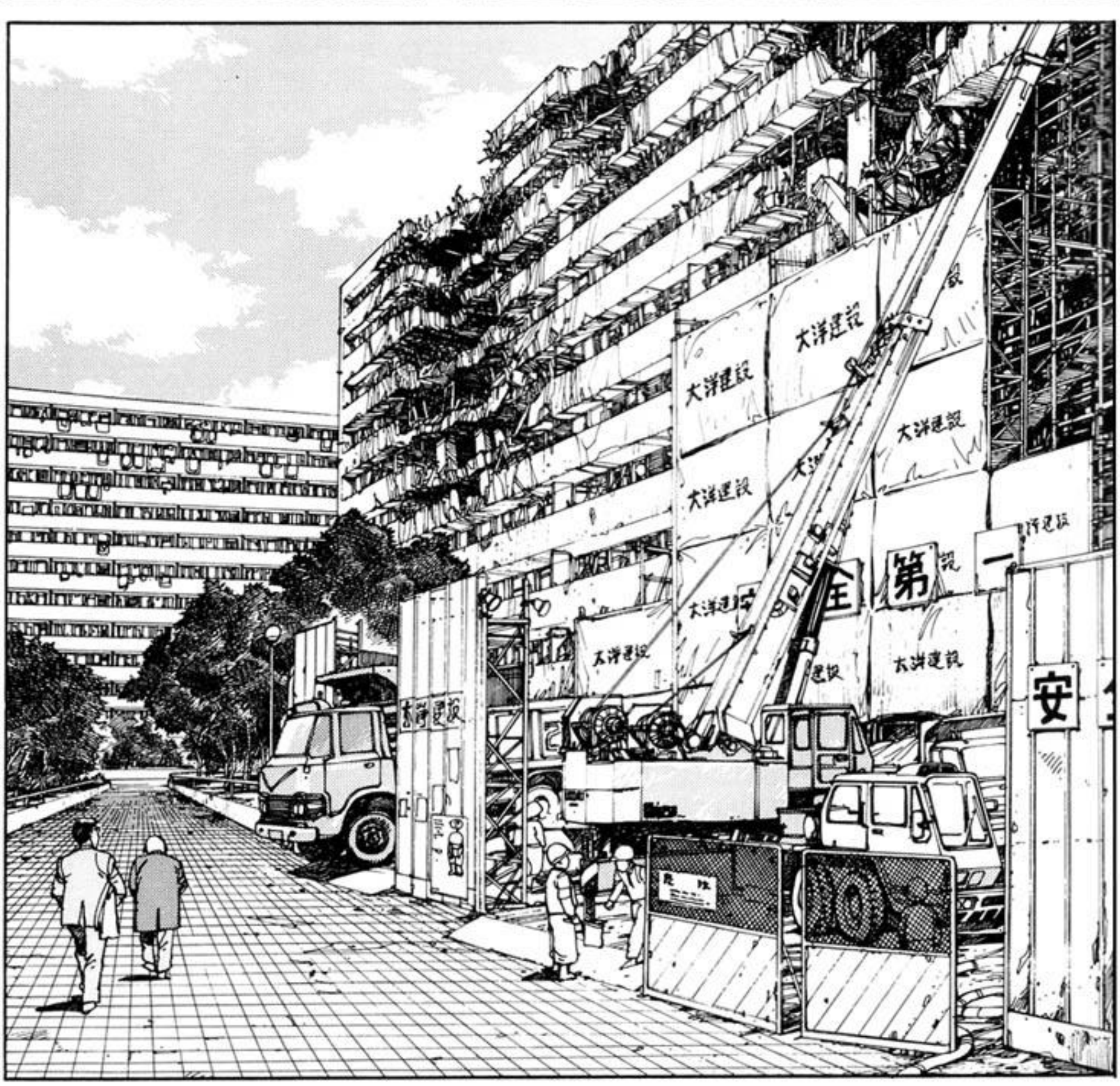
HAH!! GOTCHA!

OVER HERE! PASS IT!

OH, JEEZ!!

EEK! NOT ME!




大洋建設
安全第一
安

HEY!

INSPECTOR OKAMURA! ANY COMMENT, SIR?

IT'S ALREADY BEEN TWO WEEKS! DO YOU HAVE ANY LEADS?!

GIVE US SOMETHING ON THIS YOSHIKAWA CHARACTER!

I'VE HEARD YOU STILL DON'T HAVE ANY ANSWERS REGAR--

WHY ARE YOU HERE TODAY? AND HOW DOES IT FEEL BEING HERE?

I'LL DISCUSS THINGS IN DETAIL AT TODAY'S PRESS CONFERENCE.

HADN'T YOU HEARD ABOUT IT?!

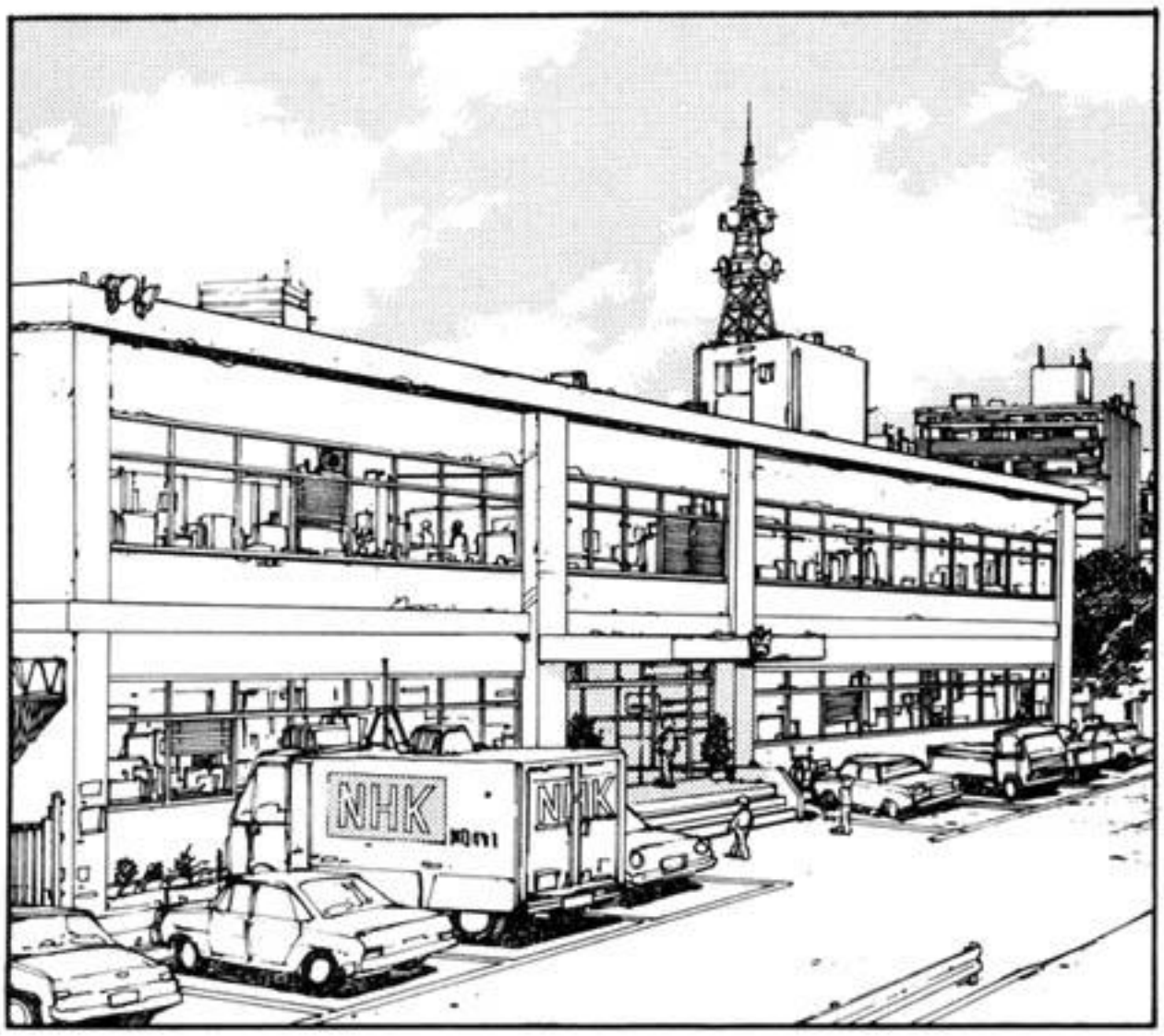
HUH?

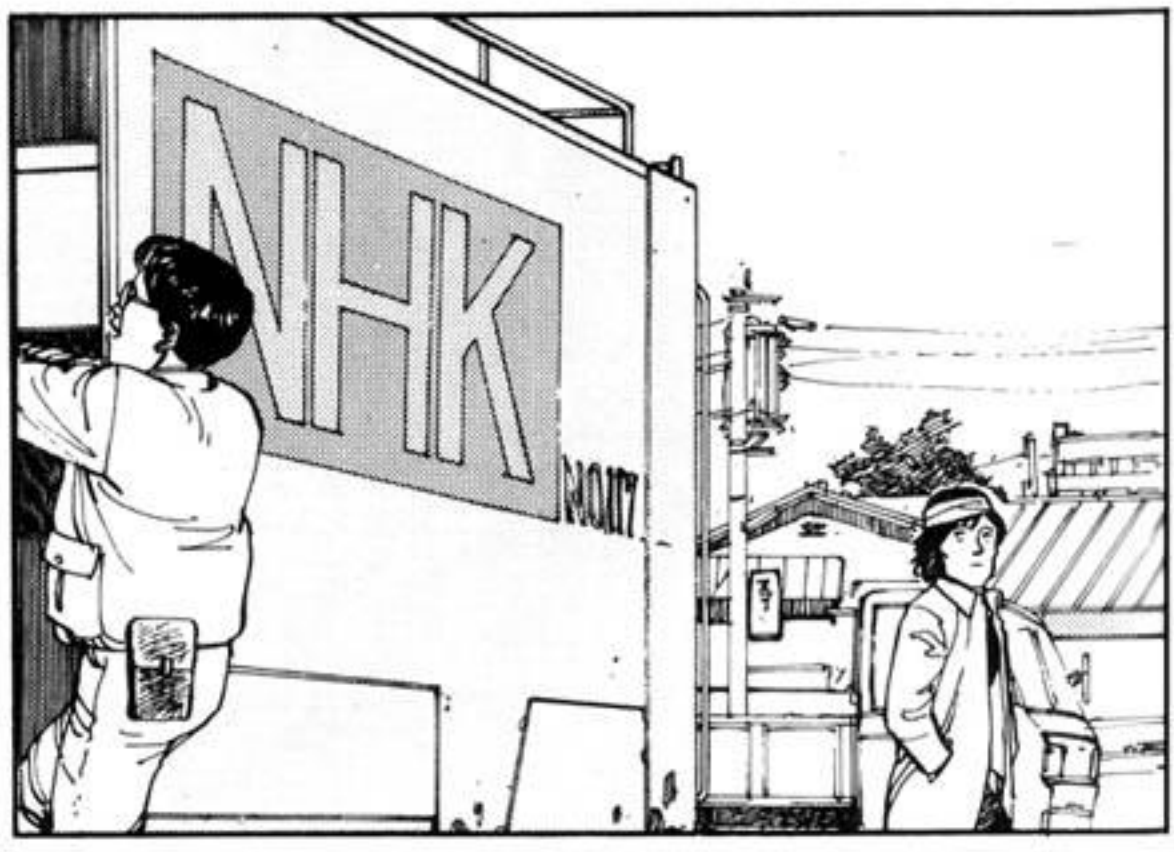
HURRY!

C'MON, GO!

VRMMMM

WAIT!


NHK
NHK


NHK

HEY!

ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO BE UP AND AROUND?
COME ON, IT'S JUST A SCRATCH. NICE TO KNOW YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT ME, THOUGH.

SO TELL ME, WHAT'S THE STORY ON THIS PRESS CONFERENCE?

IT'LL BE START-ING ANY MINUTE NOW...

HAVE THEY COME UP WITH ANY-THING NEW?

TODAY'S JUST SOME "INTERIM REPORT" GARBAGE. YOU GOING?

NAW. I JUST CAME TO TELL THE BOSS I'M OUT OF THE HOSPITAL.

....

NO.

OH, YEAH...

I ALMOST FORGOT.

YOU KNOW THAT OLD GEEZER?

WHAT'S HIS NAME... UCHIDA?

WE'RE GIVING HIM HIS FINAL QUESTION-ING TODAY.

WE HAVE NOW ESTABLISHED CONCLUSIVELY THAT THE PISTOL USED BY YOSHIKAWA WAS THE SAME WEAPON STOLEN FROM OFFICER TAKEYAMA AT THE TIME OF HIS SUICIDE.

REGARDING YOSHIKAWA HIMSELF, HOSPITAL RECORDS INDICATE THAT HE WAS HOSPITALIZED AT LEAST ONCE FOR SEVERE ALCOHOLISM. WHETHER HE WAS IN HIS RIGHT MIND AT THE TIME OF THE SHOOTING WAS YET TO BE DETERMINED.

ANY SIGNS OF DRUG USE?!

AT THE PRESENT TIME, THERE IS NO PHYSICAL EVIDENCE, CHEMICAL RESIDUE, OR STATEMENTS BY THE SUSPECT TO INDICATE POSSIBLE USE OF STIMULANT DRUGS.

THIS YOSHIKAWA GUY, SIR...YOUR PRESS RELEASE STATES THAT CAUSE OF DEATH WAS "SEVERE HEAD TRAUMA."

THAT IS CORRECT. YOSHIKAWA WAS BEATEN TO DEATH BY ONE OF THE VICTIMS.

YES, IN SELF-DEFENSE. HE HAD BEEN SHOT SEVERAL TIMES BY YOSHIKAWA.

HIS NAME WAS *YOSHIO FUJI-YAMA.*

ONE OF THE *VICTIMS ?!*

SIR, YOUR DEPARTMENT PREVIOUSLY ANNOUNCED THAT THE GAS EXPLOSIONS WERE CAUSED BY AN EARTHQUAKE.

YES, YES. WE DID INDEED REPORT AT THE PREVIOUS PRESS CONFERENCE THAT THERE HAD BEEN AN EARTHQUAKE, BUT WE HAVE SINCE MADE FURTHER INQUIRIES AT THE NATIONAL SEISMOLOGICAL AGENCY AND NOW MUST CORRECT THAT STATEMENT. WE NOW BELIEVE THE EXPLOSIONS AND OTHER DAMAGE WERE CAUSED BY A SUDDEN EARTH SUBSIDENCE BENEATH THE COMPLEX.

HOWEVER, ON THAT DAY THERE WAS NO SEISMIC--

BUT YOU STILL SAY THERE WAS NO CONNECTION BETWEEN YOSHIKAWA AND THE EXPLO-SIONS, SIR?

WE ARE CONTINUING TO INVESTIGATE POSSIBLE LINKS. OUR BACKGROUND CHECK ON YOSHIKAWA HAS DETERMINED THAT PREVIOUSLY, FOR A VERY SHORT PERIOD, YOSHIKAWA DID IN FACT WORK ON INSTALLING GAS MAINS. WE ARE FOLLOWING UP ON THIS--

YOU MEAN YOSHIKAWA BLEW UP THE WHOLE COMPLEX?!

HOT DAMN!

SO HE'S RESPONSI-BLE FOR TWENTY-SEVEN DEATHS?!

WAIT, WAIT! WE'RE STILL--

IS THAT ON THE RECORD?!

KCHIK

KLIK

GET ME A PHONE!

NOW!

THE INVES-TIGATION'S STILL AT A PRELIMINARY STAGE... GENTLEMEN, *PLEASE!!*

MOST OF IT'S JUST *JUNK.* WORTHLESS JUNK...

I JUST DON'T GET IT. THIS IS ALL JUST SOME LONELY OLD GEEZER'S COLLECTION...?

*"KIND OF A STRANGE HAT. IT HAD **WINGS.**"*

HOW ABOUT THIS?

FUNNY YOU SHOULD PICK THAT OUT. THAT'S CHO'S FAVORITE THING OUT OF ALL THIS CRAP.

IT WAS IN HIS ROOM...?

"WELL, ACTUALLY, NO..."

GKSSH

!

HEY, YOU!! YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE IN THERE!

AH!

KEEP OUT

FOUND IT...

FOUND MY HAT...

LOOK, FORGET THE HAT.

THERE'S SOME-THING ELSE I WANTED YOU TO SEE.

THIS.

A CAP? FROM A FOUNTAIN PEN?

HAVEN'T YOU SEEN THIS BEFORE...?

NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT, MAYBE...

!

YOU GOT IT... INSPECTOR YAMAGAWA'S PEN.

WHAT THE HELL WAS IT DOING IN CHO'S ROOM?!

KCHAK

MAN, OH, MAN... WHAT A ZOO. YOU SHOULD'VE BEEN AT THAT PRESS CONFERENCE, GUYS!

CHRIST... YOU SCARED THE HELL OUT OF US.

HUH?

HEY, TAKAYAMA! YOU'RE ALIVE!

SO HOW'D IT GO?

DO I LOOK DEAD?

WHERE'S INSPECTOR OKAMURA NOW?

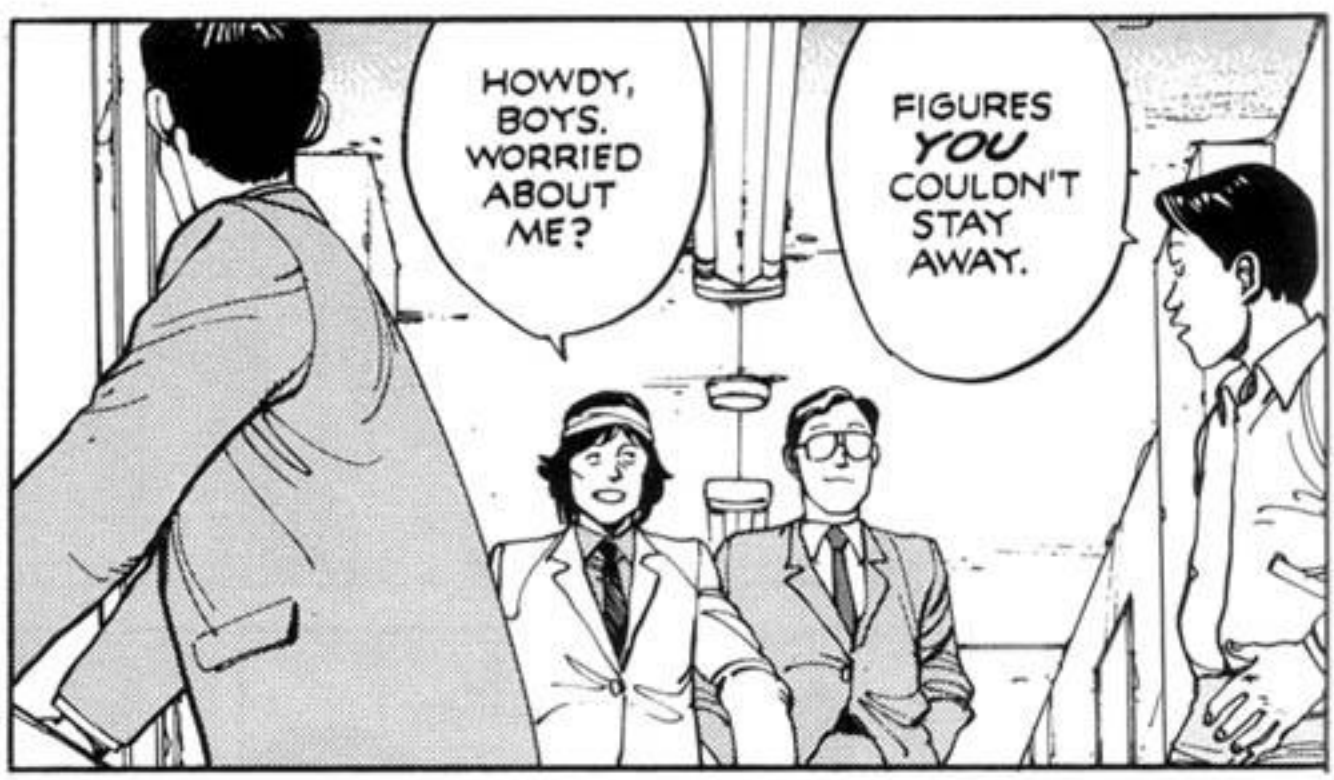
IT WAS A TOTAL MADHOUSE. THOSE DAMN REPORTERS WERE LIKE SHARKS IN A FEEDING FRENZY.

YOU'D THINK ALIENS HAD LANDED OR SOME-THING.

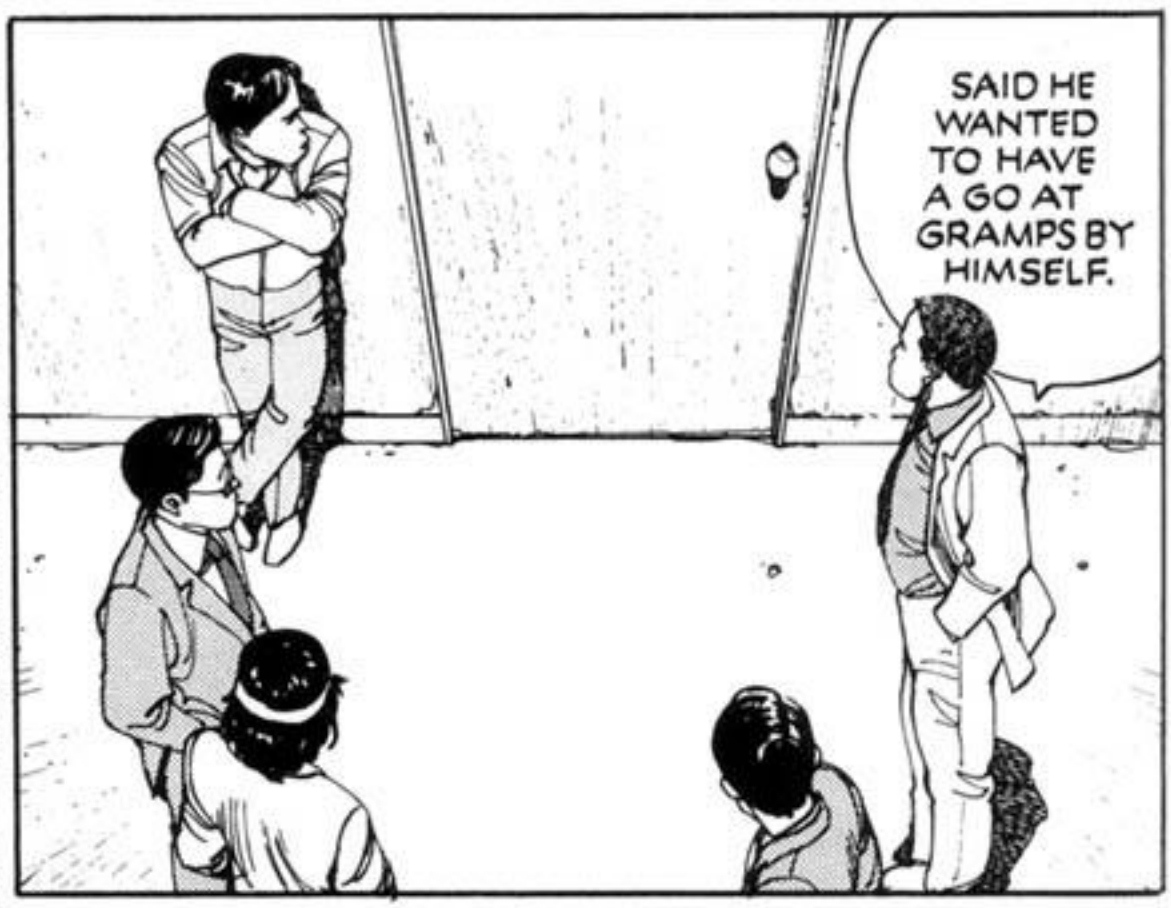
HE'S GONE DOWN TO THE SECOND FLOOR TO INTERVIEW CHOJIRO UCHIDA.

RM. 209
消火器

MM?


HOWDY, BOYS. WORRIED ABOUT ME?
FIGURES YOU COULDN'T STAY AWAY.

WHERE'S THE BOSS?
STILL INSIDE.


SAID HE WANTED TO HAVE A GO AT GRAMPS BY HIMSELF.

HOW LONG?

MUST BE AN HOUR ALREADY...

AN HOUR...

KCHAK

KLIK

DID YOU GET ANYTHING OUT OF HIM?

....
NO.

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE BACK TO SQUARE ONE...

HEARD ALL ABOUT HIS CHILDHOOD, THOUGH.

!

CHIK

YOUR HEAD OKAY?

YES, SIR. SORRY TO GET EVERYONE WORRIED.

"SQUARE ONE," HUH...

IT'S REALLY TOO BAD ABOUT ITO...

WELL, HE SAYS HE'LL STAY ON THE JOB, SIR. CRUTCHES AND ALL.

I'M ASHAMED TO LOOK HIM IN THE FACE...

WELL, ANYONE FOR LUNCH?

HM?

WHAT'S WRONG? AREN'T YOU COMING?

SIR...

I'D LIKE TO TRY TALKING TO HIM.

.....
.....

OH...

...ALL RIGHT. CAN'T HURT.

WE'LL BE AT THE USUAL PLACE ACROSS THE STREET.

AND NO USING THE THUMB-SCREWS, OKAY?

THANKS FOR LETTING ME TALK TO HIM, SIR!

I'LL BE RIGHT ALONG. SO ORDER THE LUNCH SPECIAL FOR ME!

AND NOW...

I'VE GOT A FEW QUESTIONS FOR *YOU*, BUDDY!

KCHAK

YAMA...
GAWA...

SIR, NO !!

HEY, DEEE-TEC-TIVE MAN...

!

HEH-HEH-HEH... HE'S FAAALLING... FALLING... HEH-HEH...

Y- YOSHIKAWA !

EEYAAH--!

--AH?!

:hahh:

:huhh:

HEY, TAKAYAMA! WHAT'S *YOUR* PROBLEM?

HUH...?

:hff:

:hahh:

SOMETHING WRONG WITH GRAMPS?

BRUMM! BRUMM!

WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU NEVER SEEN THE OLD FART BEFORE?

BEEP! BEEP!

BRUMM!

JEEZ, I HAVEN'T BOUGHT CARAMELS FOR PROBABLY TWENTY YEARS.

?

YOU KNOW, MILK CARAMELS? THE OLD GUY JUST *HAD* TO HAVE A BOX.

HE'S *TOTALLY* SENILE. WORSE THAN A WHOLE PACK OF KIDS, I TELL YOU.

OKEY-DOKEY, I BOUGHT YOU YOUR YUMMY NUMMY CANDYY...!

KIDS...?

HEY, YOU GOTTA UNWRAP THEM FIRST, MR. UCHIDA! *SHEESH!*

UNGH! MMPH!

THE CHILDREN! YOU MUST WATCH OUT FOR THE CHILDREN!

WHAT?

YOU... YOU DIDN'T MEAN THE CHILDREN WHO DIED!

NO... IT CAN'T BE...
HEY! HEY!! THAT'S DISGUSTING, YOU OLD COOT!
STOP THAT!
RM. 209

春の交通安全週間

YOU FOUND OUT WHERE THEY'RE TAKING HIM, RIGHT?

YES, SIR-- HE'LL BE BACK AT HIS APARTMENT FOR A FEW DAYS. THEY'LL CONTACT US AS SOON AS THERE'S AN OPENING AT ONE OF THE PUBLIC NURSING HOMES.

BY THE WAY, SIR... WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LITTLE GIRL?

HER AND HER PARENTS ARE DOWN IN KYOTO, STAYING WITH THE MOTHER'S FAMILY.

I DON'T THINK THEY'LL BE BACK.

INSPEC-TOR...

YES?

I'D LIKE TO BE DETAILED TO WATCH MR. UCHIDA, SIR.

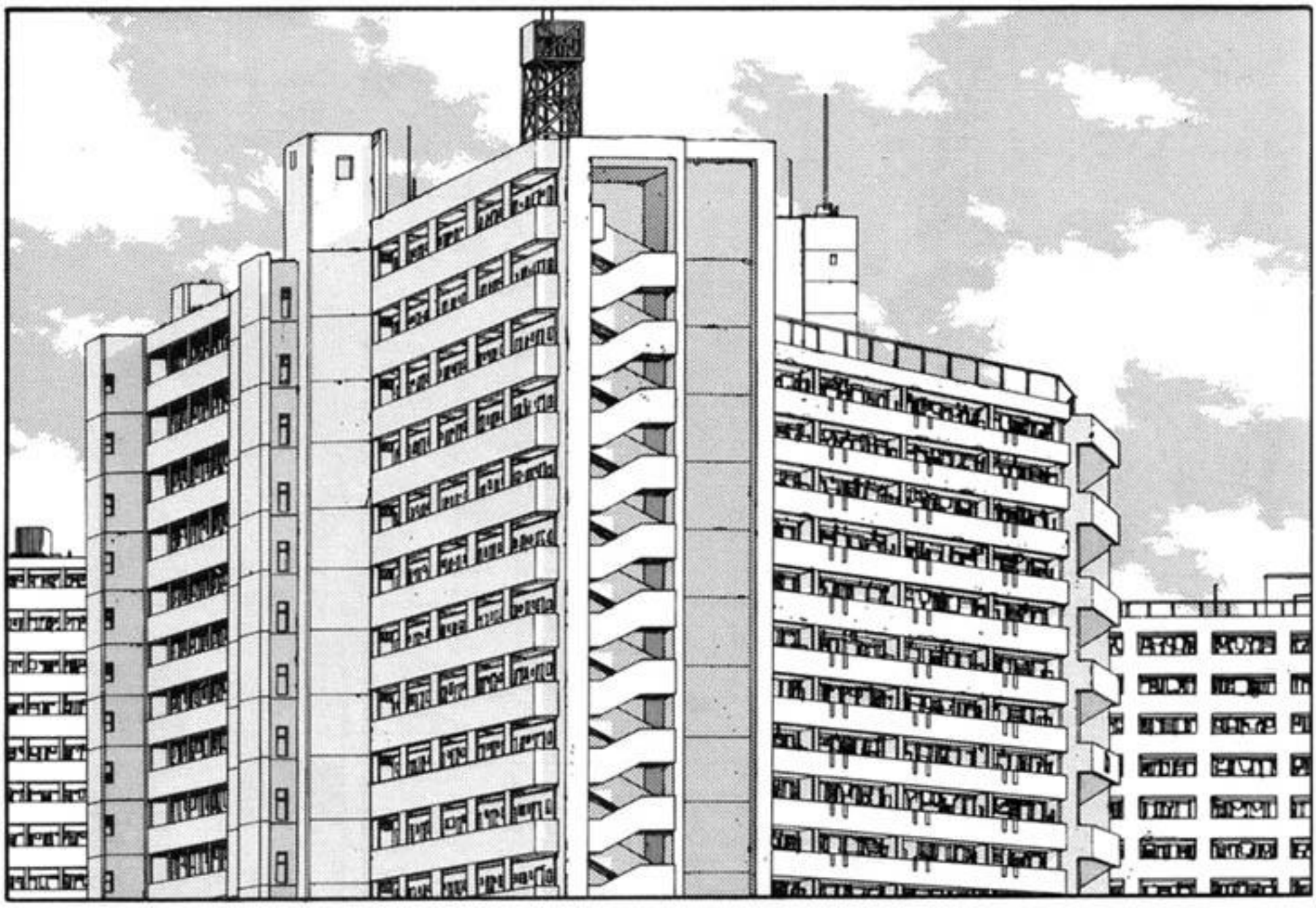
Hmm...
.....

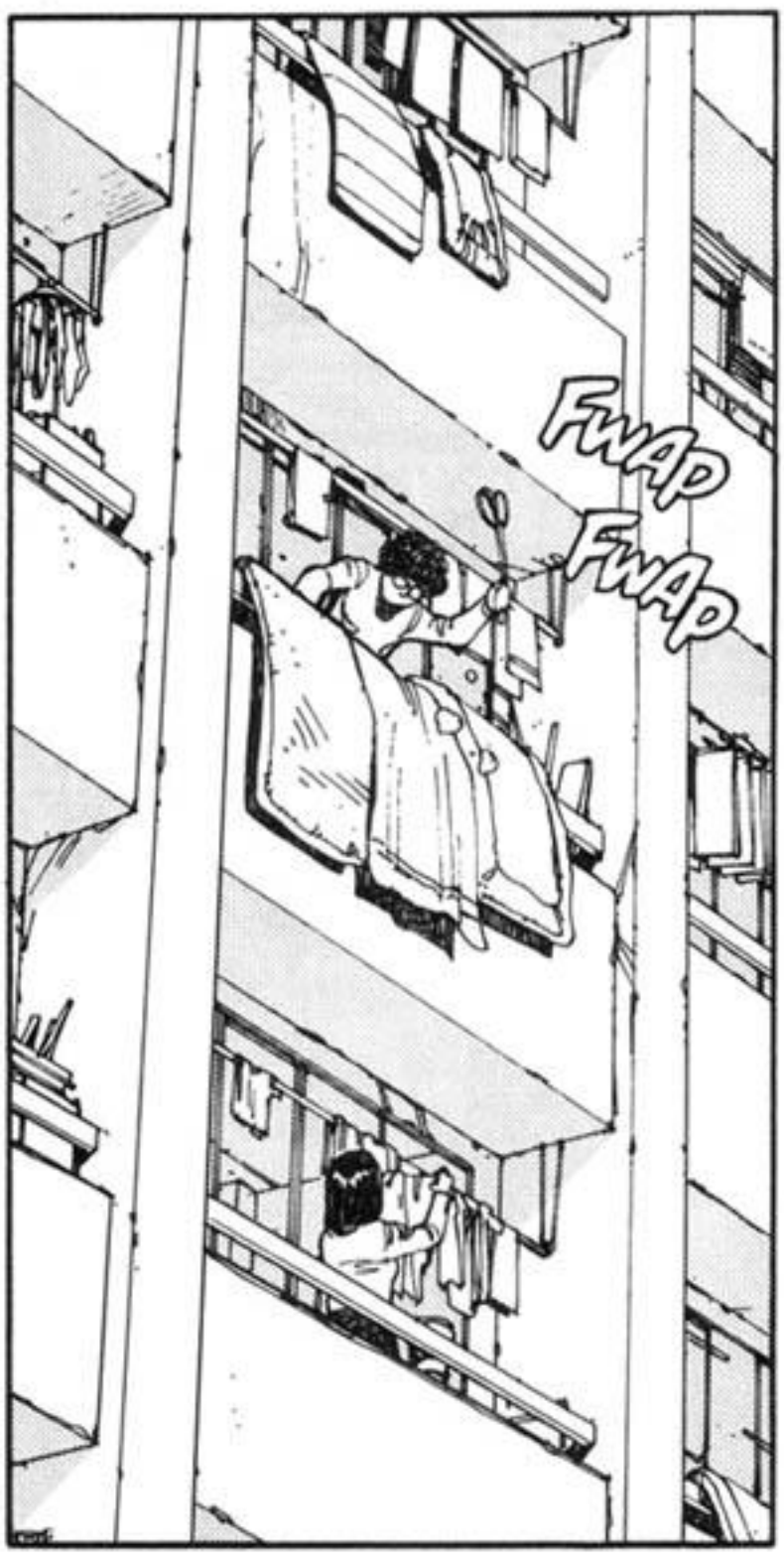
THE OLD "MILK CARAMEL RUN," *huh?*

OH, ALL RIGHT.

THANK YOU VERY MUCH, INSPEC-TOR!

WELL, SIR?

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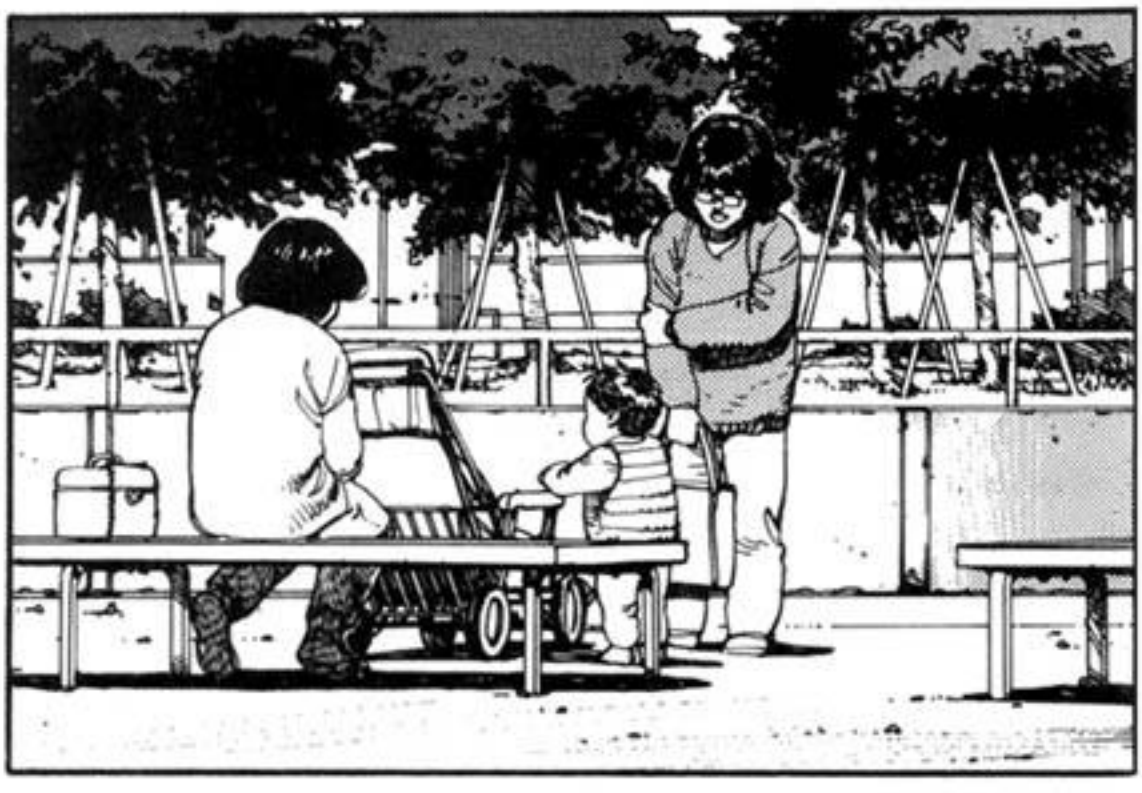
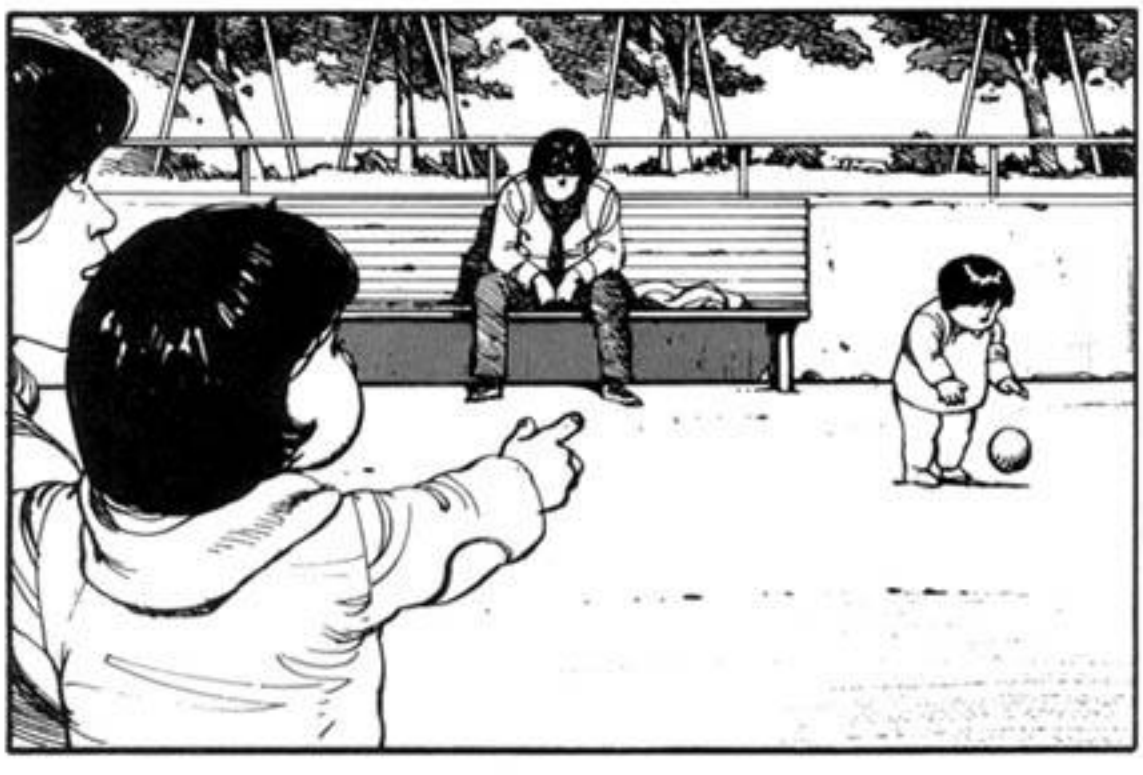
FWAP





ZZZZZ

!

YO!

HEY!

SPRING AT LAST... AAHH!

SO HOW'S THE OLD GUY DOING? ANY CHANGES?

NOT MUCH...

I HEAR THEY'VE GOT A HOME LINED UP FOR HIM.

THAT'S WHAT THEY SAY.

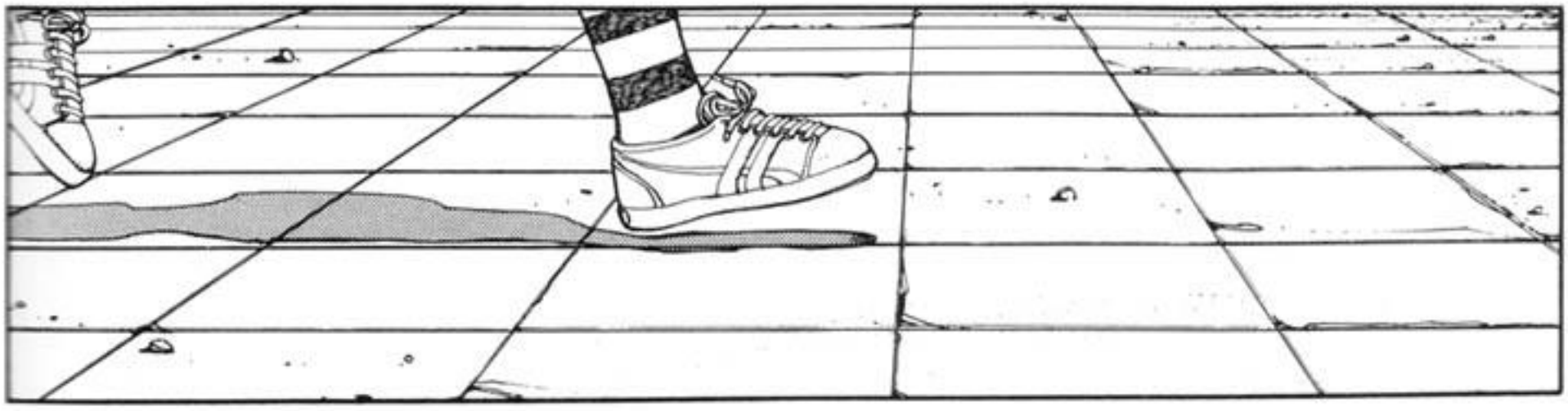
YOU BEEN OUT TO SEE ITO RECENTLY?

YEAH. HE'S LOOKING GOOD.

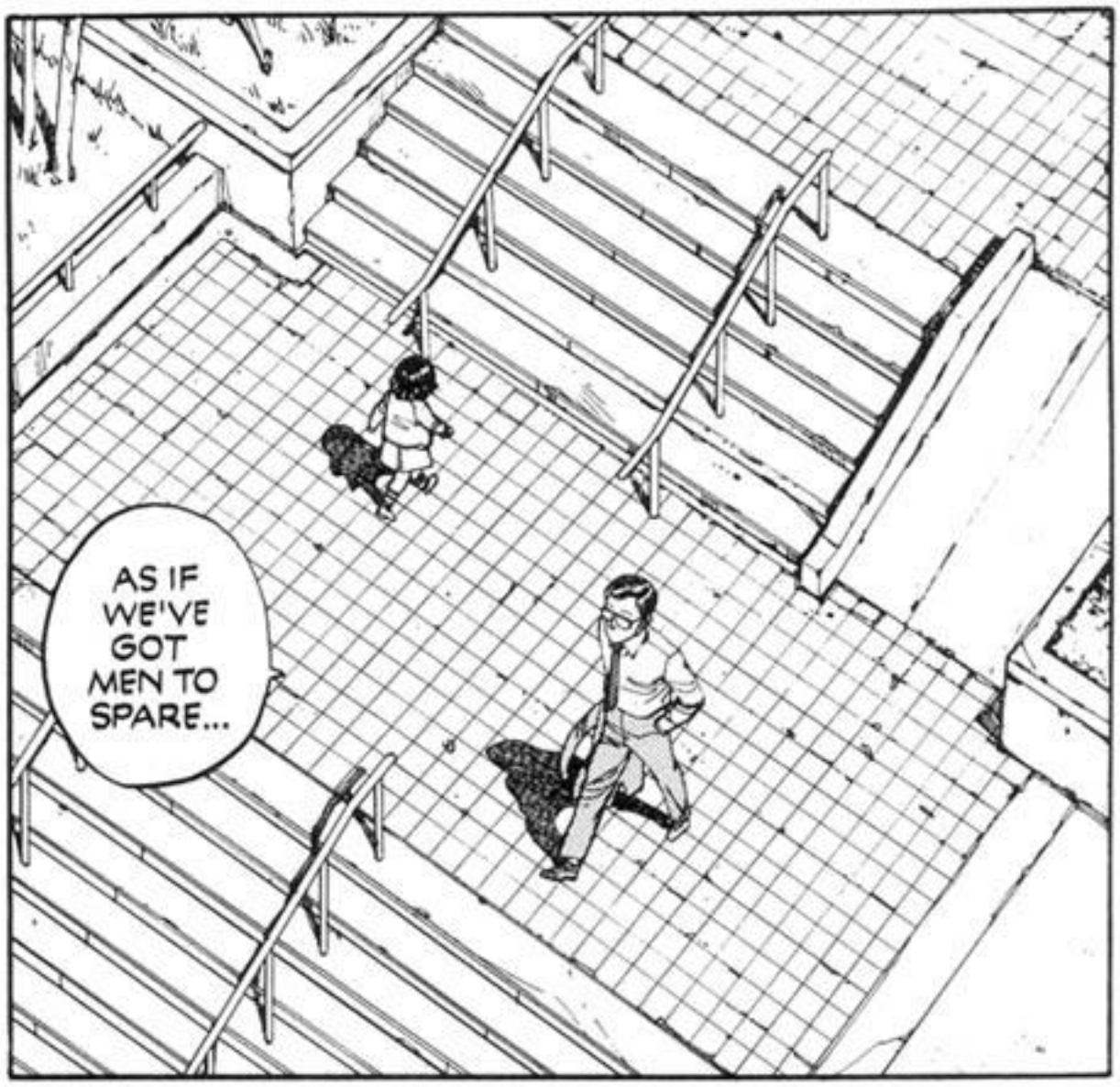
YOU KNOW HE SAYS HE'S QUITTING THE FORCE.

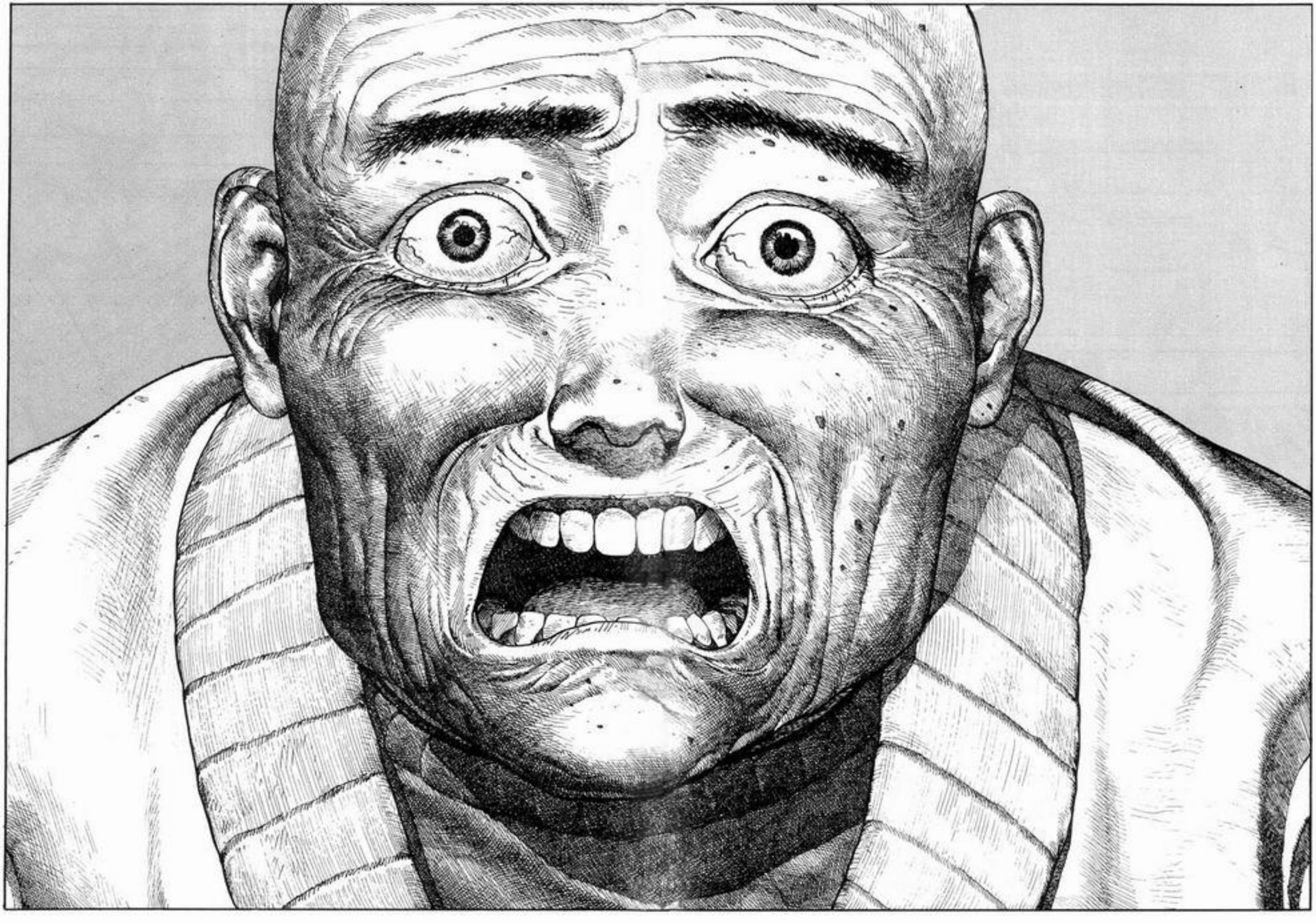
YEAH...

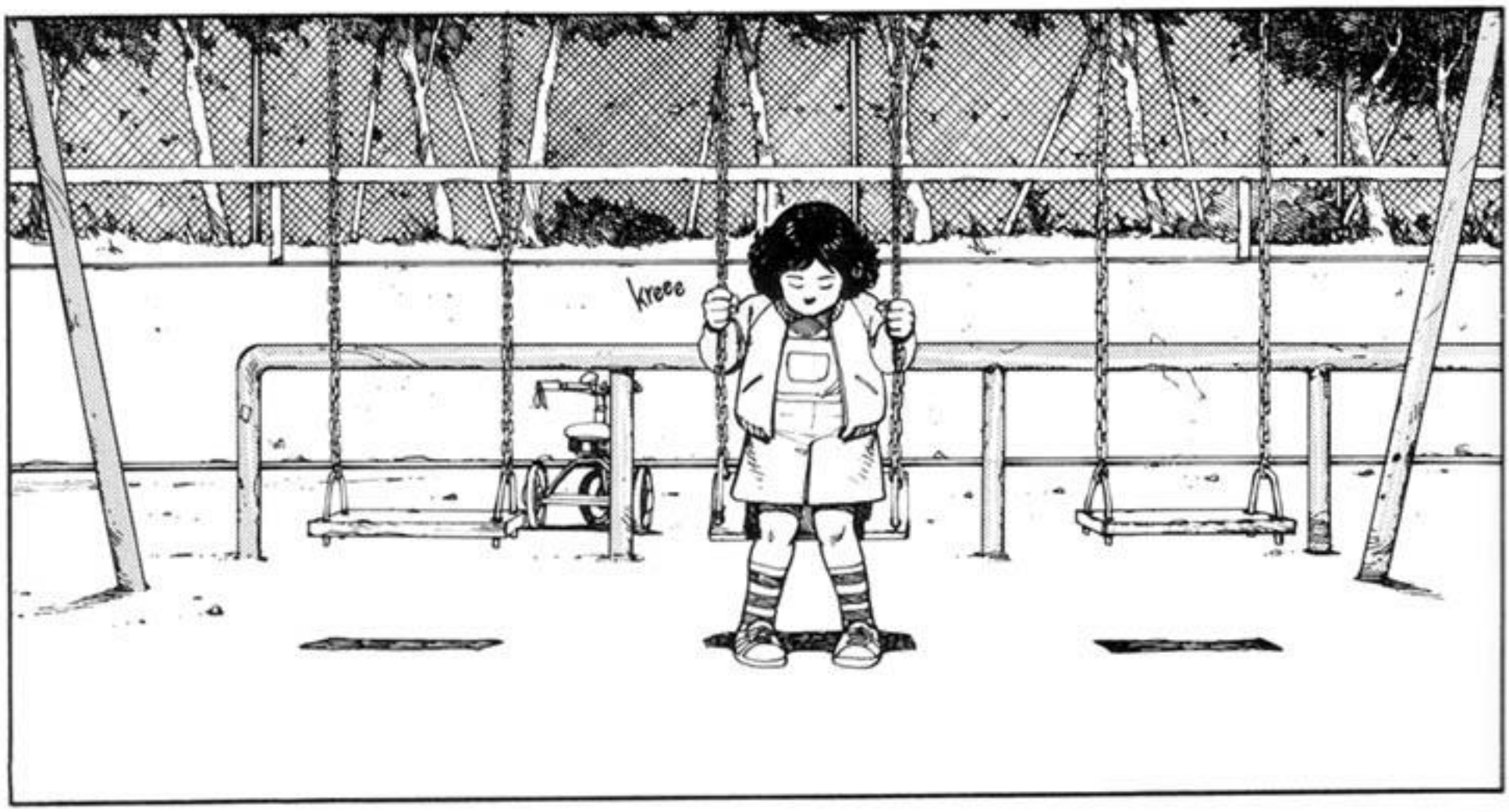
ahh... GREAT WEATHER, HUH?

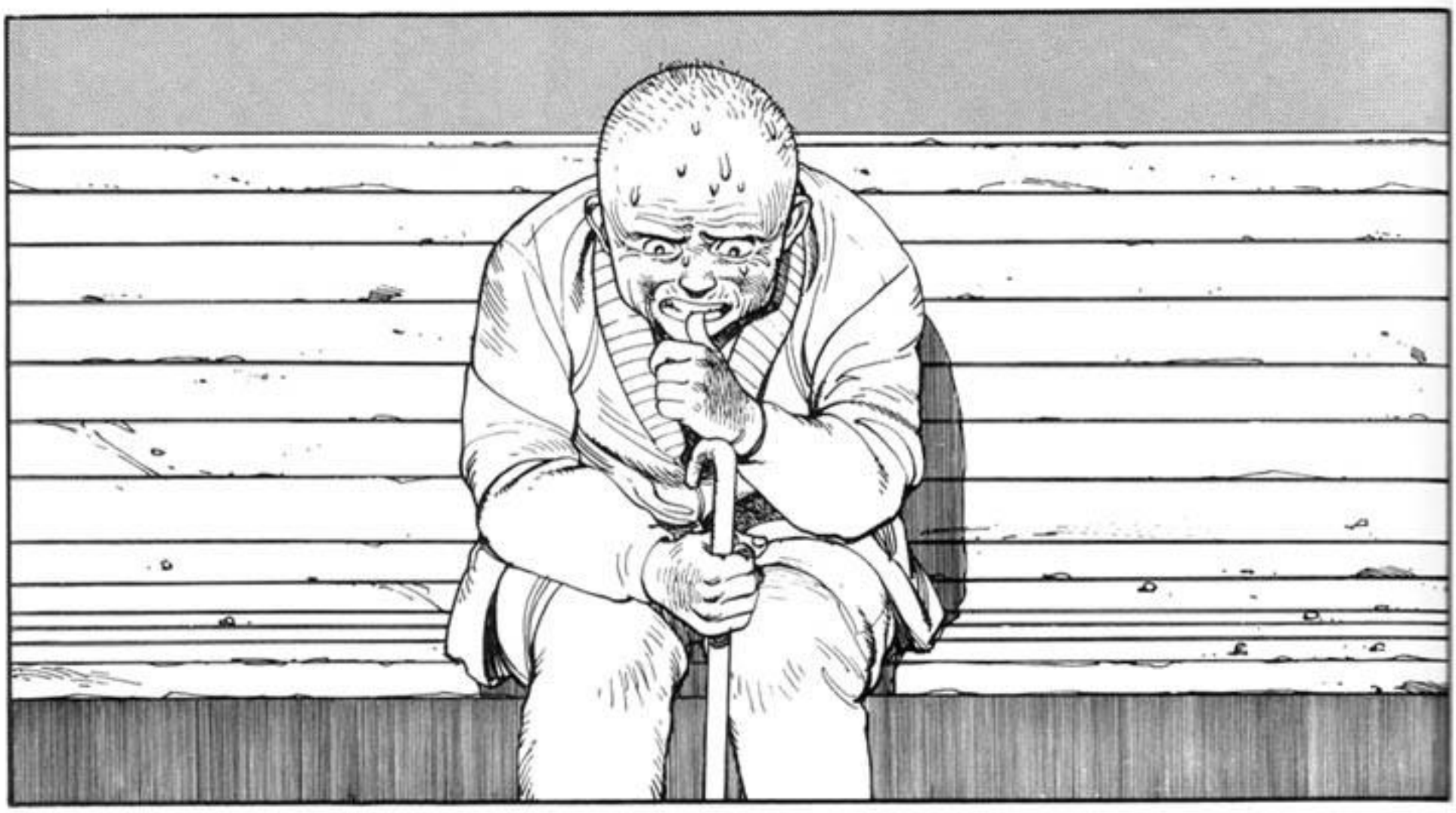


DAMN... CAN'T FIGURE OUT THAT OKAMURA... LETTING TAKAYAMA WASTE HIS TIME LIKE THIS.


AS IF WE'VE GOT MEN TO SPARE...




kreee



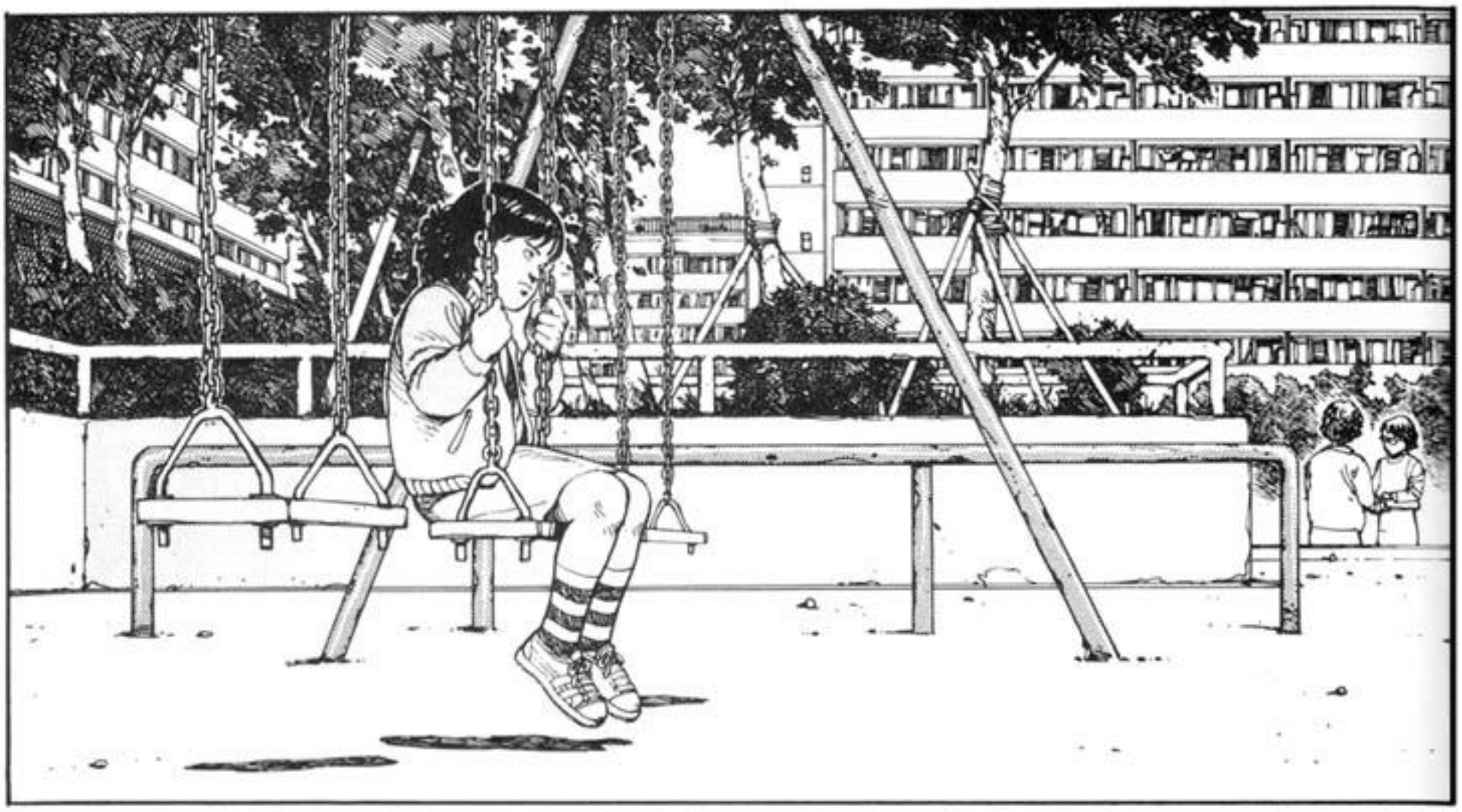
HEY, I'M OVER HERE!

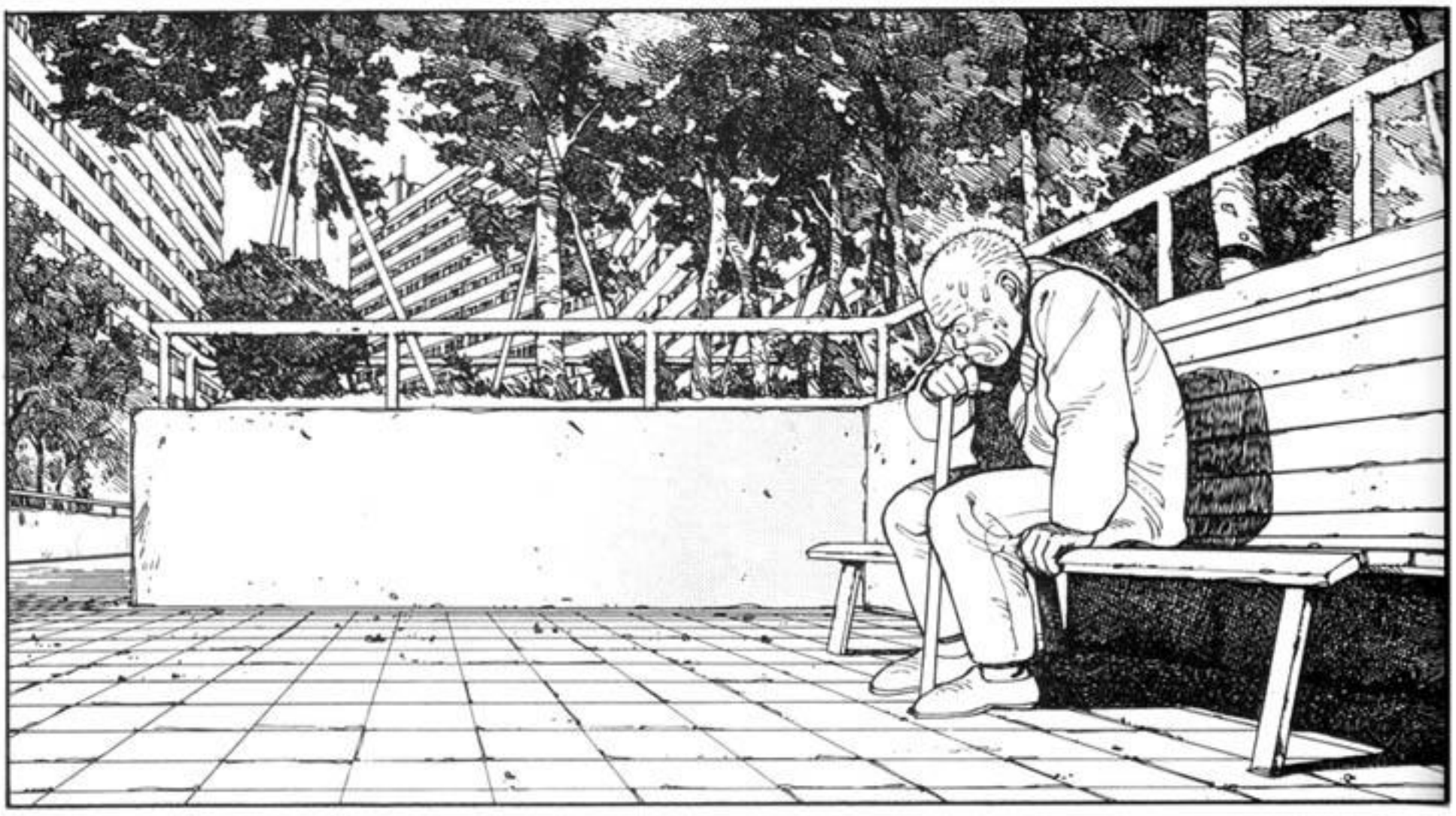
EEK!

YOU STOP THAT *RIGHT* NOW, YOUNG MAN!

LATER THIS MONTH...

REALLY?! *WE* DO THAT, TOO. HOW FUNNY!





KSSHH

EH?

SPRA

FF

GET AWAY FROM THAT! IT'S DANGER-OUS! YOU COULD CUT YOUR-SELF!

THE BLOCK ASSOCIATION MEETS TOMORROW NIGHT, BUT I CAN'T MAKE IT...

NO. YOU'RE RIGHT, DEAR. THAT STORE IS *MUCH* MORE EXPENSIVE. DIDN'T YOU KNOW?

HEY! WHO BROKE OUR WINDOW?!

WAAH!

OH, DEAR... IS SWEETIE PIE ALL WAKEY-WAKEY?

MAYBE YOU SHOULD FEED HIM AGAIN.

BUT I DON'T WANT HIM TO GET TOO FAT...

squeak

kreee

'EVENING, MA'AM! DONE YOUR SHOP-PING YET? I'VE GOT SOME FARM-FRESH VEGETABLES, CHEAP!

VEGETABLES

37-5815

squeak

SNAK!

GNCCH

SHNGG

KANG

MOM?!

YOU'VE *GOT* TO BE KIDDING!! HA-HA!

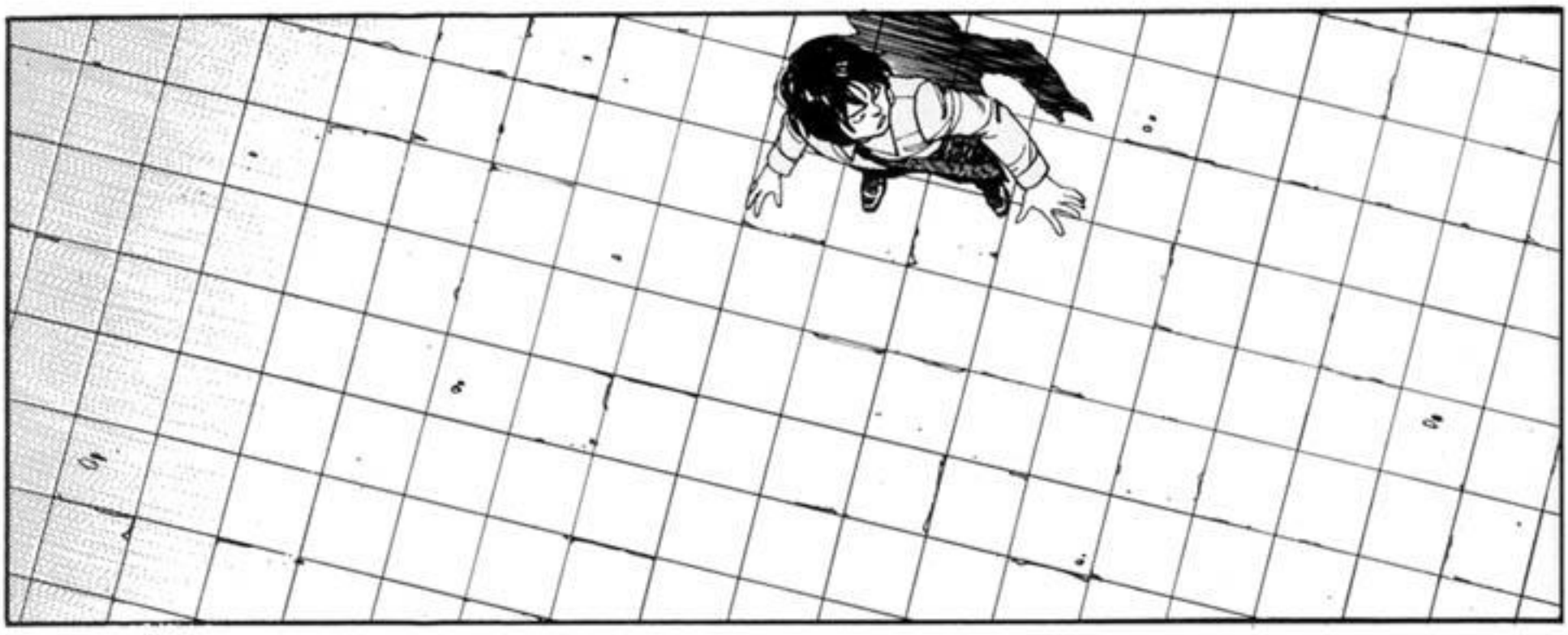
HEY, MOM! THE SWING JUST BENT ALL FUNNY!

HAVEN'T I TOLD YOU NOT TO BREAK THINGS?!

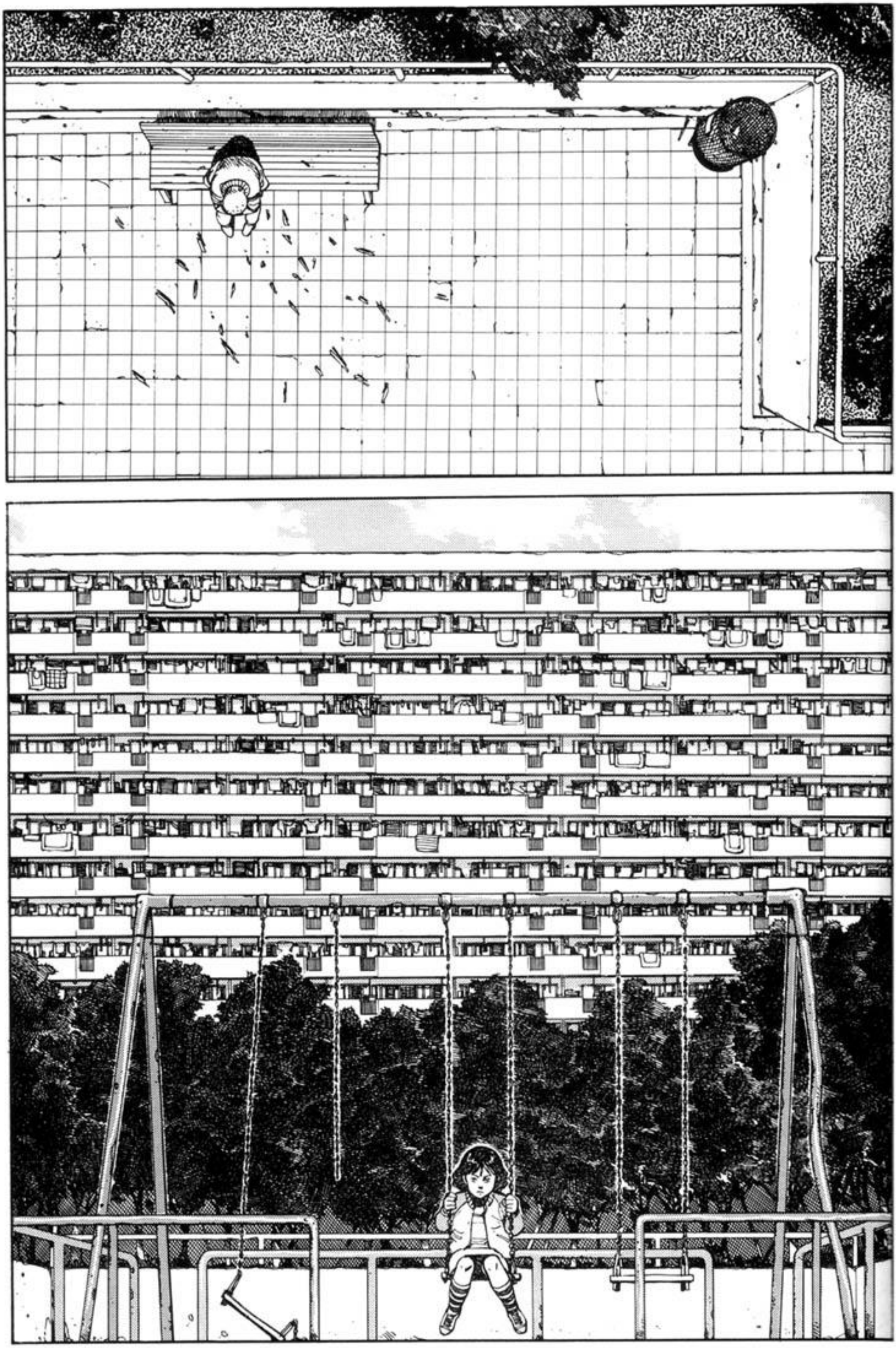
VWHIPP

OW!

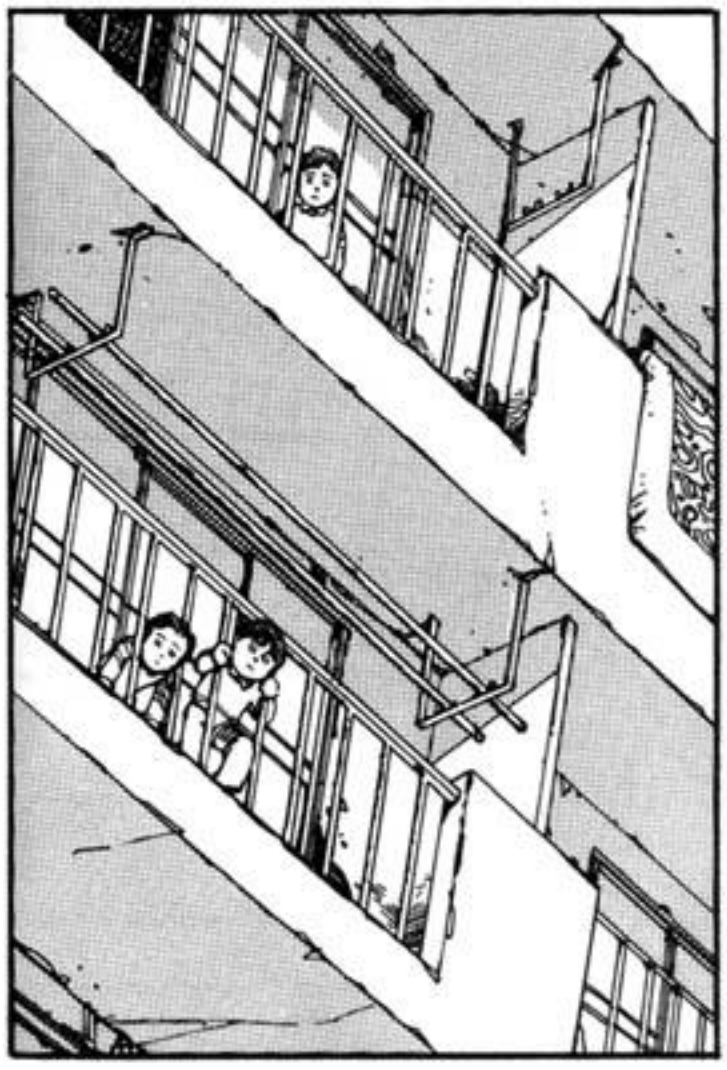
!

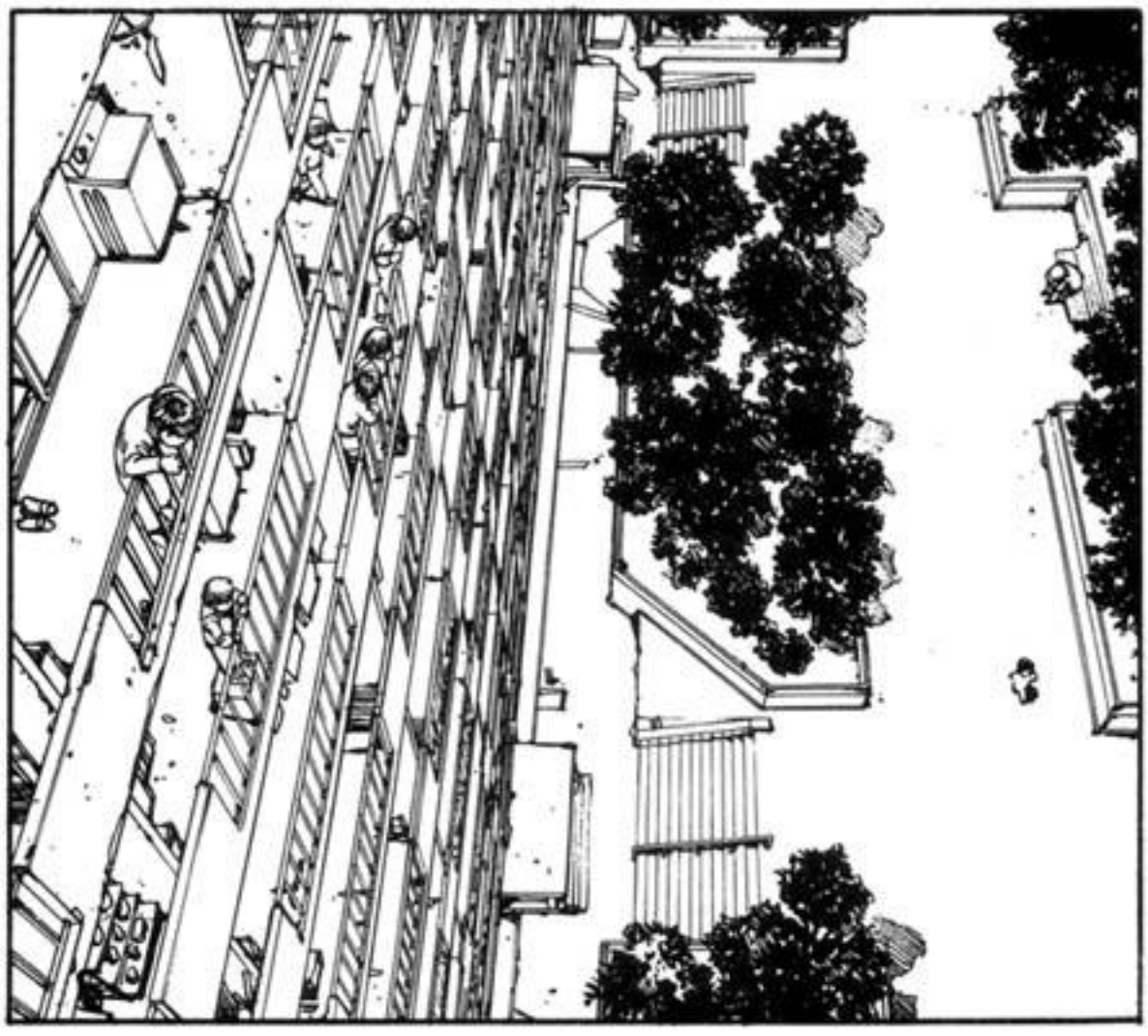


WH-
WHAT
THE
HELL?!



SO I JUST WENT AND *TOLD* HIM, STRAIGHT TO HIS FACE! I MEAN, *REALLY!*





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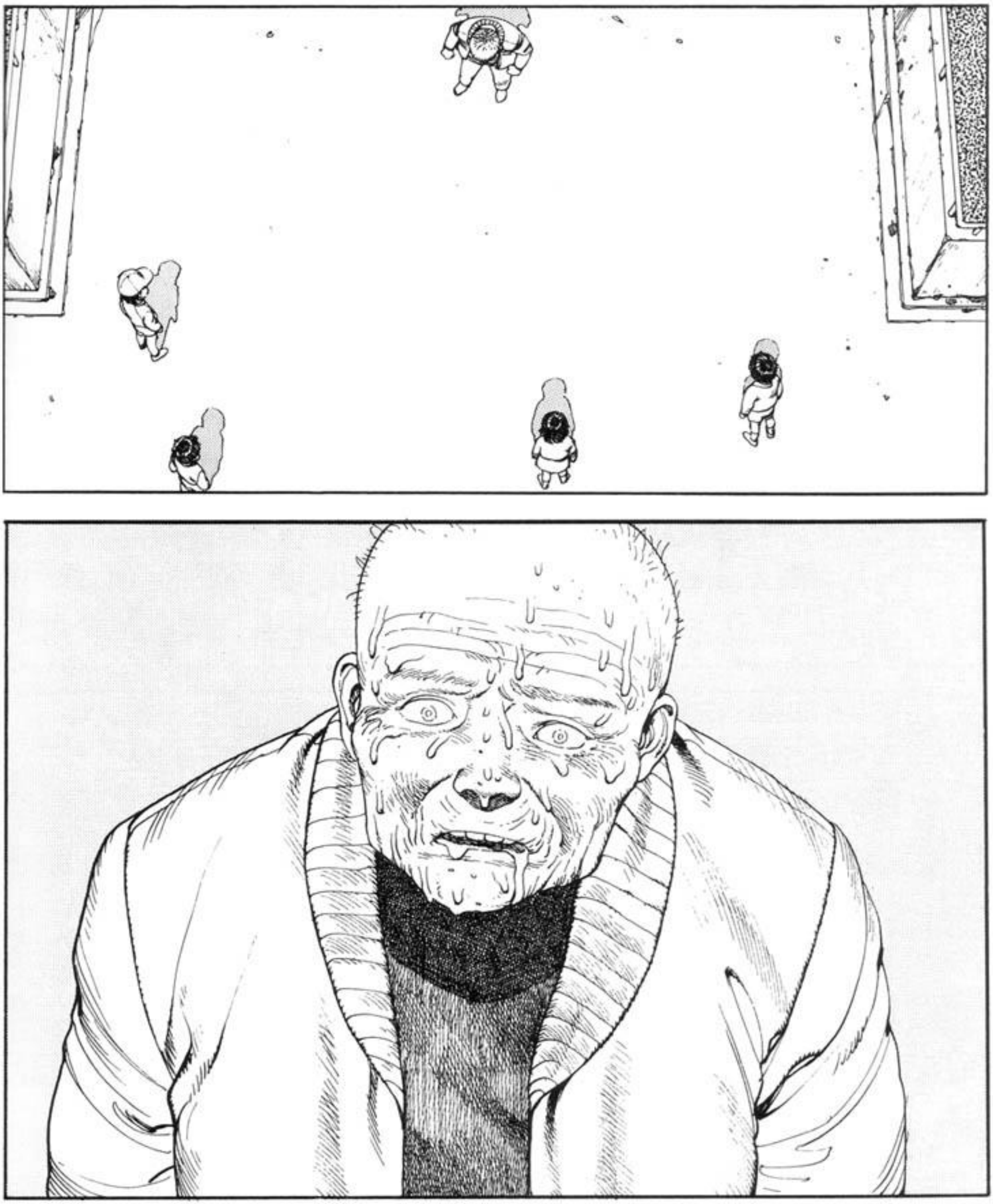
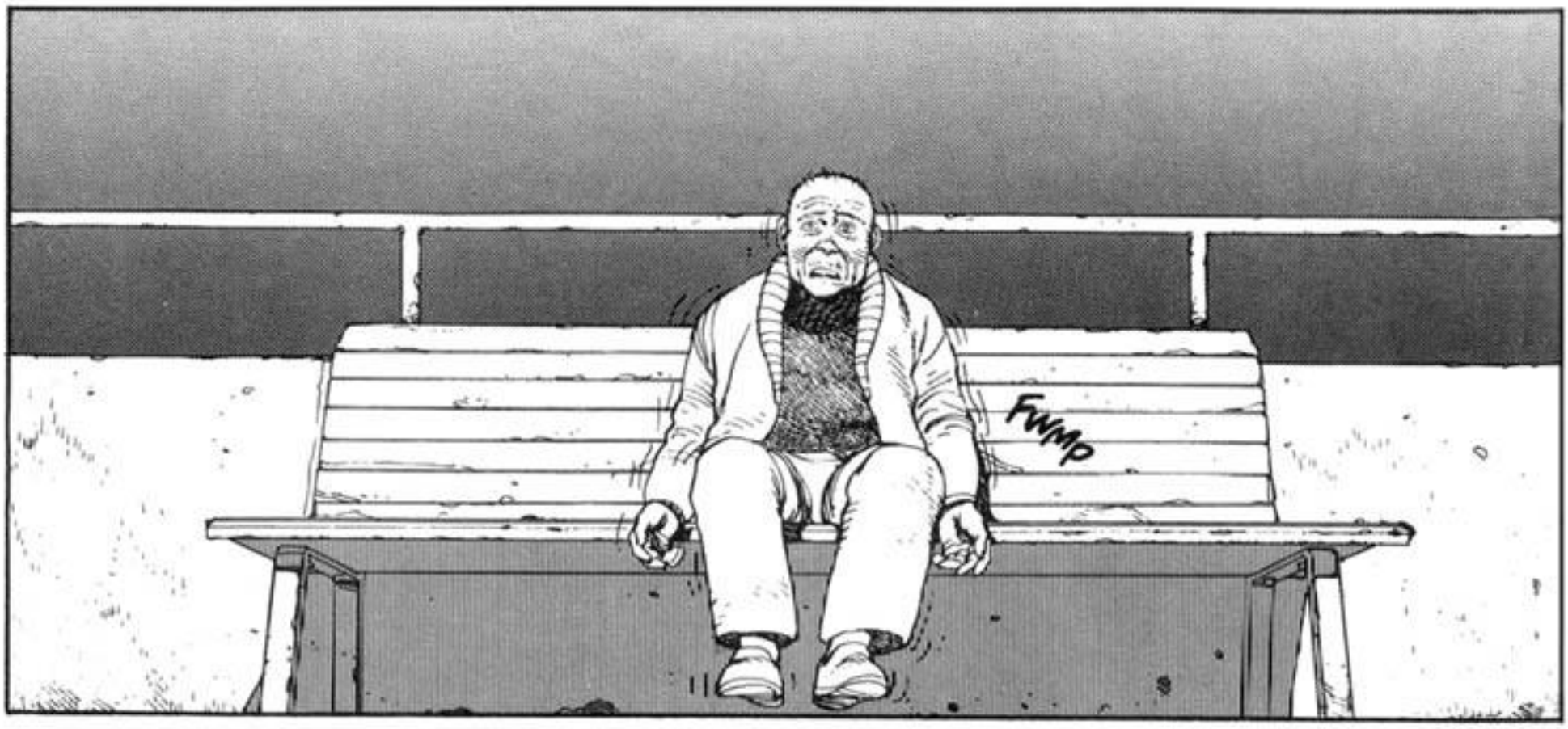
UHNN...
.....

URGH!

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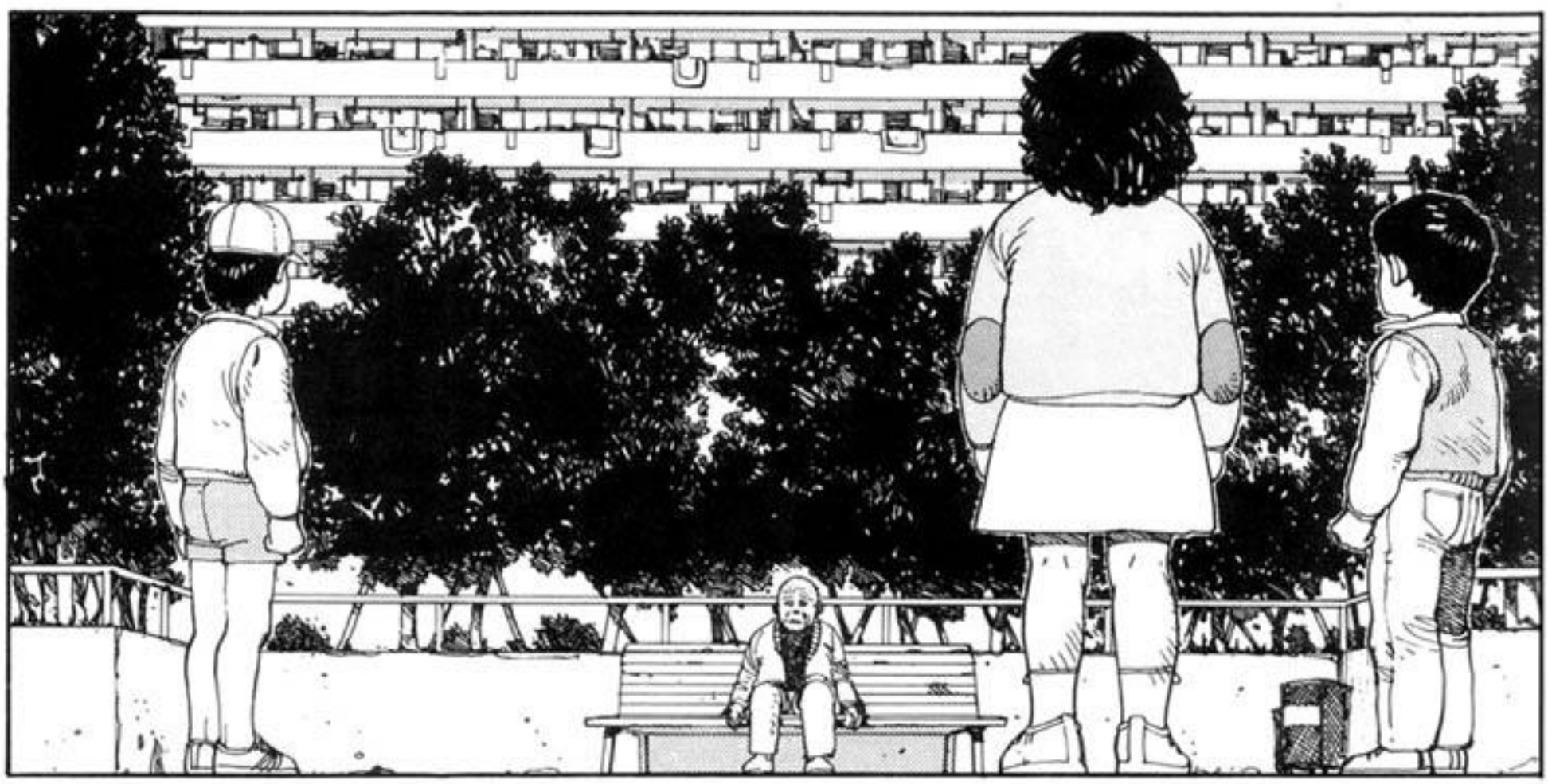

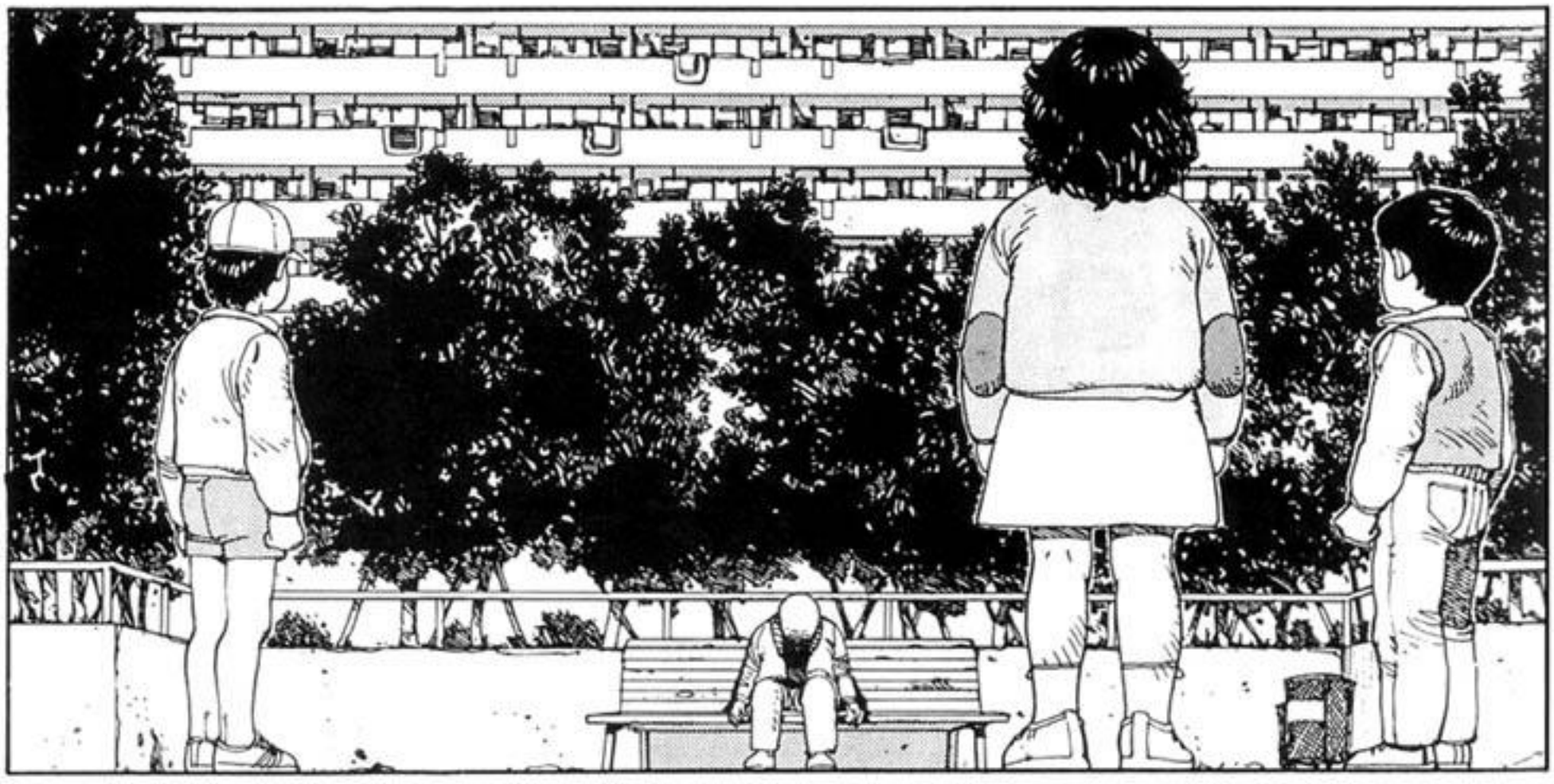

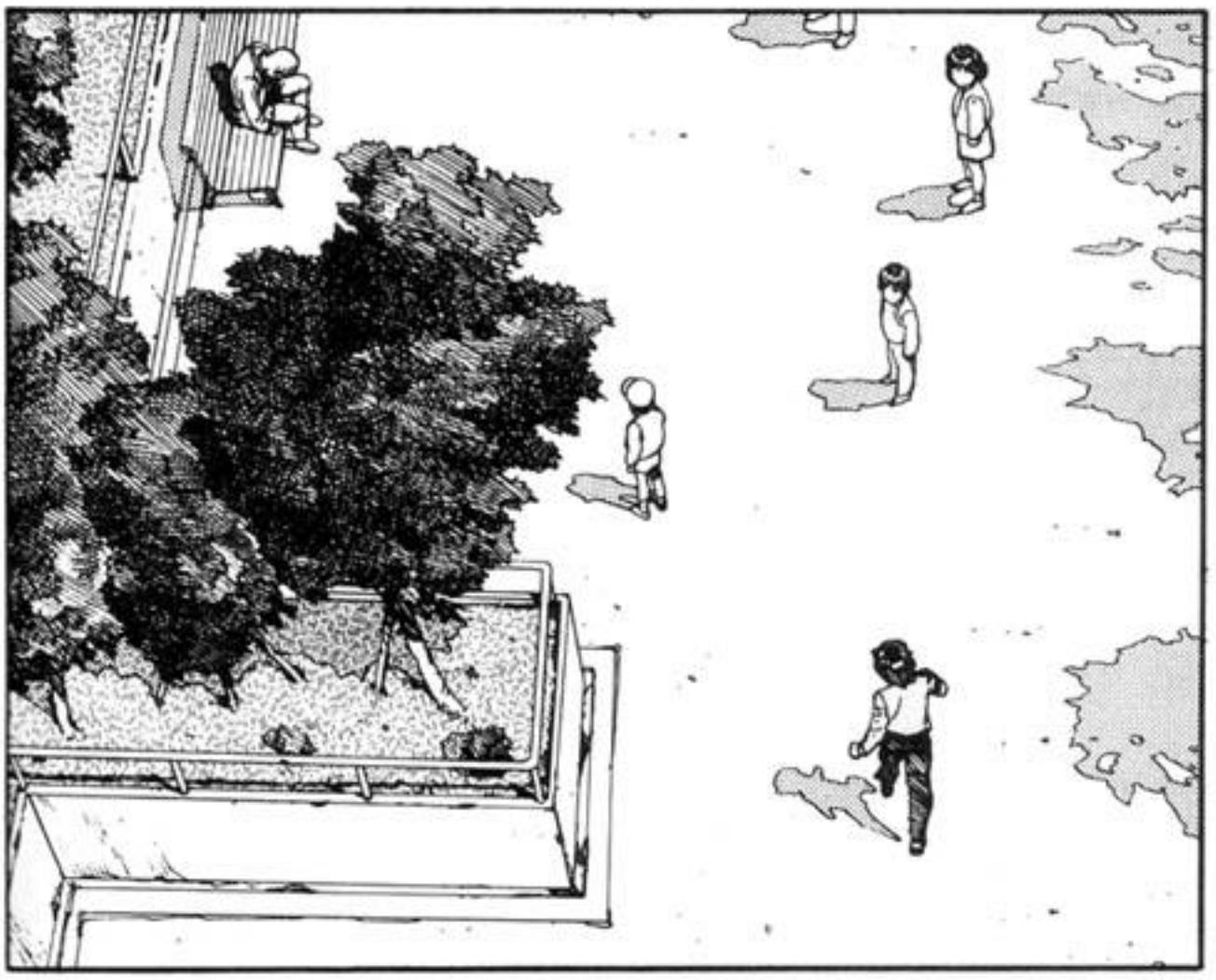

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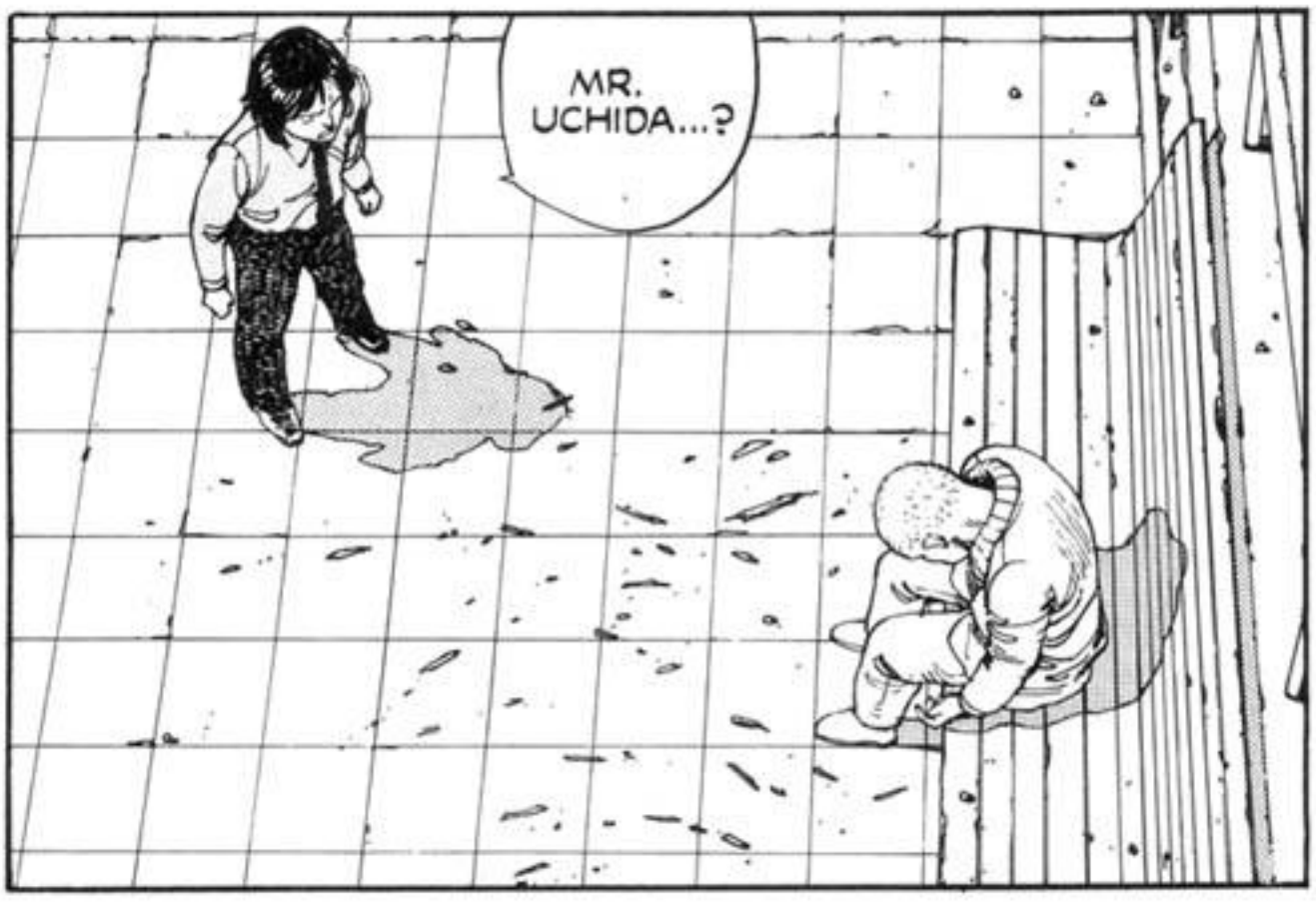
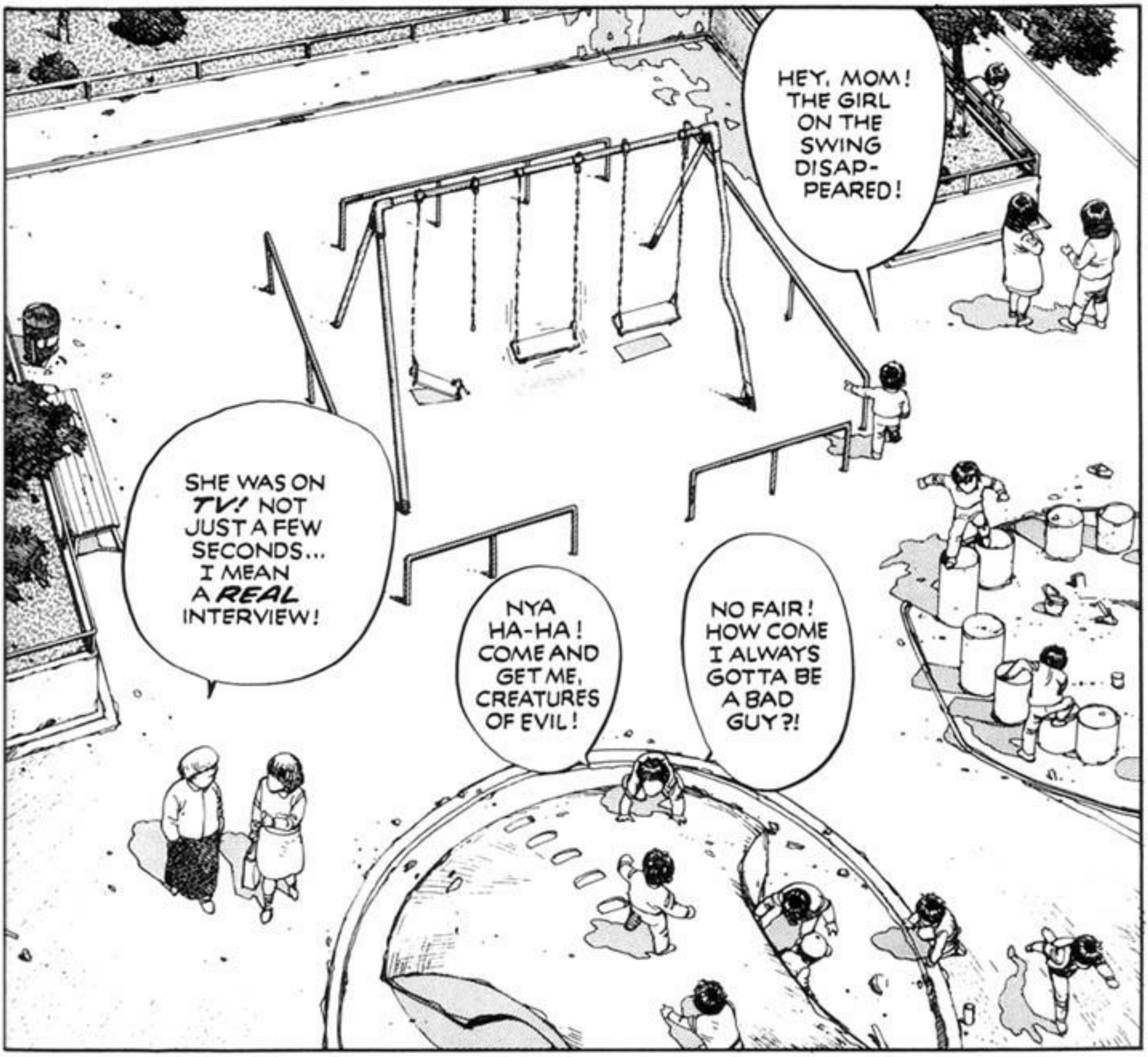

MR.
UCHIDA...?

C'MON!

YEAH, LET'S GO!


HEY, MOM! THE GIRL ON THE SWING DISAP-PEARED!
SHE WAS ON TV! NOT JUST A FEW SECONDS... I MEAN A REAL INTERVIEW!
NYA HA-HA! COME AND GET ME, CREATURES OF EVIL!
NO FAIR! HOW COME I ALWAYS GOTTA BE A BAD GUY?!

KATSUHIRO OTOMO'S

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